THE NATURAL HISTORY OF MAN

KINMONT

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Miss Jane Kinmont.

THE

NATURAL HISTORY OF MAN

AND THE

RISE AND PROGRESS OF PHILOSOPHY.

A SERIES OF LECTURES DELIVERED BY

ALEXANDER KINMONT, A.M.

Philosophiæ autem objectum triplex, Deus, natura, homo.—BACON.

Homo esset, per quem Deus transeat in naturam, seu per quem natura possit ascendere ad Deum.

Perfectio naturæ dependet a perfectione hominis; Deus enim naturæ stator non aliter mundum disponit, quam quale est medium seu homo, per quem cum mundo communicat.—SWEDENBORG.

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P.
Miss Jane Kinmont

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PREFACE.

It may appear strange that so long a time (about fifty years) has passed since the first appearance of the lectures comprised in this volume, and that a second edition should only now be brought out. It may be explained in part that the first edition was published by subscription of those who heard the lectures delivered, and so the volumes passed into private libraries and were not put into circulation through booksellers; the present publication is called for by former pupils and devoted admirers of Mr. Kinmont, who desire to preserve this monument of his genius which he himself created.

The rapid movements of the world in all departments of thought, the changes of opinion and sentiment in doctrinal theology and in philosophy, have not distanced nor superseded the ideas herein presented; they belong to the present generation as much as to the past. Founded upon experience and observation of the facts of history, they were illumined by principles and truths which flowed from his inner consciousness, and in themselves are eternal.

The lectures were prefaced by an extempore exordium of nearly an hour, which seemed to be the *résumé* of all the thoughts which flowed into his mind during the preparation of the lectures, of which the written lecture was but the condensation.

Mr. Kinmont was a born orator; with his grand voice, touched by some Scotch accent, his emphatic gestures, and rapid delivery, he could hold large audiences spell-bound by his fervid eloquence, especially when questions discussed were those near his heart. It was principally on educational subjects that he spoke in public.

An unknown writer in the *Brother Jonathan*, of New York, met with the book while travelling in the West, and in a lengthy review regards it as one of the best books of the age; "that it will set men right on some moot subjects of the day, and throw more light upon the nature and end of man's being than any work of the century. He is just the writer that is needed in our day of daring speculation, and we venture to predict that he will exert an influence on the energetic and truth-seeking minds of America, as Coleridge did among his contemporaries."

A later reviewer, Mr. Eby, says, "I have read and re-read this volume of singular merit with unequivocal satisfaction. It seems to me to be one of the best prophecies of what will be the literature of the new age. It is equally removed from the controversial whine and the pietistic drool, and expresses frank homage to the truth for its own sake. The book is reverent. It is redolent of genuine manly devotion to the good and the true."

With these comments we leave the "Lectures" to the judgment of its readers. W. H.

CINCINNATI, September 1, 1891.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR 13

LECTURE I.

MAN CONSIDERED AS A UNIT.

Design of these Lectures—Uses and objects of Anthropology—Just ideas impeded by partial and disconnected views, and discussions of the *notional* man of Philosophy and not the *Idea* of the Divine Mind—Man to be studied in his Mind, his Body, and his Actions, the Human Trinity—General view of him in the *person* of his History or Forthgoing—His Body, and thence his Mind—Traces of the character of the Inward Man upon its *type*, the body, not to be disregarded—Natural impression of *oneness*, as to the organization of the Body—Reasoning unaided by experience, utterly incapable of ascertaining its complex organization—Bacon's first aphorism illustrated—Whence does that method of observation and induction become necessary to us?—Propriety of conjecture *here* with certain restrictions—Passage from the Scientific to the Mystical—Application—Probable adaptation of the Nature within and without us—Hence, Nature is primarily epitomized on the Soul of Man: and the laws impressed upon it *a priori* are, subsequent to birth, inculcated in a reverse method, *a posterioribus ad priora*—Use of Theory—Presentation of a theory on this subject from a Latin work of the last century—Ancient mythus—Reflections suggested thereby—Formation of rational Ideas—Conclusion . 29

LECTURE II.

LIMITS AND ORDERS OF NATURE.

The operations of the Deity, in nature, are graduated and progressive; hence our ability to apprehend them—Gradation observed in the progress of the human mind: sense, fancy,

PAGE

imagination, reason—Summary of preceding lecture—Ideas suggested to the ancients by the observation of the visible universe—Some philosophers, from a general resemblance, have classed Man with animals; others have considered animals machines—Scientific analyses are but indications of things, not the things—Limits sacred in nature—No combination of mechanical or chemical agencies constitute animal action—Supremacy of the animal over these—Review—That as animals, by virtue of the laws of animal life, are distinguished from the lower departments of nature, so Man, by reason of human laws, should constitute a separate order—Enumeration of the progressive *orders* in nature—That when any of the lower orders are assumed by a higher, they become identified with it; thus, whatever of the animal or organical there is in Man, is eminently human: all is Man—Further illustration—Supremacy of the human obviously marked in the body, especially the hand, the lungs, and the mouth—Conclusion . . . 49

LECTURE III.

LANGUAGE: ITS ORIGIN AND USE.

The material universe is to us the fountain of all knowledge of the physical reasons of the laws employed in its economy—That of these as yet but little is known—Illustrated in the intricacy of the structure of the human body, which before it can be understood, a totally new and original science must be extricated from nature—The same is true of the divine moral system—The disclosure of physical and moral truth proportioned to the *practice* of our present knowledge—Individual effort never lost; language the chief medium of its perpetuation—The physical instruments of language,—the lungs; their uses, the primary end of nature in their construction, traced from their rudimental form in fishes—The question, Is speech natural or acquired? considered—God is the author of human speech—There is but one language, but a diversity of dialects—Illustration—Speculations concerning *an* original language entirely vain—The unity of language is from the fraternity of the human race,—its variety the consequence and symbol of human freedom; the tendency to variety checked by the faculty of imitation—True value of the scriptural idea of the unity of speech—Modifica-

PAGE

tions, how produced—Articulation an *intellectual* process—The perfection of antediluvian speech was in the unanimity of the moral feelings; the discordance of modern languages arises from the obscuration of the *moral sense*—Mysterious connection of language and thought—Language the chief instrument in the formation of the moral and intellectual sense—Its dignity and uses 71

LECTURE IV.

ST. AUGUSTINE AND BARON CUVIER; OR, THE MEETING OF THE FIFTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES.

Summary of preceding lecture—Necessity of viewing man from different epochs of history; his language and actions the only true criteria in the determination of his character—The fifth and nineteenth centuries contrasted in the persons of St. Augustine and Baron Cuvier; their characters and labors—Value of the study of the writings of the fifth century—Translation from the "City of God"—Picture of St. Augustine—The reflection interesting, that each age contributes its peculiar mental commodity to the meeting of ages in the spiritual world, where it is not unphilosophical to suppose that Augustine and Cuvier may have held converse—Their imagined meeting and dialogue, exhibiting the exclusiveness which marked the pursuits of their respective epochs—The theology of the fifth should combine with the science of the nineteenth century; thus the Word of God would be illustrated by his works 95

LECTURE V.

PREDOMINANCE OF THE RELIGIOUS SENTIMENT IN THE EARLY AGES.

The failure of all attempts by philosophers to define *precisely* the Christian religion a proof of its divine origin—In the progress of nations the religious faculties are first developed—In this state of the human mind only, could a revelation of the Deity have been made—Hence in the writings and monuments of early ages the religious idea predominates over the scientific

PAGE

—It is an error of modern times that they seek science even in the sacred Scriptures—A fabled representation of a tablet, with concentric zones, within which the animal kingdom is classified, the human form embossing the whole; designed to show that the animal creation reflects and typifies the attributes and affections of man, a fact distinctly felt by the earlier ages—These, through their arts of *emblematizing* their ideas of God, fell into idolatry; so modern times, through scientific definitions, are in danger of obscuring the true import of divine revelation . . . 118

LECTURE VI.

ANCIENT RELIGION AND MODERN SCIENCE.

Further illustration of the subject of the last lecture—The development of the religious feelings necessary to unite mankind, before science could benefit them—That man might know that creation was a *divine act*, the synopsis only of the event was declared—To the earliest ages the theology of creation, to modern times the science, is revealed—Distinction of religion and science—the evil of their admixture—the twelve apostles of Christianity an instance of theology unmixed with science—St. Peter—In the mind of St. Paul philosophy and religion were united—General conclusions attained—Facts in illustration—The Iliad and Odyssey of Homer illustrative of the predominance of theology in early ages—The Persians, as described by Herodotus—Nations who have received a scientific bent despise the religious simplicity of early ages—The contempt of the Jews by the Romans an instance—Ill consequences of reasoning from theology to science seen in the case of Galileo, and in the common belief of a universal deluge—Worse effects result from reasoning from science to theology—Prospect of their limits being ascertained 140

LECTURE VII.

ORIGIN AND PERPETUATION OF NATURAL RACES OF MANKIND.

That as the present aspect of external nature has been produced by infinitely slow progressions, so it may be inferred that the advancement of the human race will be similarly effected—Difficulties in tracing the limits of natural races—Presentation

PAGE

of a theory that the human family were originally derived from a single pair, possessing an innate tendency to give rise to several distinct origins of races—Illustrations—Concerning the origin of man, science or experience can afford no information—Theology only teaches the fact of his creation—Distinction of the orders of creation into primitive and subordinate; or the origination of species, and the generation of individuals from these, each distinguished by laws and phenomena peculiar to itself—Of the primeval moral condition of the race we are informed through revelation—Comparatively recent origin of the present race; of its different families, the Caucasian only has exhibited its *proper* development—The existence of distinct natural families undeniable; but the influences which produced them science cannot determine—Probable features of the African civilization—Character not formed by climate or local circumstances—Positions assigned to the different families of mankind best adapted for their peculiar developments, and this of divine providence—Traits of the Caucasian and African—Summary and review—Conclusion . . . 164

LECTURE VIII.

UNITY IN VARIETY OF THE HUMAN RACE.

That there are local centres whence have proceeded all living forms; founded in reason to us inscrutable, but the perfection of intelligence—Under similar influences these forms are found to be the same in their general aspect, but specifically different, which accords with our instinctive impressions—On the variety of nature a unity is everywhere impressed—Its contemplation beneficial—Evidences of variety in unity in the kingdoms of nature, especially in the human kingdom—Variety of races as well as their unity original—The unity of the human race cannot be traced to any particular family, but may be supposed originally to have combined in itself every variety that now exists—Folly of conjecture as to the destiny of different races from their present disproportionate advancement—Natural characteristics of the African and Caucasian—Evil of their admixture—The Caucasian essentially one race, but comprising several varieties—The Germans, Gauls, and Britons; characterized by an inquiring, restless spirit—The Jews, Persians,

PAGE

and Egyptians; the mystics of the race, and the subjects of ritual revelations—The Asiatic and Greek mind contrasted—Utilitarian bent of the European branch—Conclusion 196

LECTURE IX.

CHARACTER OF THE ANCIENT GERMANS.

Difficulty of delineating the natural history of man from the progression and mutability of his character—What is his natural state, and the final cause of his progression?—The change produced since the Christian era; the effect of the Christian religion—The Caucasian race migratory; composed of many different nations, and these again of distinct tribes—The Britons and ancient Germans as described by Tacitus and Cæsar; respect of the latter for their women; powers of divination ascribed to them; their share in public affairs—The mutual concern of both sexes for the welfare of the nation a token of their natural soundness of mind—Heroism of the German women; their regard for the institution of marriage—Chivalry, considered as an affectation in after times of what was formerly a just and natural sentiment—Their respect for women among the Western tribes supposed to be the chief cause of their ready admission of the Christian religion—Remarkable fact, that this religion should have arisen in one quarter of the globe, and its most willing adherents be found in another—Obscurity of its origin; extent of its influence—Peculiar adaptation of the Western nations for its reception—Elements of the British race—Conclusion 226

LECTURE X.

MAN OF AMERICA—SPANISH AND ENGLISH.

Reflection that the universal lesson of nature, which has been parcelled out among the various nations of the earth, each having perfected its part, may be reproduced in the Phœnician and Scandinavian races on the American continent—Of the former are the English, of the latter the Spaniard—The native Polynesians and Australasians may be regarded as extremes of these—Grecian traditions of the golden age, and the extreme barbarism of mankind, being mixed with mythology, uncertain

PAGE

—Translation from Æschylus—Advantages for the study of man's history afforded by the meeting in the new world of the most barbarous and most civilized condition—The American continent designed for the development of principles long latent in the minds of emigrants from the Old World, and which were the cause of their emigration—Simplicity of the social state in this hemisphere indicated by the community of language —Two languages will probably predominate, the Spanish and English—Diversity of dialects, in the past condition of the human mind, a blessing—Through these, each nation of the Old World has been enabled to mature some particular good, but, as every good is to be combined here, occasion for such diversity no longer exists—Dreadful consequences of identity of language, should a despotism arise—Summary—Sketch of the progress and character of the Scandinavian and Phœnician races 253

LECTURE XI.

ARTS AND COMMERCE OF THE PHŒNICIANS.

Obscure tradition in Plato of the existence of this continent—Progress of the science of government evinced by a comparison of American institutions with the theory of Plato's Republic—The poetry and romance of the ancient condition of society are here superseded by the rational and practical —Their religion was local and national, being reflected from their original history; the religion of the moderns is spiritual and catholic—Modern civilization distinguished by the cultivation of the useful arts, by which personal freedom is secured to a large portion of the human family, and the spirit of peace fostered—The arts proper to man—The Phœnicians the inventors of the economical arts—Their circumnavigation of Africa—The invention of alphabetic writing ascribed to them—The genius and occupations of the Egyptians would not have suggested this art—The relations of these nations to each other, seen in that which now exists between the English and their continental neighbors—Phœnicia an old country in the time of Herodotus—Its decline —The Greeks probably of Phœnician descent—Their genius and character original 278

LECTURE XII.

ELEMENTS OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION.

PAGE

Elements of the civilization of ancient times *local* and national; in the New World they are of an *abstract* character—The condition of a nation at any period of its history the result of all influences which have previously acted upon it—Argument, that the American will be a diffused and *popular* civilization, from the structure of the English language—Summary of preceding lecture—The character and destiny of a people determined by their religion—Illustrated in the Greeks—Preservation of the poems of early ages providential—Necessity of a *new* species of poetry and art to correspond with the new civilization, which is compounded of many elements, from distinct local centres—The cultivation of the mechanical and economical arts a marked element; its mother-land Phœnicia—Injurious tendencies of these counteracted by Christianity; its local centre Judea—The elements of empire and union contributed by Rome—The elements of state sovereignty, poetry, art, and philosophy, the legacy of Greece—Purifying and elevating influences of Christianity—The poetry and art of the new civilization to be thence derived; of which truth and certitude will be the distinguishing characteristics—Concluding reflections 306

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

THE AUTHOR.

Alexander Kinmont was born January 5, 1799, in the parish of Marytown, three miles west from Montrose, in Angusshire, Scotland. His parents were members of the Presbyterian Church; in very humble circumstances, they were extremely frugal and industrious, and remarkable for their exemplary piety and independence of character. His father, who is represented as having been of a kind and gentle disposition and a truly devout man, early impressed upon his son the same reverence for the Sacred Scriptures which he himself felt and acknowledged. He inculcated especially upon him, at a very tender age, implicit obedience to the Ten Commandments, urging it by the consideration that they had been written *by the finger of God himself.* The impression thus stamped upon the forming mind of his child was never forgotten or effaced. Inheriting from his parents the most inflexible honesty and independence of spirit, he was remarkable in infancy for his courage,—exhibiting no signs of fear, in common with other children. Nor was he less marked for his quick observation, ready memory, and faculty of imitation. When about four years of age, he visited the parish school with his brother, and on his return in the evening surprised the whole family, by repeating word for word, the long prayer of the domine, with exact imitation of look and gesture. He learned to read with the greatest facility.

At this time the reduced circumstances of his parents obliged them to hire him out to a neighboring farmer, by whom he was employed to guard his cattle and horses from trespassing upon the

adjoining crops,—the fields there being all unenclosed. This employment, though somewhat uncongenial with his active and thoughtful disposition, nevertheless brought him into circumstances which were calculated to foster and develop an ardent love of nature and a devoted attachment to rural life, which never forsook him in after-years. He was thus occupied until about eight years of age, when his father died of a brain fever.

He was thus early left to the control and guidance of his mother, an excellent woman, of fine sensibilities and a most affectionate heart. Never after the decease of her husband was the poignancy of the loss absent from her mind. She became in consequence extremely pensive, and her whole character was tinged with melancholy, the influence of which was not entirely lost upon her son, although naturally of a most buoyant, spirited, and cheerful disposition. He was now sent to the parish school, where he soon became quite as remarkable for his ingenuous disposition and reckless and independent character as for his scholastic proficiency.

Shortly after this period an event took place which changed the entire current of his life and placed him in the way of developing those varied and useful talents for which he has since been distinguished. While assisting at a threshing-mill in the neighborhood of Montrose, one of the wheels caught the tattered sleeve of his coat and drew in the right arm, mangling it in the most shocking manner. With great presence of mind, he braced himself firmly, while it was torn from his body near the shoulder. To his brother, who came to him shortly after the accident, he said, with the most perfect composure, "Never mind, Willie; you see I can do very well with one arm. The men all ran away and left me standing; but I grasped the stump to keep in my blood, and called for help." He was taken to the infirmary, and bore the necessary amputation without uttering the least complaint. Under the kind and careful treatment of the surgoon and intendant, he speedily recovered, and was urgently advised by them to devote himself to literary pursuits, as affording the most eligible field for the development and proper exercise of his talents. He returned to the parish school, but soon mastered the learning of his teacher.

He was now about twelve years of age, when he left the parish

school and returned to his mother's cottage. He did not, however, abandon his studies, but walked daily five miles to attend the school of a Mr. Huddleston, a teacher of very respectable acquirements, and author of a History of the Celts. Here he made considerable proficiency in the Latin language, and also in navigation, surveying, and the common branches of an English education. The opinions expressed of him, at this time, by his instructor excited the interest of the parish ministers in his behalf, who frequently invited him to their houses, and advised him in his course of study and in the choice of books.

At thirteen years of age he attended the grammar school of Montrose, under the superintendence of Mr. Calvert, an Englishman, and an excellent classical scholar. With him he studied the Latin, Greek, and French languages, and mathematics. His application was incessant, and he made rapid advances in Latin. He remained here two years at the charge of his mother; but, brought up in frugality, his wants were easily supplied, and books and tuition-bills were the heaviest items of expense. He was now, however, enabled to support himself by compensations for assisting the principal of the academy, and for instruction in private families, in which employment he continued until he had attained his nineteenth year, when he entered the University of Aberdeen.

In most of the universities and seminaries of learning in Scotland there are funds appropriated for the encouragement and support of scholars of acknowledged merit. Kinmont, accordingly, with a view of presenting himself as a candidate for admission at Aberdeen, prepared a Latin poem, and a treatise on the particle *re*, which, he doubted not, would secure him the object of his wishes. On his arrival at the University, with his friend, Mr. Huddleston, he presented his theme to the master of the High School, one of the judges of such productions. The conversation was conducted in Latin, and the master, delighted with his new acquaintance, unhesitatingly assured him that it was quite certain that he would take the prize over all his competitors. The result, however, proved different, in spite of the remonstrances of the master. His theme was highly praised by the professors for its purity of style, but rejected on account of two grammatical errors. He received it back from them, and replied to their delicate praises by an open expression of his sense of the injustice with which he

had been treated. The mail-stage was about starting for the south; he instantly mounted on top, and, travelling all night, arrived early in the morning at St. Andrew's, and entered the hall of the University in time to hear the subjects of the themes proposed to the candidates for admission. Making his selection from among them, he completed the task before he slept, and had the satisfaction of carrying off the first prizes in Latin, Greek, and geometry, over about thirty competitors. These secured to him board and lodging in the University for four years from the fall of 1817. He did not, however, avail himself of the privilege for more than three years, during which time he supplied his other wants by private teaching.

Fired by the fame of Edinburgh and her celebrated University, he hastened to that metropolis, where he taught in some of the first families of the place, and attended the various classes in the University. While here, he wrote a Latin poem, which was considered as possessing considerable merit, and also a tragedy, part of which was sent to Mr. Elliston, then manager of Covent Garden Theatre, who expressed himself in the highest terms of commendation of its merit, and sought especially an acquaintance with its author. Elliston dying very shortly after, this effort of the tragic muse was "consigned to the tomb of the Capulets."

At this time our author attended the philosophical and theological classes of the University, but he soon became disgusted with the irrational, as well as unscriptural, systems of theology inculcated in the latter. The atheistical *soi-disant* philosophy of revolutionary France was at this period in full vogue over the greater part of Europe, nor did the Scottish University escape the blighting influence of this demon of scepticism. Though not perhaps avowedly, yet at least practically, the precepts of Christianity were generally denied. It was impossible for Kinmont to avoid being affected by the moral miasmata of the times. He therefore soon abandoned his theological studies, and devoted himself with redoubled zeal to the Greek and Latin classics, of which he had ever been a most enthusiastic admirer.

An ardent friend of free institutions, and a decided enemy of aristocracy and of all privileged orders, he had ever felt the deepest attachment for the United States of America, and eagerly desired to satisfy himself, by personal observation, as to the true

extent of freedom and independence enjoyed under its government. Dreading above all things the servility usually demanded by the *patronizing* spirit of the great and wealthy, although his services at this time were much desired by several distinguished individuals in London (to whom he was known through some pamphlets he had published, and from his private letters), he was unwilling to owe his advancement to aught save his own unassisted exertions. With these feelings, meeting one day a friend in all the hurry of preparation for a journey, he inquired his destination. "America," replied he, urging him, at the same time, by various arguments, to accompany him. "Give me half an hour to reflect upon it," said Kinmont, "and I will tell you my decision." By the expiration of that time he declared his determination to accompany him, and made immediate preparation for his departure.

He set sail immediately, and arrived in New York about the end of May, 1823. Finding himself without money, but at the same time free from all fear of want, and full of his native independence, he sold his watch, and sought forthwith an opportunity of rendering himself useful as a classical teacher. With his characteristic readiness and restless anxiety to be *at work*, he accordingly employed the very next day after his arrival in assisting at an examination of the school of Nelson, the celebrated blind teacher. Finding, however, that his services were not required in New York, he remained there but a few days, and started on foot for Baltimore. On approaching within sight of the Monumental City, he had but a single dollar remaining, and his compassion was so moved by the distress of a traveller whom he chanced to meet, that he gave him even the half of that. Thus, destitute, alone, and unfriended, did he enter Baltimore, but his energy and sterling abilities soon procured him employment, and he remained in this city until he had obtained means sufficient to bear him still farther into the interior of the country. Learning that a classical teacher was wanted at Bedford, Pa., he determined to visit that place and apply for the situation. He went there on foot, choosing this mode of travelling not only from habit, but as being most economical, and especially as affording him the best opportunities of studying the character and learning the condition of the people among whom he was seeking a home. In this

manner he rendered his journey both delightful and instructive. Carrying with him a copy of one of the Greek tragic poets, he would often stop in some sequestered spot, and amuse himself by reciting aloud passages from a favorite play, fancying he could breathe in more freely, as it were, the warm inspiration of the Grecian muse from the very air of this western world, where the ancient spirit of republican freedom was again revived. On one of these occasions, while reading aloud with all the unrestrained enthusiasm of his nature under the excitement of the poetry and the story, the clergyman of a neighboring village chanced to pass by on his way to church; being a good classical scholar, he listened to the sounds with amazement, and, watching unperceived Kinmont's gesticulations for some time, took such a partiality to the man that he accosted him with a polite request to accompany him to the church, which was readily complied with. At the conclusion of the service, the parson followed up his first invitation by conducting his new acquaintance to his house, and entertaining him for several days, before he would suffer him to proceed on his journey.

Arriving at Bedford, he was immediately appointed principal of the classical academy in that village, and by his unremitted application to the discharge of his duties, and the rapid progress of his pupils, soon convinced the citizens that in him they had secured an instructor of superior abilities, and one highly qualified to succeed in the education of youth. His character, at this period, though marked by simplicity, candor, and extreme rapidity of thought and execution, was deeply tinged with melancholy, verging often even on misanthropy. His social intercourse was confined to a few select friends, and he was observed to be particularly fond of solitary walks, and apparently always absorbed in meditation. He seemed to have no fixed and definite end in view, and, harassed by the most gloomy doubts on the subject of religion, he was at last reduced to such a state of despair as to avow that he could see no further use of life. A friend, with whom he was residing, perceiving the sceptical tendencies of his mind, and the despondency under which he was suffering, suggested to him the propriety of examining the doctrines of the New Jerusalem Church, as most likely to solve all his difficulties by imparting to him a rational and philosophical view of the nature

of Divine Revelation, and leading him at once to the vital truths of Christianity. After repeated recommendations, he finally commenced reading the ARCANA CŒLESTIA. As he progressed with the first volume, his interest in it gradually increased, and from regarding it at first as a most extraordinary production, before he had finished that volume he acknowledged his entire conviction of the divine inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures, and soon became a willing and zealous receiver of the doctrines of the New Church—ever after declaring this removal of his former scepticism the most important and happiest event of his life.

His character seemed now to undergo a complete change. The grim and dismal forms of infidelity instantly disappeared, and a new and clear light from the Sacred Word beamed upon his mind, and illumined his whole pathway through life. He was no longer without an end to live for, but devoted himself with fresh alacrity to the performance of all his duties. Desirous of removing every memento of his former self, he burnt up at this period all his previous writings, and determined to start afresh, as it were, on a new career of existence. His walks were no longer solitary, but enlivened by the presence of some friend; and Nature, instead of offering gratifications merely to his senses or imagination, was teeming with fresh beauties never perceived before, and calling into just exercise the awakened powers of his new rational being. His leisure hours were occasionally employed in the composition of ballads and little poems, for his own gratification and the amusement of his friends. On several occasions he prepared dramatic pieces as exercises for his scholars; but he was never a very zealous aspirant for poetical honors.

Henceforward he devoted all the energies and resources of his mind to science, literature, and the education of youth; for he felt that there especially lay the field of his duties. During one of the vacations of his academy, he visited Cincinnati, travelling, as was his custom, the greater part of the way, if not the entire distance, on foot. He remained in this place but a short time, however, and returned to Bedford, taking his course, as a pedestrian, through the interior of Ohio.

After remaining at Bedford about three years, he removed, during the summer of 1827, to Cincinnati, where he immediately obtained the full number of scholars he felt himself competent to

instruct in the various branches of a classical, mathematical, and English education. What were the main-springs and ends of his exertions may be readily inferred from the motto which he inscribed at this time upon the first page of his account-book: *Sit gloriæ Dei, et utilitati hominum.* With such pure and philanthropic motives of action, and possessed of no ordinary share of intellectual vigor and manly independence of character, he could not but succeed in everything that he undertook. Having at length, therefore, firmly established his merit as a successful teacher, and perfectly secure from all anxiety of a pecuniary nature, he was married January 15, 1829.

His mode of teaching was not modelled after any particular or uniform system, but adapted, as far as possible, to the individual wants and capacities of his pupils, for he early perceived that there were constitutional differences of mind, and that each member of a society or of the community at large was best qualified for the performance of a specific duty. Hence, he often complained bitterly of the extravagant notions of many parents in endeavoring to make scholars and *great men* of their children, when they were qualified by nature to become altogether more useful and happy in the workshop or the field. "Each of those lads," said he, sweeping his hand over his school, "if he be not of solid mahogany, must needs be, at least, *veneered.*" Possessing the nicest discrimination in the various shades of character presented to his view, he readily classified all his pupils under the several *natural* genera of minds which he had observed to maintain from the earliest ages down to the present times; and he endeavored, accordingly, to bring out, to the best of his ability, the striking qualities of each. In other words, he intended by his course of instruction that each one should be actually *educated*—should display all the various useful tendencies and resources that lay hid within him. Whenever he received a new pupil, if he were unable at once to assign him his proper place, or wished to ascertain the extent of his acquirements, he would engage his attention, and, addressing him on some subject connected with history or natural science, would say to him in conclusion, "Now, sir, write down all you remember of what I have been telling you." And upon the scholar's complying, he would invariably be able to decide accurately upon his character and the studies most appropriate for him to pursue. The

great aim of his instructions, both as a teacher of science and theology, seems to have been not merely to impart the knowledge of truth, but to urge, by every possible motive, the *doing* of it. This *practical* tendency of his mind was not only stamped upon his philosophy, but present and perceptible in everything he said; so that it has been observed of him, and by men, too, disagreeing with him in many of his *opinions*, that even his ordinary conversations were worthy of being made public.

His integrity and purity of heart, and the vital importance he attached to the moral education of the youth intrusted to his charge, may be judged of by the motto which he affixed over the door of his school-house:

> "Nil dictu fœdum visuque hæc limina tangat,
> Intra quæ puer est."—"Procul, O! procul este profani:"
> "Maxima debetur puero reverentia."

Always ready and instant in the performance of duties himself, he endeavored to impress a like character upon his pupils. A young man having called upon him on a Friday, and expressed a wish to enter his school on the coming Monday, Kinmont instantly replied, "By no means, sir; commence this very afternoon; get yourself used to the tools you are to work with *now*, that you may begin the coming week with good omens and a well-grounded hope of success." His rule of action was to perform faithfully, and without solicitude, the duty of the present hour, and to let the future take care of itself. So implicit was his trust that Divine Providence would dispose of all things for the best, when man had done the part assigned to him, that his only care was how he himself might perform the greatest amount of good of which his being was capable. To a friend, conversing with him on this subject, who jocosely asked, "Will you not lay by a penny for a rainy day?" he answered, with a smile, "When I am *in want* of a dollar, I will draw upon Heaven." It is not to be inferred from this that he was improvident, for such was never the case; but he considered a reliance upon worldly prudence, without a confidence and hope of a far higher order, as mere "vanity and vexation of spirit." He was a devoted and incessant student throughout the whole of his life, and never suffered his mind to be crushed or subdued by any subject of his study. If the information he acquired, therefore,

served to increase the mental resources of his genius, it was no less useful in calling forth new and original views, by exciting the activity of his own independent thoughts. His favorite authors were Plato, Homer, and the Greek tragedians, Tacitus, Cicero, Bacon, St. Augustine, Swedenborg, and Milton. The "Paradise Lost" (apart from its theological dogmas) he esteemed as the greatest effort of human genius, in any age, either ancient or modern. On first reading it, when a youth, he could not sit still, but would start up in the highest excitement, and pace the room for some time before he could regain complete possession of himself. In after-life it was often the pocket companion of his rural walks. His reading was not, however, confined to the writers just enumerated; but he constantly endeavored, by taking in the widest possible range of authors of all ages, to create within himself a sympathy for the whole wide brotherhood of Man, both past and present—to approximate continually to a view and appreciation of Truth Universal. He was consequently a strenuous advocate of frequent exercises in translation from the classic writers of antiquity; urging these, as among the most efficient means of *humanizing* the individual who would undertake them. But his views on this subject embrace so much of the character of the man, that they cannot be better presented than in his own language; they are herewith subjoined:

"There prevails an opinion that *our* times are remarkably original; and to this I ascribe, in a great measure, that disesteem in which classical literature, whether Greek, Latin, or English, is at present held. To write and speak like no other person seems now to be considered a merit. It were wrong to discourage an implicit and unreserved confidence in Truth and Nature; but that profusion of language and poverty of thought which is now called being *spontaneous* and *original* is anything rather than a proof of simplicity of heart or freedom of understanding. In such careless *wealth* there is generally more of adulterate than sterling coin—more PAPER than GOLD.

"This mania of originality is especially inimical to the labors of the school-master. You can hardly now persuade a youth to take the necessary pains to elaborate a just and expressive translation of an elegant passage of a classical author: he is afraid that he may lose that free and unembarrassed air of originality

which nature herself so lavishly bestows, but this imitation might impede or destroy.

"And yet there are few exercises more beneficial, regarded as a part of mental discipline, than translation. A man might pursue such exercises with benefit to his own mind through his whole course of life; it is the most profitable way of keeping company with minds of a lofty stamp. It is then that you come into the closest intimacy with genius and taste, and feel the entire divinity of their manner. It serves to correct that vicious idiosyncrasy which belongs more or less to all who write or speak much, and which is sometimes not disagreeable from calling up associations of noble thoughts, with which it is wont sometimes to be associated; but notwithstanding this accidental advantage, it is nevertheless a positive defect; and of all kinds of imitation, that unconscious following of one's self is the most unfortunate. Translation, by compelling the mind to run in an *unfamiliar* channel, is the best corrective of this, and may be safely applied at any period of life: so far from deadening the powers of original thinking, it will quicken them, by bringing foreign and unusual trains of thought before the mind. If a man has really the latent sources of new and original ideas within him, nothing can repress them. Could the mind of Shakespeare have been buried beneath the *rubbish* of Greece or Rome,—such their learning has been deemed of late—and be it such,—he would have risen triumphant and adorned with their spoils, and not one of all his *natural* glories tarnished. By imitation and translation one will always gain something, and can lose nothing, unless a *vicious mannerism*, which the sooner he loses the better. It is a characteristic of all good writers that they are addicted to imitation, for no one can write *well* (I speak not of words and periods) who has not a strong sympathy for and admiration of all that is beautiful; and the more imitative he is in this sense, the more original and pleasing will he be; for he will not be the segment of a man, but the whole. It is a greater exploit to imitate successfully than to be original and to invent. Bulwer is a *mere original*, and hence an inferior genius, harsh and unnatural (any man could write as well as he does who had impudence enough); but Walter Scott was an imitator, and hence the charm and naturalness of his works. We recognize in him a family likeness with the whole *writing race*. Demosthenes

copied Thucydides,—a devoted copier, but remarkably successful, although he wanted range, from not having copied more extensively. Cicero copied and imitated everybody,—the very MOCKING-BIRD of eloquence; but that is not his disparagement, but his greatest distinction and glory: who so various as Cicero, who so sweet, so powerful, so simply eloquent, or again so magnificently flowing, and each and all in turns? The man's mind was a perfect panharmonicon; it was because he despised this paltry modern affectation of originality, and reverenced the gods and loved his fellow-creatures, and therefore his mind was open to all kinds of good influences, and received the natural impression of every grand and lovely object. Your original character, your original writer, has no sympathies; he is heart-bound, brain-bound, and lip-bound; he is truly an oddity; he is like nobody, and nobody like him; he feeds on self-adoration, or the adulation of fools, who mistake the oracles of pride and vanity for the inspirations of heaven. The most perfect imitator that ever wrote, perhaps, was Burns, the poet of Scotland,—SCOTIA REDIVIVA would be the right motto of his works. The resurrection-bodies of the just will not be more their own *identical* bodies (for this I believe, maugre the author of 'Natural Enthusiasm') than were the songs and glorious inspired strains of Burns, the bodies of the old prophets, the Vates Caledoniæ, risen again. And what nonsense they talk of Homer, as if he, forsooth, were original and the father of all those epithets and metaphors! No; the greatest imitator, I make no doubt, that ever lived, he could not have sung so rapturously otherwise, and of all the elder bards too. He must have been a greater imitator than Virgil, for Virgil is an inferior poet. What poet was ever so original as the author of the Columbiad?—FUIT. Wordsworth, I understand, is a very original poet. Does anybody read Wordsworth? None but his imitators—and his imitators are read.

"I have always regarded it as a bad symptom in a boy if he had no powers of imitation; he is destined to remain all his life a one-sided character. He has no range of sympathies; he has been fused only once in his life, and been poured into a mould, and *there* he cools, and he will never be other than you see him; his *creed* on all matters is already formed; and you need no more hope to see him changed, beneath the ordinary genial sympathies

of opinion or of truth, than to find platina melt before an ordinary parlor fire. The most promising boys are the most imitative; in this lies their capacity for education. You can make Ciceros of them, Demostheneses of them, admirers of the ancients, admirers of the moderns, admirers of all men and of all things that are deserving of admiration. They are many-sided minds; that is, you can impress many sides upon their minds; they can admire the vigorous didactic of the philosopher, pithy, unadorned,—sense and reason,—and they can be enraptured by the sweet mellifluous strains—'the linked sweetness long drawn out'—of the most popular flowing authors. Unreflecting minds that observe these VERTUMNI are apprehensive they may lose their identity, and end in their having no character at all; but it is the very contrary of this, for it is just such youths at last that do have a character, a *human*, firm character; not that character Pope speaks of—'virtue fixed, but fixed as in a frost;'—for the basis on which their moral firmness at last reposes is just as extensive as the points of sympathy and harmony in their minds were before numerous. They are rational, religious men, for their heads and hearts have both been actuated, but never sectarian; they are mistrustful of their own views, for they know that truth is a polygon; but the rapidity and justness of their survey soon brings them back to confidence; they are sure that TRUTH has a subsistence as well as an existence, for in endless variety they have constantly found that unity which is the symbol of her Being, the Angel of her presence."

Having frequently appeared as a public speaker with distinguished success, he was requested by some of his friends to deliver a course of lectures during the winter of 1833–34, on such subjects as might best suit his own taste and inclination. He accordingly prepared a series of twelve lectures, embracing chiefly a view of the "Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man;" but finding himself in the presence of a different and more promiscuous audience than he had anticipated, he changed his original design, and delivered an entirely new course on the "Physical and Intellectual History of Man." Having devoted several of the preceding winters to the study of anatomy, he was enabled to treat the first division of his subject—the Physical History of Man—with extraordinary success; and he displayed a degree of anatomical knowledge, minuteness of observation, and philosophical induction

altogether surprising to most of his audience. But in the fall of the year following he was brought still more prominently and favorably before the public by his eloquent and successful defence of the Ancient Classics, against the assaults of the distinguished Mr. Grimke, of South Carolina. This gentleman had commenced a war of extermination against the writings of antiquity, and, with no inconsiderable success, was urging upon the public their rejection from a course of liberal education. The College of Teachers of the Mississippi Valley—an association which Kinmont had been highly instrumental in establishing—was at this time holding its annual session at Cincinnati; and here it was that this champion of an exclusively *American* education encountered Kinmont in debate on the very subject nearest to his heart. None who were present at this conflict (and it is estimated that there were near two thousand) will ever forget the perfect tempest of eloquence which Kinmont poured forth on the head of his antagonist; it was in vain to resist so Demosthenean a charge; his forces were completely dissipated, and have never since been rallied.

About this period, Kinmont resumed (after having laid aside for nearly two years) the office of expounding the Sacred Scriptures, and directing the services of religious worship, in behalf of a considerable number of individuals, who formed a second Society of the New Church in Cincinnati. He continued in the regular performance of the duties of this office from that time onward to the close of his life.

During the winter of 1837–38 he delivered his last course of lectures on the "Natural History of Man," which gave such universal gratification to his audience that he was immediately requested to prepare a copy for publication; but this he could not find leisure to do before the subsequent summer. Retiring to the country during the annual vacation of his school in August, he employed himself in revising and correcting these lectures for the press, and had scarcely completed the task when he was called to resume the duties of his profession. He entered upon them with alacrity, but scarcely a week had elapsed when he was attacked by a fever, which, after an illness of about three weeks, terminated his mortal career, September 16, 1838.

Thus, in the full prime and vigor of manhood, was Kinmont

removed from the scene of his earthly labors; but the usefulness he nurtured by the cheerful performance of his duties while here has now bloomed, we trust, and borne a rich and golden fruitage under far brighter and more congenial skies. In him were combined the scholar, the philosopher, the orator, the honest man, and devout Christian. He was warmly attached to science and philosophy, because thereby he secured the means of his usefulness. He was always earnest and eloquent, for his language flowed from his heart, and he never meant other than he said. His duties as a Christian and a teacher of religious truth were performed with the greatest humility, devotion, and zeal, for he felt that all the truths he possessed, and the ability to make them known to others, were alike gifts, which the obligations of duty urged him to present upon the altar of the common good.

But no encomium or commendation is needed to insure his remembrance; for if the ideas of virtue and excellence are fashioned in the human mind by observation and reflection upon their *personified* forms in the acts and conduct of individuals; if, when we think of integrity, purity of heart, devoutness, independence of character, frankness, disinterestedness, and zeal for the public good, we picture to ourselves some person in whom these virtues have been embodied, then will Kinmont recur, as often as they are presented to the minds of those who enjoyed his acquaintance and experienced the benefit of his labors. They surely will feel with what justness it may be said of him,—

> —— cui Pudor, et Justitiæ soror
> Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas
> Quando ullum inveniet parem?

LECTURE I.

MAN CONSIDERED AS A UNIT.

The science of human nature—which, to designate by a learned name, we might call *Anthropology*—is chiefly valuable as an introduction to the science of Deity, or divine nature, now familiarly known by the received term *Theology*. Man, we are informed, is made in "the image and likeness of God" (in which words are contained more things than volumes could express); but, if this be so (and it is), it would seem the part of wisdom, as well as of modesty, first diligently to make ourselves acquainted with human nature, before we begin to *discourse*, at least, on divine nature, for to know it, and revere it, and humbly to adore it, is not only the duty, but the very first duty of Man.

A fonte principium,—from this fountain, and living source of all right thoughts and pure desires, may every sentiment and idea of our lectures proceed. But with this acknowledgment and ascription of Good to its only origin, let us forthwith descend to a lower theme, and try whether we cannot in "the image and likeness" trace *some* of the more majestic lineaments of the original. I do not intend in these lectures to deliver any formal science of human nature, far less any theory which might indeed deserve the learned name of Anthropology; for such theory or perfect

science, I imagine, would be premature *still*, by many hundreds of centuries; for after the lapse of the entire historical period of three thousand years, human nature, it seems to me, has not yet revealed the millionth part of its secrets or latent energies: all I intend, then, is but sketches, chiefly historical ones, of human nature, and these, too, not more in the character of a teacher than as myself a learner; for in bringing together in the form of lectures, as time and circumstances will permit, such notices of Man's natural history as I can collect or have noted, placing, as it were, the different parts of the subject in juxtaposition, however remote in time or place, we may be able to make certain useful inferences, or see at least the dawnings of certain grand conclusions, which will conduct to the Christian Religion, not through tradition or prejudgment, but through fact, experience, and rational demonstration.

Just and adequate conceptions of *Human Nature*, it seems to me, have been very much hindered by the partial and disconnected modes in which it has been handled. One writer undertakes to explain the philosophy of the body, another that of the mind; on the last division, one perhaps chooses for his theme the intellectual, another the moral powers; the physical history, in like manner, is separated from the civil history: and thus, although much has been well written on all these various subjects, yet no general or connected view is presented of the WHOLE MAN. To attempt such a view, indeed, would be a gigantic enterprise, and such perhaps as we may despair to see accomplished by any one person; but still those who would entertain just, if not very systematic, ideas respecting man should, at least, combine all the various subjects together in their thoughts, if not in their modes of treating them, and that *whole* which will at last arise before their minds will doubtless be more true to nature, if not to system, than the views which a more regular discussion or artificial contemplation of the

subject might ever suggest to them. For, as Bacon has pithily observed, *non leve quiddam interest, inter humanæ mentis idola et divinæ mentis ideas,*—the difference is not small between the idols of the human mind and the ideas of the divine mind,—that is, between the notions and arbitrary landmarks of Men, instituted on nature, and those veritable distinctions and signatures which are originally impressed upon her.

And these arbitrary and notional distinctions have not only infested physical science, to which Bacon alludes, but still more the science of human nature, and also theology. For instance, that universal distinction of Man into soul and body is undoubtedly recognizable in nature, whatever objection may be brought against either of the *terms* used to designate it: of the distinction itself, all savage and civilized language bears ample evidence; it is a distinction which we feel, and of which no mode of reasoning can deprive us. But when on the ground of this distinction we introduce others, and speak of the "immortality of the soul" as distinct and separate from every *idea* of a *body*, we are, unconsciously to ourselves, discussing a *notion* or *idol* of abstract philosophy, transmitted to us from the Greek schools, and not an "idea of the Divine Mind," or a truth which has its signature and stamp on the nature of Man. For the "idea of the Divine Mind" here, as appears from revelation, is the resurrection of MAN from the dead,—MAN, I say, as known to us,—*embodied*, yet spiritually; this is the "idea of God;" and the signature of the same idea, as revealed on Nature, is to be seen on the mind of the *savage* and the unphilosophical civilized man, who, in the simplicity of their hearts (and there is truth in that simplicity), still cling even to the very *forms* and *persons* of the dear departed good and kind, whose very *bodies*—but oh, how changed!—seem to them more beautiful and bright than ever. "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed."

I beg leave, then, to say that in the course of these lectures I shall, as far as possible, keep this idea or impression of Man before me,—that is, of a being to be contemplated under two natural hemispheres of distinction, Mind and Body, on the latter of which shines the Sun of nature, on the other that better Light which is "the True,"—but what God has joined indissolubly together I shall not, in philosophical notionality, put asunder; for, although the terrestrial portion of the body resign its vitality, I must still, as a matter of faith, believe that the spiritual or essential body is not so extinct, but wears the image of that "heavenly" which arose. This simple and natural view of the subject will save us a world of trouble: we shall be rid at once of all those absurd and vague definitions about the *mind* and *soul* which are purely abstract and notional, and shall see constantly before us a *real Man*, at each turn of our discourse, clad in the sensible habiliments of beauty and majesty, which meet us now, and which, I believe, will always meet us in every possible stage of his future existence. Si in hoc erro, libenter erro, nec mihi hunc errorem, dum vivo, extorqueri volo.

Man, however, as he stands unveiled before us in that Divine form in which we know him (for we need not scruple to call it divine, in the sense in which it is the image of Him who was the image of the Invisible), in this form alone, we could not have understood him, or seen a legible portraiture of his faculties. The mind and body are two, an indissoluble two; but the actions are the third and the commentary which explain the other, and render their relations and energies—their faculties, visible and invisible—lucid, distinct, and, although not completely comprehensible, yet measurably apprehensible. It is the kinds of actions which man performs, or which he aspires to perform, or which he has the conscious ability to perform, which explain the reasons of his peculiar bodily

structure, or the characters and singularities of his mental endowments. What folly it is to attempt to unfold the reason of these but from his actions! it is the energy of Man, his action on objects beyond him, which interprets to us the unseen mind, and makes known the life and efficiency of the body. It is this trinity of Man (for man is the image of his God, in whom is the essential Trinity) under which his whole character must be studied; if you take either *person* or aspect of his character separately, that of his mind, or his body, or his history (his forth-going), you have but a third of your subject before you. If viewed under the *person* of his mind alone, he is absolutely inscrutable, and hence the barrenness of mere mental philosophy, a farrago of notions, a tissue of terms; if contemplated under the *person* of the body, you have a steady view, but when in his *history* also, a complete one.

Look, then, at his history broadly (in detail I shall present parts of it hereafter): you are astonished at the number of his arts, the complication of his actions, the millions of designs that have been struck out by him, the millions of contrivances which have been adopted to accomplish them,—and all that, too, within the compass of one age, within the limits of one nation: unroll that chart of human history until a second age appear,—a third,—a fourth; the same complication of arts, designs, successful or abortive efforts, still; but each successive age marked with new features, peculiar, its own; what immensity of ideas, what mutability also!—and all this, perhaps, in one nation, in one little spot of earth: take another nation,—a third,—a fourth; the same endless complications and variety still discovered! Now, this is an aspect of Man in the *person* of his history, his efficiency, his forth-going. Forthwith revert to the *second person* of Man, the body; bid the anatomist and the physiologist unfold to you this, and he will show you here *combination* and *number*, and designs

and arts and functions, of which the analogies of human history are but shadows. How many designs or separate scopes or ideas of art, think you, could be counted in the human arm alone, which has achieved the deeds of history? The splendor and number of all artificial achievements sink into insignificance before that constellation of glorious divine arts which have been lavished on the human hand alone, not to speak of the other parts of the body. But yet these shadows of Man's power first lead us to the bright examplars of essential art: we are led to admire the model from the success of the imitation. And in the actions of Man the powers of the body are understood, and in both combined the mind or soul is at last justly manifested. And herein, indeed, is the very citadel of Humanity: it is a "consuming fire," when viewed in itself abstractedly, scorching and dissipating all the vain speculations which from age to age have been clustering around it *alone*, to invade its secrecy or to pollute its vestals; but still in a salutary manner making itself known in the body, through its functions and actions.

On this *type* of the soul, I mean the body and its actions, let us steadily fix our attention in the prosecution of our inquiries; and if we can catch thence any oracular response respecting the real character of the inward Man, or that assemblage of his spiritual faculties called the mind, let us not be heedless of such information, but endeavor, to the best of our abilities, to interpret them aright. The path of inquiry is distinct; let us mark a few of its bearings.

When we consult our own consciousness only, in regard to the organization of the body, we receive hardly any other impression from this source but that of unity or *oneness*, and, when the mind is sound and the health good, this impression is only the more entire and unblemished. The pervading sentiment of the unsophisticated mind, the natural language of our feelings (philosophy and observa-

tion apart), is that the being which we designate "I" is one and indivisible. This is the silent and unequivocal testimony of nature, manifested to our own unreflecting consciousness, of the *unity* of Man,—an echo, as it were, of the voice of God himself, proclaiming his own unity in us. Independently of experience and observation—that is, from mute consciousness alone—we should have no knowledge of that wonderful complication of organs and their functions which lie concealed within the interior of the frame. With respect to that vital blood itself which circulates in every part of our body, we should have no knowledge of its existence, far less of its color, its aliment, or its uses, but from experience. It is true, we might feel that we were strengthened by food or enfeebled by long fasting, and hence we could certainly infer that food was necessary to our existence, while we were also sensible of an appetite for it implanted by nature; but in what manner it strengthened our bodies, by what means it was made to contribute to that end, our own unassisted consciousness could never have informed us.

Let us suppose, then, a person of mature mind, well informed in all other respects, but who, from some cause or other, had never been led to think on the organization of his own body; let us suppose, also, that he has been of such perfect health as never to have experienced any of those morbid sensations which first convey to us the idea that our body is composed of many parts, liable to peculiar affections (for it is disease which first obscures the delightful impression of the unity of our system, and introduces the sense of *multitude*),—but, for once, let us suppose a person of sound health and good understanding, totally uninformed on the subject, to have sat down to reflect on the hidden organs within his own body, their forms and uses in regard to food and drink, how these contributed to strength or refreshment; or the air which he inspired, how it affected

his system, or by what organs it was received, and what their complexion and relations: what definite information on all these points could his unaided reflections afford him? Among the thousand theories and conjectures which he might form, would one of them be true to the facts? Could his reason alone (without other aids) inform him even that there was such a thing as blood in his body, still less that it is circulated in every part of it, in tubes constructed expressly for the purpose, and with that vital art so truly admirable? Could his most ingenious reasoning or most lively fancy have presented him with a true picture of the lungs or of the nervous system? Could he have seen the liver, the spleen, the heart, and all their connections, and relations, and adjustments? When you reflect how impossible it would be for him by reasoning alone to have discovered all these wonders, or to construct other than the most foolish hypotheses in regard to them, theories the most wide of the truth, you will feel the value and justness of Bacon's first aphorism in the "Novum Organum," which is to this amount, that Man, the minister and interpreter of nature, can advance no farther in knowledge or in action than as he has observed the order of Nature, exhibited in sensible fact, or declared by legitimate induction; or, in other words, we might say, that the true doctrine of nature is to be derived from the *letter* itself of nature, and established thereon, and that all reasonings and opinions independent of this source and sole criterion of their truth, founded on speculation alone, without previous observation, are as worthless in natural science as those theories in theology built upon fancies, not facts; on the suggestions of the human mind, not on the solid texts of literal Scripture. But Bacon's expression is: Quantum de naturæ ordine, *re* vel *mente* observaverit, etc.; the order of nature, observed as sensible fact, or deduced as undoubted inference from fact before known. This is easily compre-

hended by a familiar illustration. A navigator arrives at an unknown country, and sails up a channel, which he finds to be a river, an immense body of fresh water, rolling onward to the ocean; he sees at once in his mind's eye a great expanse of country from which it is supplied; and his inference here is as certain in regard to the extent as if he had already traversed it and seen it with his bodily eyes: it is a deduction from a previous order of nature, already known.

But in the case of the philosophical adult I have supposed, he is ignorant as yet altogether of a certain *peculiar* order of nature,—I mean that order of nature established by the Deity in the animal frame, that system and arrangement of organs and their functions according to which an animal body is maintained in its being and use. Here, having no previous knowledge or experience to guide him, what is he to do? To ask of his reason to inform him, *a priori*, how God has constructed a living body? His reason could not give the most distant knowledge, apart from experience and observation; the best office of his reason in such a case is to say to him, "go and see." And we shall suppose, then, that he follows that bidding, that he inquires, that he traces the facts, that he reads the letters of this sacred Scripture of nature, and, being but an inexpert scholar, he takes perhaps a Harvey to guide him, the apostle of the circulation of the blood, and other teachers also he calls to his aid; and then it is, at last, that the true system of nature begins to be revealed to him,—facts, new and unexpected, divine and peculiar, appear one after another, and awaken admiration and astonishment. These are no longer idols of his own mind, but ideas of the Divine Mind. What was his first obscure consciousness respecting his own body? That it was simply a unit, that it was an organ of uses, and that the organ was one,—and this impression science does not destroy, but rather confirms; but by experience, and obser-

vation, and analysis, she now shows that this unit consists of many parts, or, rather, to speak of hidden function, of many distinct systems of parts, which act in concert, producing that general unity, manifested to the consciousness, of which the material type is the body, and the mental expression that *person* whom we denominate "I," "thou," or by other similar epithet. Among the many systems which constitute this unit, he discovers, to his joy, several, already clearly defined and exhibited through the industry and eagle-eyed sagacity of science,—the system of digestion, embracing several minor systems; the dual system of the greater and lesser circulations, a provision for the distribution of the blood, and the depuration of the blood; the system of respiration, connected with the renovation of the blood, as a partial end, and with other, perhaps still higher, ends, as yet little understood; lastly, the system of nerves, whose function is of the greatest dignity, although the mode of operation is not yet connected with any *known* principle of science. All these (farther enumeration is unnecessary) observation brings to light; reasoning, without it, never could. But, what is most wonderful, each of these systems has its own peculiar organ, which corresponds with the function, and its own appropriate centre, in which its unity is enthroned, as it were, and rendered visible. Thus, the centre of respiration is the lungs, but the action touches and verges on every other function of the body; the centre of circulation, the heart; the centre of digestion, the stomach; the centre of nervous *animation*, the head: all these also science and observation point out; all these great doctrines of nature are drawn from the literal reading of nature's manuscript, and established on this basis of experience. For, as an illustration, even after we had known something of the use and function of respiration, could we still have known from reasoning that such an organ as the lung was the necessary and proper one to dis-

charge it? After we have seen it, and have known that it performs this function, we say that it is the right one, and we feel as if it would be impossible that it could be other than it is; but still we can give no other reason but this very abstract one, that the Deity must have selected what is fittest, and we say therefore, and here we rest, that the organ corresponds exactly with the use, and the use with the organ. But still, antecedently to all experience, we could not from the sight of the organ have inferred what was its use, nor yet from the use being given have determined, *a priori*, what kind of organ the Deity would have selected to perform it: we only could have said that we did not doubt that he would select the best, and here we would have been right; but even this is an inference, which has grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength, from the fact that we innately perceive that the acts of the Deity are all perfectly wise and good; so that even this anticipation is the result of experience, although grounded on nature itself. Similar observations to these will apply to all the organs of the body, as, for example, to the eye. What more does the uninstructed rustic know of it but just this one thing, that he sees with it, or perhaps this additional piece of science to grace his knowledge, namely, that if he shut his eyelids he does not see? of any intricacy of structure in the eye, or even of any *necessity* of such intricacy, he has no conception. Science reveals the first,—that is, the intricacy of the structure; but with respect to the latter—the necessity of it—even she is blind, unless so far as she sees that it has relation to certain laws of light which have been discovered. But in regard to the ear, an organ equally intricate, she may be said to be altogether nonplussed, for, the laws of sound being less known than the laws of light, the relations between the mechanism of the ear and the vibrations of sound are hardly in the least degree understood.—But we pursue not these hints farther now.

Mark, then, the result. We supposed a person of mature understanding, well acquainted with the order of nature in other particulars, but totally ignorant of the order of nature as respected the formation and *working* of the animal body; and we have shown that, antecedently to even a shadow of experience, all his conjectures would have been worthless; and, indeed, we might have proved this from the actual fact of the groundless and insane theories that have been from time to time broached, even by philosophers, on this very subject,—attempting to be wise above what is *done*, or, rather, without what is done; but we suffer all that to pass, for we hasten to the second grand feature of this subject.

Observe, the expression of Bacon is, that man knows only so much of the order of nature, quantum *re* vel *mente* observaverit, so much as he has noticed in fact and *in reason*,—that is, by rational and certain deduction from fact. The first we have already explained; we have supposed that our grown-up philosopher has made himself acquainted in fact with a peculiar order of nature of which he was before ignorant,—namely, that order constituted in an animal body; this, then, is a fact, and a fact of a new kind, come to his knowledge; is it a barren one, or is it productive? I say it is productive, and of immense and endless inferences, which can now be rationally deduced from it. Now comes the second part of Bacon's aphorism; he has observed in fact, he can now observe with his reason. He has looked into an animal body, and understood much of the great laws of its functions; the animal he has inspected is one of a certain class, species, or genus; but now, from the laws of order of animal life in one instance, he can infer what they will be as to their general bearings in any other: if a new quadruped is presented to him, after a glance at its form he can tell that he will find therein a heart, a circulation of the blood, lungs for respiration, a nervous system,

a vertebrated column, that arched mechanism of the spine, namely; and in all these it is impossible he shall be disappointed; the inference here is just as certain as the sensible fact was before; if he theorizes about the *specific* peculiarities of the lungs or heart in this unknown case, he may be mistaken, but as respects the grand laws of order of animal life he cannot. Why? Because the doctrines of that order are written in palpable characters on every animal, and he has read these letters and has grounded his faith thereon: his faith is founded on a rock,—on the stability of nature,—and cannot be overthrown.

It might be easy to extend the illustrations of this great principle to much length, but I forbear; each one's own mind will suggest numerous applications. For instance, the inferences drawn from astronomy are perfectly certain if the facts are surely established. Provided it be established that the planets are earths like our own,—of such magnitude, and revolving around the sun as ours; that the order of planetary existence, as to its grand laws, should also be similar in other respects to that which prevails here seems a matter of unavoidable inference; the three departments of nature, the vegetable, the animal, the mineral, are there already, either in fact or in embryo, in potency: a darkness may brood over the face of the deep on one or more of those rolling worlds still, but the Seven Days of symmetrical and finished creation will yet cover their bosoms with all the luxuriancy and beauty of animated nature; their Time will come, if it has not already; such laws of creation the science of geology makes known to us.

We seem, then, to have arrived at the following conclusions:

1. That the plan or order adopted by nature in the prosecution of her designs, commonly called laws of nature, can never be ascertained in the first instance, unless by observation

and experiment, with more or less of the exercise of the reasoning faculty.

2. That, when such plan or order or general law has been once ascertained, we have an innate conviction respecting it, that nature will not capriciously abandon it, whatever modifications, for the sake of use and variety, she may introduce, so as occasionally to veil, but never to extinguish the principle.

This last conclusion is extremely valuable, and is the Peter, or Rock, on which the Temple of Science is built, the emblem of its immutability and eternal duration. We shall see further illustrations of it in succeeding lectures.

Could we understand the constitution of our being,—our *elementary* Nature,—how it has been made up, and what impressions withal are fixed upon it in its first formation, we should then perhaps understand also how this method of observation and induction becomes necessary to us. But there is here a wide field of discovery yet unexplored; all we can do *here* is to collect certain probabilities, and form conjectures which have a semblance of reason; and this is not forbidden, provided we do not magnify our guesses into the importance of absolute truth. When we are sure that certain grand laws of nature are at work in the production of beautiful results, it serves at least to keep the magnificence of her plans steadily before our eyes, to form some idea or conjecture concerning them, for in this manner the spirit of nature, as it were, is brought into contact with our spirit, and we are improved by the intercourse. For, it seems to me, if I were certain that I were in the presence of some eminent personage, distinguished for his wisdom and goodness,—for example, a Plato, an Archimedes, or a Fénelon,—merely to hear him speak, and to catch the tones of his voice, although his words were unintelligible, would inspire me with a certain sense of grandeur, an inexplicable feeling of delight. And, indeed, there must always be certain signs of greatness which in such a case strike every

mind. And so it is in the contemplation of many of the grand acts of nature: we often cannot interpret them, or, rather, we never fully understand them; but still the idea that it is nature we contemplate, encompassed, as she ever is, with the many sweet tokens of greatness and benevolence, makes a good, a just and rational impression always upon our hearts and understandings. And the more profound and inscrutable the subject is, the more readily and sweetly does the scientific melt into the mystical; and God, if not the *method* of his work, stands awfully and impressively revealed before us. And such, in a pre-eminent degree, must always be the tenor of our feelings when we reflect upon the origin of our being, and the laws which are impressed upon our souls at the first formation. Say, then, how is it here? Is it actually true that certain faculties of reading God's laws at an advanced period of our life are impressed upon our forms while still in embryo, as our eyes and ears are moulded and cast in the womb with reference to that light and those vibrations of the atmosphere which have not yet reached that region of our mysterious creation? How remarkable, how wonderful this provision! It is a physical one; the doors, the portals are formed, and nicely proportioned for those guests that are to enter,—the sound and the light; and is it, then, safe, on this analogy, to declare that the architect of nature—"the former of Man in the womb"—has also constituted in our being, when first *struck*, the faculties and *organs* for the reception of all those truths and mystic laws which the soul is designed to read when, in the world of external nature, it becomes adolescent? And is it a fact that the *patterns* of things without exactly tally with the *counterparts* within, which have been there moulded on our being from the first? And what is this knowledge, this science of things, which we afterwards receive with such delight? is it but a *result* of the meeting and congratulation of natures so congenial and true,—the

nature within and the nature without us, fitted and adapted to each other by the will of the same beneficent Creator? Should this be so, or aught similar thereto, then the ascertaining of the facts and laws of creation were but the renovation of the impressions originally made on the soul by God,—the mutual *inaptation* of congenial natures,—but that of Man active, this of external creation passive. And so all nature had been originally inscribed, as in epitome, on the soul of Man, and hence on the brain, on its start on the career of existence. And these truths or laws were impressed upon it (ere he was yet intelligently conscious of them) *a priori;* and this the golden age of heavenly thought, of which now the bare dream is left him; for ever after,—that is, subsequent to birth,—the inculcation of truth and laws and knowledge is in the reverse method, or by induction, namely, *a posterioribus ad priora*, from effects to their causes.

You will perceive that in all this I am but presenting a theory, or rather but an assemblage of images, and that I fail in giving any true account of the formation of the human soul, or the *reasons* whereon are grounded the natural and established method of its attaining knowledge; nevertheless, every theory or form of words or speculations which can bring more before us the stupendous facts of nature, the curious tissue of Man's original creation, and the progressive development of his soul is useful and to be encouraged, as you may peep over the shoulders of these theories or speculations themselves constantly, at the mystical array of sublime and holy truths which thus cast their majestic shadows before them,—on the vestibules of our souls, as we would in vain essay to enter the temple.

It may not be uninteresting to you, therefore, merely for the sake of keeping the facts a little longer before you, in a few words to state a theory on this subject, which I find in a Latin work, published in Germany in the middle of the

last century, I believe, little known and never translated; and so to leave the matter to your own reflections, for our minds seem to know more here than our philosophy can express; for it is a question which belongs to both worlds,—and half of it in darkness, and half of it in light.

The author I speak of distinguishes the two states of human life, that which is antecedent to birth, and that which is consequent. In the former the lungs enjoy a certain sweet and tranquil slumber, and the brain is the chief or only source of bodily animation; but this condition of existence, which seems to us so imperfect, is yet nearer to a Divine Perfection than the other, because it is the essential type of creation, which is effected *a priori ad posterius*, the external parts being moulded from an internal and vital energy. And during this state foreign or outward causes are allowed to exercise no disturbing influences, and hence the symbols of the divine ideas on the divine work itself are here impressed in their natural and proper order and arrangement. The oracles of nature are written on our being, as it was anciently reported that the responses of the Sibyl were marked or dotted on the leaves of trees, carefully arranged within her grotto, but no sooner was the least blast of air admitted, on the intrusion of the curious, than the whole was dispersed and thrown into confusion:

"Inconsulti abeunt, sedemque odere Sibyllæ."

Very similar is it on the birth of man: the perfect and unsullied order of God is now to suffer discomposure; the lungs and their organs of expression now become the external tablets of the soul, for impressions are now received from without, and the original copy of our ideas on the soul itself is no longer such as to be legible; but still it is preserved, although all the characters are confused. Hence the dark state of man on his first entrance into the world; all is now to be done by himself in a reverse order,—

that is, *a posteriore ad prius*,—which was before so much more brightly and graphically executed on his first creation. The lungs, which before were passive, now become signally active, and speech and tones and looks—their peculiar work—now appear the substitutes of the brain and its actions, which held before the most conspicuous place in the system and exercised undivided sway. But still the lungs at last are found to be but the external agents or ministers of the brain itself; and they hold, as it were, a *mediatorial office* between the inward world of Man and the outward world of nature. The atmosphere, on the one hand, seems to excite and impel them, as if nature were here gaining the supremacy; but the brain, on the other, or, rather, the soul through the brain, vindicates its title to original dominion, and, by reaction on the mechanism of breathing, expels all foreign and adventitious influences, and shows demonstrably that the lungs, with all their appurtenances, are but its instruments. And here is an image, as in a mirror, of the inductive philosophy and analytical reasoning. The soul after birth seems necessitated to derive all its ideas from without, and to be no longer capable of moulding them according to the forms of its own original creation; but the appearance is fallacious, for it is indeed certain that external nature *seems* to impress itself on the soul, and to leave thereon prints of itself, as the atmosphere rushes on the lungs and *seems* to be the cause of their action; but in either case there is a power above and superior to outward nature, and it is the true and original power; and, rightly to speak, the outward world is not constituted the cause, but only the *occasion* of those ideas, whose materials make up the whole fabric of our knowledge, and wisdom, and power, and that, too, a knowledge, and wisdom, and power which is cemented and held *vitally* together by that same mysterious Power which, even without any act of *ours* at all, originally formed our

bodies so perfectly and so beautifully. The induction, then, of knowledge, *a posteriore ad prius*, is an indispensable work of Man, according to the present constitution of his being; but it supposes also, in every instance of its exercise, the simultaneous exertion of a higher Power, whose mode of action has been from the first, and ever will be, *a priori ad posterius*, and this power is Divine and creative, and indeed alone *is*,—the other only seems to be, or exists from its action. In this manner are reconciled the jarring contentions of the schools, and the apparent discord of nature itself, in the beautiful harmony of the human system, the illustrious triumph of divine art.—His mediis ad mentem nostram superiorem seu ad animam enitimur, quæ tunc obvia fit, et infundit potentiam: quantum enim his instructi alis ascendimus, tantum Mens ista ad nos descendit, et suis talaribus nostras alas implicat, et amplectitur, ac docet ideas nostras in rationes, et rationes in analyses convertere: id etenim, non corporeum est, quare nec id a sensibus trahimus sed a potentia, quæ a sphæra supra nostram, in nostram influit. From this admirable constitution of our nature it has arisen,—namely, from the endowment of a superior and inferior mind, acting in concert,—that we are enabled, through experiments and the sciences, our auxiliaries, to elevate our souls, as it were, on the wings of nature, while, to meet us in our flight, a higher mind descends equipped as Mercury with golden sandals and winged feet, which forthwith embraces us, and, infolding its pinions in ours, raises us at length into an atmosphere of serene intelligence, where our *sensual* ideas become *rational*, and yield the pure truths of analysis,—the product not of the body or the senses, but of that Power which is above them, and influences all our thoughts, without ever being confounded with them.

But let us here leave the subject; enough is said to excite reflection. Where facts are clear and certain, let us tread

with firm foot; where the process is less known, let us endeavor, at least, to obtain glimpses of the wonders which are presented to our contemplation. Let us entertain implicit faith in nature and the Divine Author; with regard to the suggestions of our own minds, let us admit them with caution, but not altogether reject them; they are, at least, prognostications of truth, and may sometimes lead to its discovery.

LECTURE II.

LIMITS AND ORDERS OF NATURE.

THERE is the twilight or dawn, the *deep* light, the sunrise, and the blaze of day. Such is the series of preparatory events through which nature, in one department of her works, moves forward to the accomplishment of her purposes. And here what softness and gentleness, and yet *resolution*, so to speak, do we see in this natural procedure: all is *graduated*, yet all is decisive. There is nothing hurried, yet no end is defeated. Again, observe how the winter passes into spring, with what contention between heat and cold, each meekened in the struggle; how imperceptibly then steals on the summer, and next the maturity of autumn. The law is fulfilled, the end of the production of fruit and vegetation, and the joy of animated nature is secured, but it is through a succession of regulated movements.

I choose these illustrations, such as are familiar to every one, and on a magnificent scale, that it may be distinctly recognized that Deity (for there are surely instances of its wisdom and works) pursues even its ends according to certain established laws; and, although invested with omnipotence, dispenses not with the progress of means, so that, *step by step*, as if it could not otherwise be accomplished, the purposed end is at last effected. It is by this visible use of means, and the employment, as it were, of tools in the accomplishment of its ends, that the existence

of Deity is brought at length within the scope of our apprehensions, and rendered an intimate conviction of our reason, It is in this manner that even in nature, after a certain sense, and in an obscure degree, Deity seems to be invested with attributes of *humanity;* condescends to effect its objects through arts and instruments and in definite periods of time, clothing itself in weakness, so as to meet human apprehension, and thereby elevate human nature; for surely it is not an impossible supposition that omnipotence might accomplish ends without such profusion of means or such delay and tedium in the consummation. We can conceive, at least, that *food* might have been otherwise created, and that it might have been *perfected* in an instant, without this vegetative elaboration of many months. Such a supposition, or conception, is sometimes necessary to be made, in order to fix our attention more vividly on the actual law of nature, and particularly on this character of *gradation*, or established *series*, which is perfectly distinct in the physical world, but not so much so, because not so well noticed, in the intellectual and moral world. But yet it may be seen also in the human mind, although the terms to designate it are not so easily found nor so happy and expressive. Nevertheless, the terms *sense*, *fancy*, *imagination*, *reason*, might serve vaguely to describe the progress also of the human mind towards its first or natural maturity. And each of these also, in their order, is the ground, or continent, of all that succeed. Thus *sense* is the first rude germ or crust of the *fancy*, for fancy is, as it were, the full-fledged bird *excluded* from the confinements of nature and the limited notices of the senses, and soaring aloft unrestrained in the luxuries of its new being; then succeeds *imagination*, a more regulated fancy, that emulates the work of *reason*, while it borrows also the hues of its immediate parent; and reason, what is that, but the full and perfect development at last of all that sense originally contained, fancy deco-

rated, and imagination designed into a thousand forms? But reason combines the whole, and from the whole, through the light of the supreme Mind, at length deduces and establishes her conclusions. Can we say that the progression here ends, or that there begins anew the monotonous round? There are auguries of quite the contrary: there is the vital spark, the *punctum saliens*, of a new Being, of which each true Man is conscious, which forbids the harboring of such unworthy surmises. But not yet is it the proper point in our course to refer to or unfold these evidences. We must proceed according to a more regulated plan.

But still certain anticipations are necessary; and, as nature shows certain indications of her mature ends, even in the earliest spring, in plants, whose buds and germs unfold themselves ere yet the snows have fled, so it were right also to take occasional and premature glances of certain advanced parts of a subject, in order that our progress towards the end may be the more cheerful and unerring.

On this account I opened many topics in the last lecture rather discursively, choosing thus to take a view, wide at least, although a dim one, of the many bearings of our subject.

And to recapitulate some of these may not be amiss; a fresh view may discover new features, or make a more natural and genuine impression of the whole.

The extent and vastness of the subject was shown. That man in the popular sense was the theme, not the *rational* man of philosophy, but the *natural* man of all ages and nations,—man, an undivided being, but naturally composed of body and soul,—seen in material grandeur embodied to the eye of sense, in spiritual grandeur to the eye of Faith, but a man in either case, not a *mental* phantom, which philosophy would make of him,—the Greek, Roman, or Scotch, whose abstractions are not worth any attention.

That of this man, so beheld,—that is, *incorporated*, and surrounded with the trophies of his actions, the living and visible memorials of his power,—the contemplation was sublime, for it is a true image of Deity which we behold. That the number and extent of his arts, the tokens of his skill, the vestiges or wrecks of his plans, and the scope of his intelligence, as reviewed on the page of history, seem utterly amazing and beyond all computation, but yet as nothing in contrast with that creative Wisdom, and the *signs* of it, and their *number*, which are lavished so gloriously and so strikingly on the constitution of his frame. That therefore the skill of Man has not yet transposed into his history the millionth part of that art, and that intelligence alone, of which his own body is the transcript; and that he for whose material form merely so much has been *done*, and who has himself done so little in comparison, may still be looked upon as not having exhausted even the infinitesimal part of all his resources. That therefore, although there is much behind, there is still more before; the variety and intricacy of the arts of design expressed in the body is a prophecy and pledge of this. That still this variety is *one*, and felt as such by our consciousness, and so entire is this sense of *oneness* or unity that we have no natural or instinctive impression whatever of the number of organs and functions in the interior of our frame. That we become acquainted with these by experience and through science, and that science even yet has made but little progress in revealing or expounding them; but there are the *summa fastigia rerum*,—some of the most striking features or even the general systems of the animal economy revealed; that these constitute, to those who read them, the literal texts of this part of the sacred Scripture of Nature,—the gospel of God according to the animal kingdom,—which we could never have known but by actual inspection: that it has its own peculiar laws or order impressed upon it which are

certain to be found wherever the animal kingdom extends, and, having discovered the general type of these laws in one or two instances, we can predict with certainty in regard to others. That therefore the inductive philosophy of Bacon reigns supreme here, as in every other department of nature,—re vel mente observamus,—our observation extends to the facts or the laws of the facts logically inferred. But that the system of laws cannot be transferred from their place in one department of nature to explain or declare what must be those which prevail in another, that wherever the animal kingdom extends the type of its known laws may always be expected to be found; but to look for them also in the mineral kingdom, or other province of nature *toto cœlo* distinct, is preposterous and contrary to the spirit of rational inquiry; each division of nature has its own laws, as each animal has its own form; this *vaulting* philosophy is therefore to be avoided, nor must we seek analogies unless where nature has clearly established them. The absurdity of it may be seen in the ideas of some of the Greek philosophers, that the earth is an animal, and the stars intelligent: all this is preposterous.

I next adverted to the creation of the human being, as a kind of type or natural illustration of the true method of philosophizing, or the necessity of it; for although during the formation of the body, while it is entirely under the divine Hands, and not yet delivered over to the possessor by the *First Artist*, the progress of mystic and ineffable creation be from what is prior to what is posterior, *a priore ad posterius*, the brain being the former, the lungs the latter, yet after birth, when the golden age has ceased and the iron age commences, the order is reversed, at least *apparently*, so that the brain seems now to depend on the lungs for vital action, although at first it was evidently otherwise. The same reversed order is now also established in the senses; the material contacts of objects are made the *first* occasions

through which the latent powers of reason and understanding are excited, and he who attempts to act independent of matter or natural experience, by a mere spiritual intuition, is running counter to the stern laws which the Deity has appointed for the government of the world, at least in this terrestrial sphere. That, therefore, the first obscure rudiments of thinking and feeling must be laid in every one within the domains of external nature, that the eye has to be moulded to perfect vision, and the ear conformed to distinct sound, and the touch and all the other senses to be brought into harmony and just correspondence with their appropriate *objects*, ere reason can obtain a place, on which even her foot may rest, in the external constitution of Man; but that after this preparation of the way the greater and nobler powers of his mind are unfolded,—those spiritual energies, namely, which were constituted in the very dawn of his being, in the golden age of his existence. Thus, reasoning, then, is still to *all appearance* in every man *a posteriore ad prius*, from an effect to its cause, from sensible objects to ideas; but yet in reality, and in just language, all reasoning, *essentially* such, is *a priore ad posterius*, from within to without, from ideas to objects. This will be obscure to some, but farther explanation would be tedious. And perhaps it will clear up the whole matter, simply to remark, that the appearance that respiration, the external action of the lungs, controls the whole body even to the heart and brain, which would be an instance of a vital action proceeding *a posteriore ad prius*, is in fact fallacious, and that the truth is just the reverse,—namely, that it is the brain itself which through nerves of respiration controls every act of breathing, and that, too, whether we be asleep or awake. Awake we can retain our breathing *ad libitum*, or direct it to the various acts of speech; in sleep appropriate nerves discharge a similar function. In fact, then, pulmonic life, even although it appears not so at first,

is still under the government of cerebral life, and hence results that *concordia discors*, that reconciliation of apparent contradictions which not only in this department of nature, but in many others besides, shines forth so conspicuously.

Such is a brief summary of the main ideas of our first lecture. I now proceed to another topic,—some of the more general points of obvious distinction between man and the animal creation, and also the outward tokens by which this last stands marked off from the mere mechanical or inert parts of nature. And here I must premise that the subject may seem dry; but yet it cannot be such to those who will fix their attention on the things themselves; for the great *limits* and outlines of external creation are replete with interest, and none of them disconnected with the natural history of Man, the general design of these lectures. For, according to the most obvious import of the sacred Scriptures, the earth itself was created and reduced into order and form for the sake of its last and noblest inhabitant, man; and it is therefore reasonable to expect that everything on its surface bears some reference to him, to his use or his convenience, to the perfection of his body or the still nobler end of exalting and perfecting his mind. A mere superficial glance, therefore, of nature is hardly worthy of us, but we should read it, as we read our Bibles, over and over again; and even when unsuccessful, still return with fresh hope to the perusal.

It is said to have been Pythagoras, about five hundred years before the Christian era, who first bestowed upon the visible universe that expressive name, in the Greek language ὁ κοσμος, that is, *order*,—emphatically THE ORDER; and the fine genius of his countrymen and their almost instinctive perceptions of propriety led them ever afterwards to retain this appellation, ὁ κοσμος, *the order*, as we commonly translate *the world*. The Romans called the same *mundus*, in which their language originally signified *orna-*

ment or *dress*, in allusion probably to the profusion and variety of natural objects of beauty; hence the French have *le monde*. But the Greeks originated the true name, THE ORDER; and the Platonic school afterwards, withdrawing their attention from general nature, and fixing it on the epitome, Man, began to call him ὁ μικρος κοσμος, the minature world, or order in minature. There is much useful and instructive history in the origin of words, for before a general name can be given to any class of ideas they must have been often and much before the mind. It is some encouragement for us, therefore, to think that these same subjects which we are now investigating, however meagre may be our success, are such as employed, two thousand two hundred years ago, such minds as those of Pythagoras or of Plato. *They* did not disdain, although the subject might be repulsive to their contemporaries, to inquire into the great limits and classes of nature, and what were their specific distinctions, and what the everlasting and solid criteria by which they were recognizable; and what the subordinations and concords of things that reigned in the universe; and what *analogies* there are in mechanical, in animal, and in human operations, and in what respect these differ, and from what cause these analogies are not *identities*. Let us humbly pursue the same track, nor think it dry.

There is a general resemblance between the human body and the body of the brutal animals. This general resemblance constitutes what is called the type, or standard, according to which they are each formed. But the resemblance is quite general, and of the body; and we shall suffer ourselves to be perplexed needlessly if we fall in with many vague speculations on this subject; among which is this one,—a favorite theory of those who would degrade Man from his established supremacy over nature, —that man is but a superior animal at the head of the

scale, and not *toto cœlo* distinct from the other animal creation.

By such foolish theories has the whole face of nature been darkened, speculations not deduced from the correct reading of the book of nature (the second Word, the second in point of value, but the *first* in point of time),—not deduced, I say, from the correct reading of the letter of nature, or, in other words, not founded on induction and observation, but in imagined analogies drawn from the fancies of the system-makers. And thus, as there have been philosophers who have regarded Man as but one of the nobler animals, so there have also been *philosophers* who have considered animals themselves as a species of animated machines,—Descartes, it is said, entertained something of this notion,—not conceiving that animals were endowed with true sensibility, but that those appearances of sensation which we recognize in them are the mere exhibitions of certain mechanical principles under new circumstances. Again, the different organs of the animal body—such as the *liver*, the *spleen*, the glands of different kinds, salivary, lachrymal, and so forth—are nothing more than *natural* chemical laboratories, in the view of their science and philosophy; and the heart, according to the same theory, is a *natural* forcing-pump, a kind of steam-engine or water-works, to supply this human city withal with the necessary quantum of blood or fluid; and the arteries and veins are the conduit-pipes, a part of this hydraulic apparatus, for accomplishing the grand circulation; and, again, the lungs are a sort of *natural* bellows, *born*, not made (let us do them justice), the heaving of the ribs a part of their play, so that a due quantity of air may always be supplied to the various parts of the machinery, especially as, among its other uses, it seems also to discharge the functions of a grand furnace, in keeping up a proper degree of warmth in the vital blood. And they

proceed next to the external of the body, and show you an evident series of mechanical contrivances in the movements of the various joints and limbs, the muscles (the pulleys), and the bones (the levers), and proceed forthwith to calculate with great mathematical precision the amount of force exerted on each muscle, and to demonstrate to you the relation between the size of the muscle in every instance and the office to be performed by it. Now, what does all this demonstration mean? does it go to prove that an animal is a machine? No sound thinker views it in that light; but perhaps the very illustrations employed obscure our true idea of an animal, and divert the mind from the *thing itself* to the *circumstances* that characterize it. After all this investigation of the animal frame, and exhibition of its several parts, and indication of their uses, and description of their organs,—designating some as mechanical and some as chemical in their character, and all as acting according to certain known laws, with which some of our own works also agree,—we have still to come to our original impression, to our first idea, and to say, this is an animal, a living creature; and such, on examination, are found to be the *scientific indications* of its existence and character among created things. *These* serve to describe it and to identify it to those who have previously known it, or would wish to see it; but all these chemical and mechanical insignia are not the animal, any more than the letters which compose the name GEORGE WASHINGTON are the man, although they may serve to call up the idea of him to those who have known or heard of him,—to point him out among the living or the illustrious dead. Accordingly, then, as we may say that an individual might still have a distinct and true idea of George Washington, although he could not spell his name, so the peasant, although he has never analyzed an animal or taken the bones of its skeleton

in pieces or traced the internal organs, still knows just as well what an animal is as the most profound philosopher; and that philosopher never could convince him that an animal was a machine, or a mere complication of machineries, endowed with spontaneous voluntary motion; he would tell him, if he could find words to express his natural and unsophisticated perception, that these were indeed the *products* of the scientific *analysis* of that object called an animal, but that the animal itself, in its divine unity or idea, was a very different thing from those mere characteristics which science would read on it and note down in her book. An unlettered rustic would be better pleased with some of the philosophy of Plato on this subject—his doctrine, namely, of ideas, that the living things of nature are the original types of thoughts of the Deity, and therefore undefinable—than to be told that they are merely those things which modern science is disposed to consider them,—an assemblage of certain material, mechanical, chemical or otherwise *sensible*, actings; these are the *signa* of the things, but not the things.

What, then, is the proper manner of viewing this whole subject? For let us not be misled either by the fanciful philosophy of Plato or the *sensual* speculations of modern times; but let us endeavor to embrace both the wisdom of the ancients and the science of our own days. Under what light, then, shall we consider the subject of animal life, or of animals generally? Evidently this: they present a series of laws of order which are entirely peculiar to themselves and to this department of nature, and which never could have been conjectured by any philosopher, and to be understood and known must be seen, and when seen constitute a fresh fount of living knowledge, as pure and unsullied and perfect in the mind of the peasant as in the mind of the philosopher; the *essential* facts or *native* truths themselves *are* but the derivations and expansions

of them; in a word, the science differs widely in either case. The peasant stops short, for the most part, at the first idea; he never stirs, or but rarely, from the primal truth,—the fount; he is satisfied to know that "an animal is an animal,"—he says "it is an animal" without farther comment, and this is saying a great deal, and indeed everything, for the whole is contained in that one idea, in that divine name. This is truth; the rest is science, which the philosopher disengages, unravels, and brings to view; and what does he do which the other does not? He shows that this new and original order of nature, which is called animal life, is separated indeed from that below it by a *discrete* interval, so that neither mechanism nor chemistry can by any possibility ever become animal, by any combination or subtlety; it were easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than such a thing to take place. Nature has not so negligently guarded her frontiers that one department of her dominions shall encroach upon another. Among the ancients *Terminus* was a god, and they knew what they meant when they attributed deity to *Terminus;* limits are so sacred a thing in nature that nothing can be more so; they are almost—they are altogether divine; and curse and execration and sterility and disgrace will await even that mixture of races in the human kingdom the sacred limits of which ought never to have been violated. I say, then, that the sound philosopher will perceive at a glance that no combination whatever of mechanical or chemical agencies will ever deserve the name of animal action. What then? would we infer that there is nothing either chemical or mechanical in the actions of the animal body? No, but that no single action therein ought to be styled either *mechanical* or *chemical*, unless in a subordinate sense, but *animal*, according to that maxim in which wisdom is wrapped up in a proverb, qui facit per alterum facit ipse, he who does it through another

does it himself; everything that is done in the animal body is done through the animal, through the voluntary animal or the involuntary animal; all, therefore, is animal. This is the supreme, this is the controlling idea,—the animal alone *is* through all its actions; the laws of chemistry, the laws of mechanism, are held in perfect and absolute subserviency, they are the servants of the animal, they are put under its feet,—they hold no supremacy over the animal, but the animal holds supremacy over them. It is a law of mechanical nature that a body at rest remains at rest until acted upon by a force directed upon it. The body of an animal is at rest,—the ox, suppose (the body of the ox), reposes in the meadow; according to the laws of mechanics, he would retain that position, continue to repose; but the animal disdains the law, controls or renders it obsequious,—he rises up, he moves,—what a mystery seems that self-motion! Philosophers inquire into the laws of the motion of the planets,—can they tell the laws according to which that mass of organized matter moves along that meadow? The peasant can give the same answer as the philosopher, and the philosopher can give no better than this, the animal moves because he is an animal. Is the motion mechanical? No, it is animal. Is it in violation of mechanical laws? No, for the higher departments of nature never break down the lower departments thereof; it is not in violation of mechanical laws, therefore, but according to them, but the motion is animal, nevertheless, for it is the animal that walks.

At this point let us review and sum up. The amount, then, is this: that there are certain chemical and mechanical laws in nature, or, in other words, there are laws of order impressed by the fiat of omnipotence on those lowest departments of nature which we call the mineral, or organized, and the vegetable; these laws are supreme as respects their own subjects, but they are circumscribed by very unequiv-

ocal and palpable boundaries. "Hitherto shalt thou go and no farther," is the precept enjoined on each of them. What then? Superinduced upon these is another order of laws, and a distinct department of nature, called the animal kingdom. We talk of links of a grand chain, but there are no links (be it remembered) drawn so close, or so cemented together, that these three things, a mineral, a vegetable, an animal, are ever confounded together. It is true, certain objects may be of such characters that our science, and skill, and judgment may be nonplussed, and we may not be able to say whether *this* object be a mineral or a vegetable, or *that* other a vegetable or an animal; but all this is the dulness and obtuseness of our senses or perceptions, not the confusion of nature. Although we cannot see between the links, are we to conclude that they are cemented, or, even if cemented, may they not be two distinct links still, seeming to touch and yet not touching? In a word, there are laws of dead nature and of living nature, of organized nature and of animal nature; and here, then, is the grand principle, fact, or law, which I beg of this audience especially to remark, that when inert organized matter, whether animal or vegetable, exists alone or by itself, its own laws are supreme over itself, and uncontrolled; but when the animal kingdom is built *on* the vegetable and mineral kingdom, or built *from* it, that the laws of the animal kingdom, which are *sui generis*, are supreme and uncontrolled, but such, however, as do not destroy the other, the chemical or mechanical laws, but so use them, at all times and in all parts, as to render them entirely subservient (without at all violating them) to the great ends and objects and uses of this nobler order of things, this animal nature, or animal kingdom. This is a beautiful instance of nature's subordination being maintained, without the infringement of nature's peace: the animal laws are supreme, and yet the chemical or mechanical laws are not violated; nay, through

the influence of animal domination, they are made to execute some of their nicest and most *successful* evolutions, so that nowhere are mechanical characteristics more interesting and grand than in this department of nature; and a geometry and a species of dynamics are exhibited in the actions of the muscles, which the more they are examined the more astonishing they appear; and it is probable that chemistry never acts so illustrious a part or so signalizes her powers as when she acts under the dominion and controlling influence of animal life. Thus nature is ever most beautiful in her acts of subserviency and obedience. The chemistry of the inert portions of the globe are inconspicuous and vile in comparison with that which is done at the bidding of nature in the animal frame; and even those mechanical laws which are read in the movements of the heavenly bodies, although sublimely simple, and on that account only the more admirable, yet in intricacy and number of adjustments, all bearing successfully on one point, fall much short of those displayed in the disposition and *movements* of the muscles of the human hand alone, to say nothing of other parts of the body.

The subject has excited the attention and admiration of all, from the most rude to the most scientific understanding, For although the anatomist can best unfold these wonders of *natural* art, yet they are not altogether hidden even from the most superficial observer. Nay, even the infant, in the very dawn of its intellect and delighted wonder, is observed to be especially attracted by the tender and delicate movements of its own tiny hands and fingers. And Cicero cannot restrain the expression of his admiration: Quam vero aptas, quamque multarum artium ministras manus natura homini dedit. Digitorum enim contractio facilis, facilisque porrectio propter molles commissuras et artus, nullo in motu laborat. Itaque ad pingendum, ad fingendum, ad scalpendum, ad nervorum eliciendos sonos ac tibiarum, apta manus

est, admotione digitorum. How perfect must that mechanism be which even in the gracefulness of its outward exhibitions, without a profound knowledge of its principles, allures the gaze of the infant, and fixes the astonishment of the most eloquent of men! But, in truth, it is not the mechanism, but the *vitality* which is rendered *conspicuous* therein, which thus enchants and delights and detains the mind in the contemplation of it.

I have shown, then, a subordination of the laws of inert matter to the laws of animal life: you will now be prepared to see the grand fallacy that is palmed off upon superficial thinkers by a certain class of philosophers. I mentioned, when I began my lecture, that some philosophers delight in placing Man at the head of the animal kingdom, assigning him an honorable niche, apparently, but, at the same time, actually degrading him, by obscuring, through this classification, the true idea of his dignity, and of his unapproached and unapproachable unity. Man has no more business essentially to be classed with animals than animals have to be classed with machines or vegetables. It is true, man exhibits in his bodily motions, and the analogies of his structure, all the semblances and even most of the realities of animal life; but so do animals themselves show on their muscles and all their joints the mechanical traits, nay, in outward name, the very mechanical powers, while the products of other organs are of chemical phenomena. But what then? Do you divest the animal of its animal dignity and relative grandeur on these accounts? Nay; rather, the true nobleness of animal life, above other organized matter, seems to be enhanced the more for that it can call such powerful ministers as chemistry and mechanism to its service, and yet still preserve itself, still be itself, nobly and distinctively animal. And in parity of reasoning, if that order of nature next to God and his image which we call Human Nature, in virtue of its own *laws*, which take the

name of moral truths—if Man, I say, in conscious virtue and freedom, bold and earnest and faithful, through and in consequence of those laws which are peculiar to him alone, of all creation besides, can not only subdue and govern the chemical and mechanical laws in his own body, but even the higher laws of animal life itself, so as to render them obedient to moral and human laws, obedient but yet not extinguished, is he on that account to be reckoned no better of than as the supreme animal?—when yet it is not animal laws in him which render him supreme, but human laws, which are denominated moral truths, or, with more propriety, revealed truths, for such indeed they are, and from the Deity himself.

Wherefore I note the following *orders* in nature, all unequivocal, all connected, but not blended,—if a chain, the links at least free, and each of *its own* cast and substance. First, the MINERAL; second, the VEGETABLE; third, the ANIMAL; fourth, the HUMAN.

You may object to the terms, and indeed they are not such as I desiderate, but our language offers no popular terms more explicit; and they will be sufficient if they lead the mind to discover and to see distinctly the broad and deep lines which the hand of the Creator has here drawn, ineffaceable and clear unless when a mist of words and abstract speculations obscure the sacred boundaries. But while there is here the most perfect distinction, there is on the part of each higher order also an obvious assumption of the apparent attributes of the lower; and it takes place in a very remarkable manner.

Thus, if the VEGETABLE assume or take on the MINERAL, in any semblance of structure, it is only that it may *distinguish* itself, as it were, the more in rendering that which is seemingly foreign to itself, entirely its own.

And so in respect to the ANIMAL, in its relations to the two lower orders; if ever invested with the attributes or

accidents of these, it is only that the ANIMAL may be the more conspicuous, in having made these, which are chemical, mechanical, or merely organical, also ANIMAL.

And, lastly, when the HUMAN assumes to itself the ANIMAL, and in that the two inferior orders, and so *bears* and represents in itself the three kingdoms of nature, it is only the more to signalize its own supremacy in rendering the ANIMAL human, with all its circumstances and accidents, so that, at last, in MAN—the IMAGE at once of earth and heaven, of God and nature—there is not a single thing which is not altogether and unequivocally human; *man*, *man*, *man* is written on the whole and every part, soul, mind, and body; and yet the external lettering is of animal configuration,—but that, too, is human.

What a field of beauty and magnificence this consideration opens to our view, almost untrodden; but I dare not enter it with sandalled feet, it is "holy ground." But in these facts, and types of creation, an elevated mind will see an image of the cardinal mystery of the Christian religion, "God manifested in the flesh,"—a truth above the sphere of the senses, within the region of faith; but why it should be considered irrational or inapprehensible I cannot perceive, when the very *shadow* of it is visible on the constitution of nature itself.

I have now, then, definitely brought out the rational and sound view of this whole matter, touching the relation of man to the animal creation, and shall not pursue the subject farther in this direction, as it would bear me remote from the design of these lectures, on grounds purely theological.

Observe, then, we do not deny that animals exhibit in their structures mechanical and chemical appliances; nay, you may say that all that meets the eye is of that aspect: and neither do we deny that man also exhibits the *animal* in his body; but as chemistry and mechanics are but the ministers of the animal, so the animal itself in man is but

the minister of man; and in the case of animals, to speak truly, notwithstanding chemistry and mechanics, all is really animal; and in the case of man, notwithstanding the *animal*, all is really human.

But let us advert to a few particulars; and in the body of man we have sufficiently marked the supremacy of the human over the animal. And these indications are on every part of the body: the head and its elevation, the erect posture, that majesty of countenance, those eyes that disdain the ground, and, in the natural plane of vision, cut midway between earth and heaven, as if, in his natural unbiased freedom, he stood between passion and reason, as moral choice impelled to raise his head erect to heaven, or incline it downward to the earth. But I omit all these characteristics, as perfectly obvious, and fix your attention on three points,—the hand, the powers of the lungs, and the position of the mouth. Mark, first, the position of the mouth: it is retracted as much as possible from animal purposes; it is drawn inward almost underneath the beetling brows, on which brows and forehead are indented the majesty of thought or the serenity of goodness; beneath, sweetly cowers the mouth, withdrawn almost from animal purposes, or it should be, and dedicated to expression,—of love, and tenderness, and wisdom. Observe in the animals the mouth travels away from under the protection and shield of the forehead—and most immodestly and greedily—to seek for food; it is not in them the organ of expression,—it is not dedicated to the lungs *especially*, as in man, and that musical instrument the larynx,—but it seems to be devoted almost exclusively to the stomach, and to the œsophagus, or gullet; the mouth in animals and even the tongue are the slaves of their animalism; that is the supreme and reigning intention seen in their prominences and formation. On the contrary, in man the mouth and tongue are noble subjects of the lungs, and these of the brain, on which sits the mind invested

with a garment of light: the tongue and the mouth consequently are appropriated to expression,—to minister food to reason and the affections, in song and sweet discourse,—

"For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense,"

and this not for herself, but for others; here is the attribute of benevolence enthroned on the mouth and tongue, as the instruments of speech and mutual intercourse; no wonder the Scotch bard should celebrate in his mistress

"Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonnie."

Such is the *human* dignity of the mouth, the lips, and tongue; you see it is a mere lateral and subordinate intention of these organs in man, and not the principal, that they are also used as in animals, for the purposes of mastication, deglutition, and the conveyance of nourishment; and our reason tells us that these acts, although necessary, are only not forbidden, but that the passage that leads to the lungs, the larynx, and trachea, is the glorious highway in man of speech and reason—whose tremulous chords vibrate music; in short, the lungs with all their channels of varied utterance, their wind and stringed instruments (for the larynx and trachea are both), that sounding-board, the cranium, that articulating hammer, the tongue, and all that complicated play and accordance of the mouth and lips, conspire to render that outward tablet, on which his life is impressed and made vocal and distinct, not unworthy to be the substitute of that perfect brain, on which it was all first inscribed on the golden morn of his earlier creation, ere yet the atmosphere had greeted those lungs with its first rude welcome.

With the lungs and their varied movements is connected the subject of language or expression, which, in its varied forms and essays in different nations and through a series

of ages, will form no uninteresting subject, I hope, of some future lecture. It is by his voice and his hand that man stands pre-eminently distinguished, and in both you see the types of his reason, his proper humanity.

Man has a hand, animals but anterior extremities, which, however, correspond with the hand, and much more than perhaps most persons are aware of.

I show you here the foreleg and foot of the horse; you can apply the observations to the analogous parts of other animals. As I count the parts and compare them with those of the human arm and hand, you will remark the striking correspondence.

You see herein an impressive illustration of the position in our last lecture,—that the *essential type* of order is never abandoned, under analogous conditions of existence, but only, as the ends require, variously *modified*. Assume in this instance (the assumption is warrantable) the human hand to be the *essential type*, the absolute and perfect model, towards which all the other *designs* have tended as to the consummation of the GRAND WISH of nature, and you will see a series of *modifications* of the most beautiful and interesting description. And the following points I think will be conspicuous:

1. That the parts correspondent with the human hand in each creature are defined by, and reflective of, its instincts; and as these imply a certain fixed determination of the life of the animal towards certain ends or objects, so those instruments are exclusively adapted to the accomplishment of those ends and objects, and none other.

2. That the HUMAN HAND—also reflective of the human soul, and, as it were, the *material* attribute of the reason—is wholly unconfined, free, and *undetermined* in its aptitudes and functions, unless it be to follow and obey the constantly new and original suggestions of an enlightened and progressive mind. If we adopt the comparison of a

tool, it is the universal tool, or tool of tools, while the analogous parts of animals are fitted for the achievement of but one or two uses only.

3. Each is equally perfect in its kind; but the perfection of the one is universal and catholic, that of the other exclusive and specific.

I refer you to nature for facts in illustration, which are abundant and at hand. What need to specify them?

In these three, then, the lungs, the mouth, and the hands, you see striking parts of Man's natural history; you see the light of his inward being, as it were, illuminating his outward form, and pointing out his members, both vocal and formative, as intended to embody those uses which administer to the strength of his reason and the diffusion of benevolence, rather than such as are gross, tending to the senses only. Let the noble works performed by his hand, and the beautiful languages once moulded by his tongue and cast in enduring record,—all of which are intended to be subjects of our historical sketches hereafter,—testify to the divine perfection of those physical instruments in his body which the Hand of infinite Wisdom and Benevolence has so gloriously fashioned and adorned.

LECTURE III.

LANGUAGE: ITS ORIGIN AND USE.

Geometry and arithmetic are attributes of nature, revealed in every part of the material universe, in mechanical or chemical phenomena; and are to us the *signs* or indications of the grand natural laws or principles according to which the whole has been constructed. But the sciences of these are only the *shadows* of those divine exemplars which the order of nature exhibits. Our science is indeed but a certain small territory, taken in and fenced off from a vast and unlimited region reserved for future discovery. But just so far only as we have cultivated science are we capable of pointing out in nature the *physical* reason of the arrangement and adaptation of organs, or instruments for the accomplishment of natural ends. Our knowledge of the mechanical powers, for instance, of the composition and resolution of forces, and their results, renders us capable of seeing the reason of the origin and insertion, the contour and arrangement, of many of the muscles of the human body, and of the more general proportions observed in the magnitude, strength, and forms of the bones. Popular books are full of these instances of *design*, as they are correctly termed; but it is not so often noticed that there must be an infinite number of mechanical adjustments of which our acquired science, the shadow of the divine or archetypal science, does not suggest to us even the most distant hint.

Nay, it is probable that there are even certain kinds of science, as distinct from any we yet know, as, for example, geometry is from chemistry, of which, of course, we cannot speak, because we cannot even form an idea; although we may recognize the possibility, at least, of the existence of such,—recondite, and latent, and visible as yet only to the divine eye. Such sciences, as respects mankind, have yet to be. But of those which exist, the sciences of *number* and *measurement*, the cultivation is still extremely limited, and therefore much more of the *divine* arithmetic and *divine* geometry may be yet expected to fall within the apprehension of the human mind; and then, no doubt, the *natural* reason of many more of those adjustments in the animal body will be brought to light, as well as of many facts, still obscure, in other departments of nature. For example, who can doubt that there is a *natural* reason (I mean a geometrical and arithmetical one) for the *number* as well as the established proportions of the *fingers* of the human hand? there is a recondite *calculus* here, which will require the ingenuity and powers of some future Leibnitz or Newton to unfold; and, when it is unfolded, will not the science of the Divine Mind, as it were, become more conspicuous, and fresh grounds be adduced for our confidence in the wisdom as well as the goodness of the Creator? And what discoveries yet to be made in astronomy!—is there not also an *arithmetical* reason (resulting, of course, from a creative provision) for that *precise* number of revolutions on its axis which the earth makes in its annual path? But it seems to me that there is some science totally new and purely original to be extricated from nature, that labyrinth of infinite art, ere we can obtain a glimpse of the *natural* reason for the structure and arrangement of the parts of the brain and the entire nervous system. On this field as yet total darkness rests; and here, although we may adore a wisdom, it is a wisdom which is unknown, in its natural

laws, in this instance. But gleams of light will yet be cast upon it; the humble and assiduous inquirer will discover some relation between this unknown and the *known*. The Divine Providence suffered not the Athenians to worship *always* at the altar of "an unknown god." When there is a right desire, and untiring industry, there will at length be the reward of light.

But I have alluded as yet only to the physical or scientific system of the universe, and hinted how immense the field of discovery, how few the points yet ascertained, and how scattered the cheerful rays which exhibit to us the general outlines of its magnificence.

But there is another system of which the physical or scientific is but the basis; I mean the divine moral system.

And here also we have attained as yet but to a few hints, but these indeed of the most valuable and cheering kind. Our ideas and modes or rules of justice are also but the faint images or impressions of that which is revealed to us in the book of God's providence: but his justice infinitely exceeds ours, and hence there are many of its steps and proceedings, much of its order and arrangement, which entirely frustrates our utmost stretch of moral science to unravel or satisfactorily to explain. There are here moral enigmata, just as difficult to solve, to our limited moral science, as the mechanical or scientific problems in the structure of the living frame are hard or even impossible to account for with our present scientific attainments. From what recondite principles of essential and absolute justice it results, that so many animals should live on the destruction of others, is just as hard to explain as it would be to calculate and determine why all the muscles that act on the *five* fingers should have those precise relations and adjustments which they do have, and no other. It is indeed easy to discover in this instance a *few* principles whose tendencies are understood, but so numerous and varied are the

data which enter into the solution of the problem that, while we feel and acknowledge the perfection of the grand result, we are totally unable to trace the *natural* steps by which it has been accomplished. We can only discover that the work, even perfect as it is (and its perfection is rather enhanced than obscured by this consideration), is effected on essential principles of science, although as yet very imperfectly known to us. And it is certainly a most interesting consideration that the principles of moral justice and of physical science should in this respect agree; that, while both are alike fixed and indispensable, the one in the moral, the other in the physical world, yet at the same time the operations and results of each in the grand theatre of the universe should be equally difficult of explanation, involved in similar obscurity and perplexity.

But in the scrutiny of the moral department of the universe are we condemned forever to be at fault, always to fall short of that truth which we so ardently desire? is progress here impossible, or have we already reached the goal of discovery? No more, I apprehend, than we can be supposed to have reached the limit of natural or physical discovery. The mines of nature have not been exhausted, whether of natural or moral knowledge, nor have the human faculties become enfeebled, unless by a voluntary despair. Only moral knowledge has to be sought from the word of God, scientific knowledge from the works of God.

But as natural knowledge of the works of God seems to be extended and strengthened mainly by the application of such knowledge to the arts and inventions of life, —what Bacon calls "fruits,"—and true theory is seen to advance just in proportion that previous discoveries have been usefully applied, as our knowledge of the *natural* structure of the eye is enlivened and enlarged by the application of its principles to the construction of telescopes, so just in the degree in which we reduce the known princi-

ples of justice and virtue and honor to practice, in the perfection of social and civil institutions, in that same degree will new and original views, and as just and satisfactory as they are original, be disclosed to us of the principles of the moral government of the universe, and its magnificent and sublime details, from that written WORD in which they lie treasured up, for the admiration and delight and use of future generations of mankind, far better and wiser, we can readily suppose, than any that have yet appeared.

Seeing, then, so wide a field spread out before us, *spiritual* (so to speak) as well as natural, let us be encouraged to proceed. Only let us recollect that we must look in each field but for those products which it is designed to afford. Let us not seek *science* or *natural* history in the book of spiritual and moral revelation, or vainly expect to find in nature a light which is not originally in her, but derived and reflected. Nature reflects the light of revelation, but only as the moon that of the sun. But in her the mild light of science inheres and is grateful to our natural sight. Let us, then, advance with this distinction clearly in our view.

The human race is so connected into one that the effort of each individual, however weak, provided it be well intentioned, is never lost, but propagated to the mass, so that what one may merely ardently wish another may resolutely endeavor, and a third or a fourth or a *twentieth* may at length accomplish. The undulations of mind and feeling throughout the entire globe and sphere of humanity, visible and invisible, past, present, and to come, are truly marvellous; the propagations of light and sound, wonderful as they are, fall much short of these.

But language is the chief medium of this communication, at least the most palpable to us,—perhaps but the symbol of an invisible intercourse; at all events, a most interesting

subject, and I therefore devote this lecture mainly to its consideration, as it may be a convenient bridge along which to pass to other perhaps still more alluring aspects of our general theme. But how shall we treat the subject? I know no better method than that which we have hitherto proposed to ourselves to proceed,—namely, from body to mind, from matter to spirit; it is an unambitious path; but let us creep before we walk, and walk before we fly.

The organs of the animal body are so formed as to discharge each several uses, and it is sometimes difficult to say which is the principal. I instanced in my last lecture the *mouth*, and showed that it was subservient to two obvious purposes,—the one for the admission of nourishment to the animal, the other as the organ of the lungs. The lungs themselves subserve two grand uses in the animal economy,—one as a general rendezvous of the whole blood of the body, in successive tides, to meet the external atmosphere, and therefrom to take whatever is congenial with itself, and, at the same time, to part with what is unpropitious; another use is that they may be an instrument, under the control of the will of the animal, to serve to designate its desires. Looking at the lungs in this light, we might say that it was the main design of them to enable the animal to emit sound; for, although the purification of the blood in the lungs is an indispensable use, yet it is more animal than the other, and belongs rather to the organic than to the expressive or mental life. That the lungs are not absolutely necessary to the life of an animal is clear from the case of those living creatures which are not endowed with the organ, as the annelides, and indeed all of the insect tribe. It is true that one of the functions which the lungs discharge in the higher order of animals—the aeration of the blood—is indispensable; but this we find to be carried on very perfectly, for the life of those creatures, by means of the stigmata, or air-tubes, with which their bodies are

covered, and in which the blood or circulated fluid meets the atmosphere, and receives the necessary purification or restoration. And that even the blood of the higher animals, and of Man, undergoes a certain restoration in the external contact of the atmosphere through the pores of the skin, which thus co-operate with one of the functions of the lungs, seems extremely probable, and is advocated at least by one individual of no mean reputation; and we find ourselves, from daily experience, when the cutaneous excretions are interrupted by temporary obstructions of the pores of the skin, through cold or otherwise, that a more than double duty is devolved upon the lungs, which labor under the task imposed upon them, and find it hard to throw off the recrementitious matters of the blood which have been accumulated; and hence the violent effort of the lungs by coughing and other means to disburden themselves of those impurities which it belonged to the pores of the skin in their regular action to have eliminated. It may then be taken for granted that the purification of the blood in the lungs, although no doubt eminently performed there, is not the most signal use of that organ, or one which cannot be performed at all by any other; for the stigmata of insects effect the same use in their diminutive bodies, and even in the human body the same use is at least partially accomplished through the pores of the skin. Accordingly, we may perceive that nature, in constructing this additional organ,—laying the rudiments of it at first in fishes, in their gills or bronchia,—had another grand design in view besides the aeration of the blood; she designed to provide and attach thereto an apparatus of sound, and ultimately to secure the grand end of language or speech in the human kingdom. For, although those animals in which the lungs are fully developed and the two circulations entirely accomplished enjoy much greater activity of life, and wear the marks or symbols of a more perfect intelligence, and constitute what

are called the warm-blooded animals, at the same time, however, the peculiar construction of that tube which connects the bronchia or air-cells of the lungs with the external atmosphere indicates very clearly that a *secondary design* is attached to their formation, which in man at last appears the primary end, the *true intention*,—to provide the means of vocal utterance. This is seen most remarkably in that part of the tube called the larynx, next the tongue, and which is very artificially formed, and clearly for the purpose of the conformations of sound. It is here, then, that the foundation is laid, by the hand of nature itself, for the construction of the cries of animals and the speech of man. What a dreary solitude would nature be but for those enlivening sounds! and what clear proofs of benevolence we see even in these physical and mechanical provisions for the accomplishment of such an object! It is not enough, for the gratification of a philosophical mind, simply to hear and listen to the sweet songs of birds and their varied notes, from the monotonous chirp to the full and flowing soul of harmony poured from their little throats. It is not enough for the philosopher merely to enjoy the sensual gratification of this cheerful and simple scene. It is not sufficient for him that his ear be merely excited by their notes, and the pleasanter associations of his infancy called up by the sounds; but his mind travels farther than this, and he does not merely surrender himself to the reverie of pleasant sensations, nor yet with a blind religious awe is he contented merely to say that God has provided all this fund of innocent recreation and enjoyment in the simple scenes of nature. He carries his investigations and inquiries still farther than this; and he endeavors to establish the truth in his mind, and in his reason, by some substantial and palpable proof that it is actually a designing intelligence through which all these effects are produced; and he traces in this very mechanical and artificial apparatus of vocal

expression not the vague belief, but the actual fact, that the Author of nature has conferred not only on man the gift of *proper* speech, but has also bestowed on the higher animals, and particularly on the winged tribes, a power and faculty of analogous expression, which, although not speech, is the type of speech, as animal is the type of human,—a rude sketch in a lower order, of a finished work in a higher.

We have here some clue to the understanding of the common belief that speech is the gift of God: certainly, in this sense, at least, that man did not construct, by any effort or art of his own, that complicated and wonderfully adjusted apparatus of vocal expression which is constituted in the anterior and superior portion of the body: for, in truth, the whole thorax and the mechanism of the ribs, as well as the cellular tissue of the bronchia, and the ringed tube of the trachea, and the whole system of the oral apparatus, are parts auxiliary, or principal, to the act of speaking; and we need not be informed that *we* did not construct any of these, or, after they were constructed, put them up in that order, and nice adaptation to the end, which we discover in them.

Is speech, then, natural to man, or is it acquired?

Let us proceed to examine the evidence before us: let us advance to the analysis of those portions of nature which are submitted to our view, and perhaps we shall acquire a satisfactory answer. If by speech be meant the mere act of emitting sounds, we may not yet be prepared to say whether it be natural or acquired, or we may not have a very distinct idea of what we mean by the terms; but this much we are now sure of, at least, that the physical instrument or instruments by which we speak have been provided for us by nature; and we can trace the first dawning of her design, from a long distance, even among the more imperfect animals, when she first began to form the rudiments

of lungs,—in the very gills of fishes, and the bronchia of the tadpole. Although these are mute, we can yet see her first essays towards the consummation of this all-perfect instrument of the human voice. Now, an act which nature has travelled so far and so long thus to accomplish, up through the imperfect animals to at last the mammalia and the birds,—in them conspicuous,—we cannot view as a trifling act or one of slight import: an instrument of sound, perfect as his mind, and obedient thereto, has been put in the power of man; he is made the *owner;* it constitutes a part of his body; when he tries it, it sounds but rudely, but the imperfection is evidently not in the instrument, but in the vocalist himself, who has not learned as yet to use it rightly.

But have we yet answered the question, is God the author of human speech?

We are now prepared to see how far we are ready for the solution of it. Suppose, then, a father to have put into the hands of his twelve sons musical instruments of precisely similar make, and that they had also inherited from him, all of them, musical propensities and dispositions, so as to catch and to imitate each sweet cadence of melody that fell upon their ears, from the groves and woods, the musical academies of the *singing birds*, which thronged these wild domains, their paternal inheritances; if these twelve sons were musicians, and played on these instruments skilfully, would you say it was the act of their father or their own? or can you say how at last it was accomplished? But perhaps they all played different tunes, and not *one*, and that original and the archetype of the others; such, most likely, would be the result; but yet music, in all its variety, is essentially one, and human speech, although infinitely diversified, flows from one—not one system of sounds, so much as one system of articulated thought.

We seem, then, now to be approaching the solution of the question, and the answer would appear to be this, that God is really the author of human speech: *First*, because he has, with an infinity of mechanical skill, constructed the physical instrument; *secondly*, because he has implanted in the human soul a disposition to speech, and the faculty of imitating articulated sound. And, again, human speech is *one*, because men are brethren,—in their mental conceptions, and their bodily faculties alike, and therefore their ideas are moulded similarly. Men have but one language, but a diversity of dialects; the diversity of dialects comes from local circumstances, but the oneness of language comes from the divine brotherhood of the human race, or the identity of the human kingdom, notwithstanding all its families and different homesteads. "The father loves his son,"—"the son reverences his father,"—these ideas may be articulated in many thousand different impulses of the organs of speech, on the atmosphere of a thousand countries and provinces; but the essential speech is the same in all.

"The father loves his son;" when that moral fact is articulated in speech, it is articulated in three joints, and the mind of every human being, with whatever modifications of breath he presses it on the atmosphere, feels and views it still substantially in one way; the father is one, the son another, and the relation expressed between them a third; it is this similarity of mental conception, this identity of nature, this fraternity of man, that lays the divine foundations of language, and renders the intercourse of mind with mind possible.

You call that form of language Greek, and this other English; but in what does that Greek differ from this English? It is merely the color or texture of a veil; you draw aside the English or the Greek, and you see the same divine human countenance, sweetly arrayed in the smiles

of love or clothed with the majesty of reason and philosophy.

Why is it, then, that we say that the language of Homer is so much superior to that of our day? It is just because it is a veil so perfect, and so gracefully worn withal, that you see the transparent symmetry of the noble Grecian mind displayed without an effort; as if the very dress had been put on by the same Hand which originally clothed the human soul itself with its own appropriate form,—that body, those limbs and lineaments and features.

Under this view of the subject, then, it is easy to see what we are to understand by the proposition, that language is the gift of God, and that there was originally but one language; and how ridiculous, and almost childish, are those speculations and inquiries as to that original language, whether Hebrew, or what. As far back as history carries us, men have been speaking a variety of languages, in the common acceptation of the word; and what may have been the state of the human race at a period anterior to history no one who understands the limits of rational investigation will consider himself competent to decide, although he may allow himself the freedom of conjecture.

This much we know, that mankind are found in almost every imaginable stage of progress, from the most savage to the most civilized condition, and in no case do we find them destitute of language: wherever there is human respiration there is human speech; that ebb and flow of the atmosphere, as it alternates in the thorax of the human body, is impelled by the organs of the human voice a thousand various ways, to us mysterious and inscrutable, so as to convey to the ears of others the impressions of those thoughts and sentiments which agitate or interest the mind of him who utters them. These atmospheric impressions may often resemble, from the fact that all men

naturally attempt to imitate by their breathing, the natural sounds which occur everywhere and are similar; of these there are many instances in all languages, particularly of rude tribes. But to suppose these in all cases to have been imitated and copied from those who had first adopted and ussd them seems by no means tenable ground. And I imagine that it arises from narrow views of the character and nature of man as well as of the operations of Divine Providence. Cannot the origin of human speech be considered due to the Creator, unless we can think of it as having *begun* from that Source, in some one country exclusively at first, and in some very remote epoch of time, and thence to have spread to other countries and other times by successive and perpetual imitation? I must frankly own, that the idea of the divine origin of language seems to me much more striking and *real* when I think of it as proceeding from the very constitution of human nature itself, and consequently from the will and act of Him, *every single instant*, "in whom we live, and move, and have our being;" and that language is truly *one*, however various, in virtue of this its constant and *present origin*. What analogies and similarities in the *stems* and *leaves* of all the various tribes of the vegetable kingdom! Whence are these? Have they been all *copied*, so to speak, from the first budding and efflorescence of some central group, in one favored spot? Not so; but they spring from a more *present* cause, a more real *origin*,—the very order inscribed on the vegetable creation, and its fixed relations with other departments of nature. Are the analogies of human languages to be differently accounted for?

The smiles and frowns of the human countenance, and the natural cries indicative of joy or distress, are the same wherever the family of man is found. Do we suppose these to have been copied by one generation from another, downward from the first man, or to occur spontaneously,—

divinely, to be the result of our formation,—nature itself willing and acting in us?

On such foundations speech is built, and hence springs its *original* unity. But its variety, at the same time, is the clearest indication that the mind of man is not chained down to any invincible law of necessity, but left free to mould the original and spontaneous impressions of nature into a thousand various systems of ideas, and, as a proof of this, to express them vocally and sonorously, in as many various forms of speech. But in all these there is still the *analogy* of man, and hence, amid infinite variety, the still visible *form* of unity, here more, there less conspicuous, according as the different groups of the human family approximate or recede, in the incidents of their natural or civilized condition. That *unity*,—those links of the brotherhood which connects them together, and which is not only seen in their features and gestures, but also heard in their language,—that chain, I say, which binds them, is upholden by the hand of the Creator himself, and is, in one sense, a chain of necessity!—a *good* necessity—which renders man still true to *man;* but the *variousness* interwoven with it is at once the consequence and the symbol of human freedom, and in no instance so remarkable as in this very copiousness and diversity of the sounds and articulations in which thought is embodied.

This tendency to indefinite variety in human language is at the same time restrained, and in some measure limited, by the faculty of imitation implanted in man. From this it has arisen that the audible sounds of nature, which are nearly everywhere the same, have been moulded and incorporated in some degree into all languages, but imbued, as it were, with the peculiar life of each. At the same time, neighboring nations, from mutual intercourse and this proneness to imitation, have largely borrowed of each other *words* and *sounds*, each, however, still preserving its own

idiom: as the bodies of plants and animals are built up of the materials which have entered into the composition of others, while each constantly retains its own peculiar life and form and genus. For often, while the sound and form of words of neighboring languages bear a resemblance, the force and value of their elements vary exceedingly in the different systems. On their adoption into other languages, they actually receive a new nature; and these additions resemble rather the nutritive sap that is taken in by the roots of the tree, than the grafts which are inserted in its trunk and branches; they assume the character of the tree and lose their own specific distinctions.

Such, then, are the two main sources from which language receives the constant accessions, as it were, of raw material, to be appropriated as the wants of the community require. I mean, *first*, the radical sounds and voices of external nature, and, *secondly*, those already appropriated and *humanized* by other nations. But, independently of these sources of analogy and resemblance, there seems no reason why a similarity of *vocal sounds* should exist among mankind.

The arguments drawn from the sacred Scriptures, to establish a system of uniform sounds and modifications of voice to designate ideas, are of a kin with the systems of astronomy and geology drawn from the same book; all which, after being fanatically maintained for a time by arguments suggested by passion rather than philosophy, are compelled by degrees to give place to the solid truths of observation and experience. Not that I believe that a single truth of science militates in the least against the authority of the sacred Scriptures; but these books do not purport to deliver to us a system of science, but only to reveal the author of Creation and the established series of its epochs. We are instructed from this source that speech is the native and original endowment of humanity, and that

it was one until abused. Man abused his powers, whence has sprung confusion in his ideas; and even that fraternity of the human race has been in a certain degree impaired in consequence. Hence that dissonance in the moral sentiments of mankind which is the true Babel, or actual derangement of mental speech.

The unity of speech, then, which existed in the earlier ages of the world, was the unity of thought, and of design, and endeavor, which characterized a race of men who had not yet fallen from that state of integrity in which they were at first placed. They viewed every object of creation in its natural light; they knew its name, the name which the Creator himself had stamped on every work of his hands,—and their science was intuition. But as we may easily suppose that even *their* faculties were more or less improved by exercise, and that hence variety existed among them, so it is not irrational to conceive that the tones and articulations of their voice, in which they expressed the thought and feeling of their minds, were equally diversified. That, for example, that peculiar breathing of the mouth, and modification of it by the lips, in which they expressed their idea of the sun or stars, may have been remarkably adapted to convey a correspondent impression to the mind of another; and that thus speech among them was more diversified than it is now, as their minds were more free and open to the real impressions of things. Their one language, then, would combine within it a greater variety of sound and articulation than might be found at present in all the languages of the globe; but that, nevertheless, in consequence of the harmony of their minds, it was not unintelligible to any part of the human family; each instinctively felt the full force and impression of the thoughts of another, although uttered in sounds before unheard, and novel, it might be, even to the speaker himself; for vocal utterance would be spontaneous, and new with each new

conception; but it resembled withal those sweet tones and murmurs with which a mother expresses her affections to her infant, and to which it also replies in gentle cooings of infantile delight and budding intelligence,—vocal expressions of a species of thought, to utter which our mechanical and artificial languages nowadays could furnish no facilities of either words or tones.

But it is vain to travel over a field of such wide conjecture; let it be sufficient for us to know that speech is natural to man, and that very probable arguments could be advanced, that, if man now lived in that primeval simplicity which the sacred Scriptures inform us once belonged to him, however multiplied and diversified might be those murmurs of voice and spontaneous expression in which he made known his wishes or his ideas, they could not be unintelligible to others who lived in similar innocence, but the intercourse would be perfect between mind and mind, and endeared as that which now exists between a mother and her infant in the dawn of its intellect, before it has yet learned to express its wishes in the conventional and artificial language of modern society.

We know, at all events (and this is not a matter of fancy), that there are certain inarticulate cries which are natural to man, and express the various emotions of his mind. These are not dignified with the name of speech, because they are common to him with the animals. On the calm or troubled stream of these emotions, which are tones, are impressed the *modifications* which are called speech or language, and which are the shadows of ideas. In this manner, it may be perceived, that tones are the groundwork or the surface on which language is indented by that process which is called articulation, and which is purely *intellectual*, and belongs not to the animals. They have all, however, their peculiar and instinctive cries, and the birds their instinctive *notes*, which are not learned from the parent

birds, but are natural to them. The domestic hen has great variety in its notes; and its call of invitation, in particular, to its brood, to partake of the food which it discovers for them, is quite peculiar, as everybody knows; it has also a particular note to express surprise and give alarm, which cannot be mistaken; and the *cluck! cluck!* with which she oversees her brood, and which seems to be very expressive of consequence and authority, is formidable even to dogs, and other enemies which would encroach upon her domains on those occasions. These are instances of a kind of natural language in *animals*, which we presume to retain their proper place in creation, and not to have deviated from it; and from the observation of such facts, we might very easily imagine at least the possibility of a general language in the human family, flowing from reason and uncorrupted instinct, and the consequently pure and natural perceptions of the true relations of objects external to the mind. The contemplation of these might be supposed in such a state to have affected all men nearly similarly; they derived from them ideas which were always true to nature, and therefore harmonizing, although various; the similar affections of their minds gave birth to tones which were just and expressive of the things which produced them, and on these tones were impressed various modifications through the lips and tongue and palate, which were the language of the peculiar *ideas* of the *understanding* which were originated at the same time in the individual. But as we imagine that these affections, as well as ideas, spring directly from the observation and view of the prototypes of nature herself, and not from acquired knowledge, we are consequently led to the conclusion that the tones and articulated sounds of the earliest language must have exceeded, in variety and extent, the whole united compass of expression at present to be found in all the languages of the earth. In that golden age, therefore, or antediluvian world, which we are taught to

consider as being more innocent than this which has succeeded, and in which consequently there existed but one speech, there must have been in that *one speech* languages so numerous that the speech of every individual was itself a language; nay, also, the language of the individual himself must change every month or year, as his affections were enlarged or his ideas extended. And thus, the word father, for example, would not only be expressed with an additional tone of tenderness as he became more sensible of the extent of his obligations to that relation, but with such a new accent or indentation of the word as would give another arrangement to its vowels and consonants, and in fact render it almost a new word, exactly expressive of all the new ideas which had been gathering around the object itself which it was intended to describe. So that the various transformations which are effected on this word *father*, by our children, in their first efforts to pronounce the name, are in some sort a representation of those changes which we may suppose to have been constantly produced on *all* the words of that *one* perfect and correspondent language which we fancy to have existed before the flood; but the beauty and perfection of it may be supposed to have been this, that in consequence of its expressing precisely, and according to the order of nature, the very feelings of the minds and the modifications of intelligence which were yet uncorrupt, and in unison with the whole of humanity, these constantly new tones and distinctions of sound fell upon their ears like familiar and well-known voices, finding an easy admission to every heart, and *naturally* intelligible to every understanding. It was the spoken music of nature, and needed no other interpreter but that "voice of God" within, which, being universally felt and acknowledged, banished all estrangement and discord from the earth, whether in mind, in voice, or in action. And yet there was no monotony there, for—

"Neither *various* style
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Their Maker; in fit strains pronounced or sung
Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence
Flowed from their lips, in prose or numerous verse
More tunable than needed lute or harp
To add more sweetness."

From these conjectures, it can be seen at least how vague and inadequate is the common idea of an original language, and how foolish it would be to think that it could resemble, either in its structure or its harmony, any of those wretched and meagre dialects which we write and speak.

These, to be sure, in their poverty and indistinctness and remarkably artificial character, are a very just representation of the habits of our minds, shut out from the natural perception of objects, especially such as are of a moral and religious kind, for on these a dense cloud now rests, the same which also obscures our *moral sense*, or has nearly obliterated it. Still, however, our languages are an exact image of ourselves, but for that very reason unintelligible, unless from labor and study, to other nations; the features of a real fraternity have been expunged in a great measure from their words and syntax, and they exhibit a picture, it must be confessed but too faithfully just, of the present discordant condition of the moral sentiments of mankind. They are the languages of opinion rather than of truth. Hence it has arisen that, morality and religion being acquired, not innate, although their foundations are not the less firm on that account, the nations of the present races of mankind are trained and disciplined in youth, each through their mother tongues, into certain confined views and sentiments; and it is not until the age of mature reason that we are able to obtain even a glimpse of that once perfect light which was wont to be as common as this of the sun, and as universally diffused. But there is a pro-

vision for the recovery of this pristine condition of the human race; and the indications are to be found in that expansive and germinant power conspicuous in modern languages; the English language especially is yet in its infancy, as is certainly the English mind. Our language will widen as our views expand, and, although rough at first, and rude, must be all innovations, as original views also are abrupt and indistinct, yet custom will mellow the one and ripen the other.

The connection between language and thought is as difficult to understand as the intercourse between body and soul: and perhaps the analogy also holds in other respects,—that it is just as impossible to think efficiently without language, some system of natural or conventional symbols, as it is for the soul to act without the body; and as the senses are the first *occasions*, although not the *causes* of ideas, so it would appear that language, although not the material of thought or ratiocination, is yet the *natural* instrument without which it cannot be carried on or tangibly represented even to the mind itself.

Language in its proper sense, being denied to brutes and granted only to man, signifies a *peculiarity* in his nature, of a very remarkable kind, which will be further illustrated hereafter. It is the instrument provided by nature for stamping on his being after birth, through the means of society, the *moral sense*,—in other words, *religion*,—with which the instincts of animals (the laws of their life) bear an analogy; but in them these are *fixed* at birth. In man it is otherwise: the *moral sense* is unsettled then, in order that it may be established afterwards in freedom and rationality, and, through the action of the moral affections of society (communicated chiefly through language), become at last *fixed*, a certain and unerring law of life, if not inborn, inbred, and the last perfection of human character.

Such is the dignity and worth of language, and so high is the office it is designed to discharge in the completion of the moral creation of man; for in the womb the laws of physical life alone are impressed immutably on his being and rendered unerring, but in the bosom of society his moral life begins to be formed, and, although we are witnesses to *some* of the means and instruments (of which language is one), the act is not the less wonderful or *divine* on that account. It is true the *moral sense*, although so much higher a faculty than that of *instinct*, is apparently more imperfect in its operations, but the reason of that is plain, from the lessons of revelation; ultima dies expectanda est; the work is yet unfinished. The *moral sense* will show all the perfections of instinct on the *second* birth into "everlasting life."

But besides the *moral sense* in man, imperfect at birth, or its foundation merely provided, there is also the *intellectual sense*, similarly produced. The instinct of animals comprehends both; they are not only perfectly *sensible* of the *ends* of their life, but also of the *means* of attaining them. In both instances their nature, such as it is, is wholly made up, *finished* at birth, and in both also the human being is but "half made up," and not even that, for the moral and intellectual *creation* (such properly it is) is then only begun. But the work is going on; and language is here no less evidently the appointed instrument of building up the *intellectual* than in forming the *moral* man. And in either case his mother tongue is that especial and natural means whereby his mind and affections are moulded into the image and likeness of his family and country, just as certainly as his body and form are determined by the physical contour and disposition of his progenitors. But neither is there here any law of cruel necessity, for although his native tongue modifies, while it gives occasion to, his first moral and intellectual sentiments, yet the very modifications

which that native tongue itself constantly undergoes from each new generation of human beings, are a positive demonstration that the intellectual and moral sentiments of mankind, although originally derived from education, are not controlled by it, but capable of receiving continual additions, improvements, and renovations. They may also degenerate, be lost, or obscured. In either case, and under every view of the subject, language is a true index of the moral and intellectual, the free and expansive nature of man. It wanes or brightens as morals and intelligence degenerate or improve. The intellectual sense will receive its perfection at the second birth of the human being, not less than the moral. This is a truth of revelation, but susceptible of demonstration also from the light of nature.

The manner in which language is acquired in childhood, and its contents opened to the understanding, if attentively observed, would throw much light on the formation of our sentiments and opinions. Languages appear at first to be learned by imitation, and the sentences and words which children first use they seldom distinctly understand. The recognition of this fact has led some to depreciate the value of language as an instrument to develop in education, and they have recommended in place of it "the study of things." And this surely ought not to be neglected, and it is indispensable to render the other effectual. But yet the acquisition of words and phrases is a much more important part of education than is generally supposed. They are the deposits in the smallest compass of the results of much observation and reasoning of our predecessors. When we open them in mature life, what a legacy of truth do we sometimes find to have been committed to us!

Most persons, however, seldom open these deposits of ideas, or seek to know what they contain. The deposits of theological language are the least explored.

Language, then, may be considered as the treasury of

the experience and common observation of mankind; and, although very unlike its most ancient perfection, it is still the best vehicle of the ideas of those who have preceded us; it is a chain that draws together all those minds that have passed from the terrestrial sphere and those who in their turn occupy it, and the feeling that once quickened the bosom of Homer or glowed in the mind of Plato can be rekindled afresh in the souls of the latest posterity. "The farewell address" of Washington will make the most illustrious deeds of the latter half of the eighteenth century be transacted over and over again in grateful memory, while a sense of genuine freedom, still more exalted virtue, disinterestedness, and devotion to country retains its power over the human mind. To speak, to read, is the provision of nature and nature's God, through which we are cemented in virtue, in energy, and faithful purpose, with all that has ever been noble and good, with all that ever will be.

LECTURE IV.

ST. AUGUSTINE AND BARON CUVIER;

OR, THE MEETING OF THE

FIFTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES.

In our last lecture we traced the physical provision for human language, and showed its foundation in nature, its essential oneness, its formal diversity. Its natural foundation was discovered in the instrument itself of vocal expression, so artificially and studiously elaborated; that it was connected with respiration and the organ—the lungs; and that this organ seemed to be mainly designed by nature for this great end, since the aeration of the blood could be affected through other means than this singular apparatus. That in the insects the aeration of the blood is in fact otherwise accomplished, and that in the *crustacea* and fishes there is the rude form of the lungs, but not the organ itself; that at last in the birds and mammalia it is perfectly brought forth, and in man its remote and final purpose fully disclosed,—the production of voice and the modifications of speech, the symbol of reason and the very means of its perfection, uniting men in society, exciting the social affections, strengthening, expressing, and maturing them, and with them the *moral sense* and the intellectual powers, the whole of which are combined into one delightful whole, and exhibited and embodied in this

astonishing and divine edifice of language, no less complicated in its parts than harmonious in its results. That speech is therefore a part of humanity, as much as the existence of the social affections, without which, indeed, they could not well be manifested. That, accordingly, the origin of speech is not other than the origin of man himself; it is coeval with his being, and has its origin in God. That speech, therefore, existed in primeval society; and that the Garden of Eden was vocal with other sounds than those of the happy irrational creation; that there wanted not then a speech as diversified, and as musical, and every day as new and original, as were the thoughts and joyous feelings of the men of that golden period. That this language could not be artificial, as ours, on reasons of analogy, but has its type in the slender vocabulary but expressive tones of that *intellectual* progeny, the singing birds of our forests; that then language must have been the entire, exact, and full expression of the whole soul, leaving no painful consciousness in the mind of the utterer that the sounds did not altogether yield his sense; and that, consequently, there could be no fixed forms of words, no stereotypes of thought descending from age to age, but the language of men must have been as the generations of the leaves of the trees, new every season, but each word still exactly expressive, as each tree has also its form of leaf, which God has given it, to tell its characters, its species, and its use; and that therefore each man instinctively understood each other man, as Adam, or the "Man of that Age," is said, in sacred Writ, to have known the *name* of every living thing,—that is, the indications of its true nature, marked on it by the hand of God,—and if, then, of every living thing, why not also those articulated sounds and tones which flowed from the lips of his brother man, which, albeit the spontaneous product of his thought, and born but that hour, and original and new, yet must have fallen

with all meaning and expressiveness on the mind of one who worshipped God similarly, and viewed all nature with a consenting mind and genius and affection. But in these latter ages the whole nature of the thing is changed. We understand not one another's speech, because our thoughts are now altogether our own, and no longer fraternal; we are estranged in mind, and hence in language, mind's representative; but the golden age seemed to revive, as with a brief gleam, in the days of the first apostles of Christianity; they had the gift of understanding all tongues, because they had the endowment of universal philanthropy; this has been considered a pure miracle, and it was; but miracles are the expression of laws to us unknown, and did not men entertain foolish ideas about the first language they would understand better what was signified by "the gift of tongues." But that age of Christian innocence quickly passed away; whether it will be again restored it is not for me to speculate; nor yet what must be the ultimate tendency of the present multitude of artificial languages, or how they may again be melted down into a general and spontaneous and unartificial language, from which point they are at present very remote, and the English most of all: that, and many other inquiries on this subject, I shall not now pursue, for I am anxious to gather up into one view many of the sentiments of former lectures, and to survey them, if possible, from two widely different epochs of history. By that means, we may be enabled to take some lateral views of our subject, not regarding it in front merely, but under various other aspects,—of ages, of countries, of religions, of systems, and opinions, flourishing still, or long since extinct.

But, in order to do this rightly and with effect, we must invest our minds, as it were, with the ideas and sentiments of past ages; we must leave our own times, and our own language,—for I call *our own* language that which is at

present spoken, whether English, German, Italian, or French,—for in that is variously stereotyped the spirit of the age, the intellectual domination which subdues us; we must divest ourselves of it, and, seeking another language and an ancient epoch, thence, as from a watch-tower, mark the signs of our times, and, with the view of ascertaining the essential and immutable principles of man, note the ever-shifting features of opinion, sentiment, and engrossing pursuit, which, various and distracting as they may seem, are nevertheless the only positive phenomena from which the true theory of man can ever be determined.

We may consider it now as settled that when the language of a people, the type of its peculiarities, has ceased to be spoken, and another has arisen in its place, sprung from the people themselves, as from the native earth, and at last adopted and polished by the learned, and made the instrument of their communications,—the spirit of the age is radically changed, a new dynasty of thinking has commenced, and it is expressed in this new speech. The Latin language for many ages was the sole medium of intercourse between the learned of Europe, and while this was the case preserved many valuable truths under the guise of ancient peculiarities; but it reflected few or none of the popular or native tastes of the country or period. Since its disuse the human mind, within the last two hundred years, stands entirely emancipated from the peculiarities of former ages, and is left free to invest itself with its own opinions, and to wear the livery at least of its own thoughts. How far it is more truly emancipated it is not for me to determine; I am concerned chiefly to exhibit the natural phases of its history and philosophy, and that, too, in such order as they may be most easily apprehended, whether that of strict method or of rambling inquiry. It matters little in what order we approach the subject, provided we can impress upon our minds at last the chief and most conspicuous

points of its truth and grandeur. With this view, and to have the full benefit of contrast, I shall bring before you this evening St. Augustine and Baron Cuvier, as specimens of men, and the one of the fifth and the other of the nineteenth century.

With the life and character of Cuvier you are already sufficiently acquainted to understand what he has to say; with the life and character of St. Augustine you are perhaps not so familiar. St. Augustine lived in the close of the fourth and the beginning of the fifth century, occupying about the same portion of each that Cuvier did of the eighteenth and nineteenth. But how unlike the times in which they lived! You are surrounded with the atmosphere of the nineteenth century,—it is unnecessary to say anything of it; but of the fifth you are informed through history. It was in many respects a remarkable period; it saw the last receding shadows of paganism, or the old Gentile religion, vanish forever from its long-occupied and favorite seats, the south and east of Europe. There is something melancholy even in the decline of an august form of superstition; those who understand human nature can readily imagine with what tenacity the ancient inhabitants of Italy and Greece clung to those forms of worship and fascinating rites of polytheism which, absurd as they may seem to us, were nevertheless at one time the sacred and revered expression of the religious feelings and imaginings of a noble portion of the human family. A sound philosophy would lead us to think that many of these forms of superstition had originated anciently in a just and pure conception of one God, and his revealed attributes; and in that primeval era, probably, they established their dominion over the minds of men, and thence became sanctioned by the usages of antiquity, and the veneration that is paid to the opinions and sentiments of earlier ages; but succeeding times, in the age of St. Augustine, had long since ceased to recognize

anything either pure or rational in the rites of paganism; if they once embodied the sentiments of a pure religion, it was no longer to be found in them, but nevertheless the people still clung to them with ardent devotion in many parts of the empire; and Christianity in those times had to engage in a contest with these antiquated errors and to prove their absurdity. This was a contest on which St. Augustine entered with great zeal, and he has devoted a large part of the first division of his grand work, the "City of God," to exposing the absurdities of the ancient superstition. This exposition is not without its interest, on many accounts, and chiefly as an exhibition of the temper and character of the times; you are while reading it in the midst of those great questions which at the time perplexed and embarrassed the human understanding; and, if you cannot help smiling occasionally at the extravagance of some, the thought will also cross your mind that many of those inquiries in which we are now engaged are not in their own nature a whit more important,—nay, perhaps a coming age may think them even less so, and the labors of St. Augustine, which have fallen into neglect in these *philosophical* times, may yet once more engage the admiration of mankind. And so much the more may this be the case as the decay of religions and their rise, and particularly their periods of transition, are no less replete with interest than the physical revolutions of the globe, the grandeur and wonderfulness of which are likely to attract the greatest minds of the age, and to the investigation of which Cuvier has led the way. Probably St. Augustine in his time would have regarded such researches as frivolous or impious, certainly no way to be compared with his own labors when for so many years he investigated from the lights of sacred Scripture what and how various might be the forms and essences of truth; what sentences of condemnation would be passed on those polluted pagans who

still continued to worship, under the names of Juno, Jupiter, or Minerva, malicious demons, the enemies of the human race,—what might be their fate, or what their excuse; and what, on the contrary, the rewards of those suffering martyrs who declared their faith in the face of persecution, and stood true to their vows amid the most adverse and discouraging fortune. As St. Augustine cast his eyes backward on the enchaining and beguiling forms of a lofty and magnificent paganism, now sinking beneath the meekness and unpretending simplicity of Christianity, and saw the old retire and the new coming to take its place, and rejoiced in the fond anticipations of an approaching millennium,—a dream which the earliest fathers habitually indulged, and which the most recent times have not yet abandoned,—how insignificant to him would have seemed the most industrious labors of Cuvier, those energetic descriptions of animal life, those nice and just discriminations, and the astonishing instances of successful induction, with which his works abound. Sixteen centuries after his time, when every trace of that hostile paganism against which he warred was obliterated, and Christianity, in name at least, everywhere triumphant in the European world, could St. Augustine have fancied that a philosopher would find no better or worthier employment than to arrange and classify animals, or to inquire into the antiquity of the earth, or those physical revolutions which have at different periods affected its surface? Could he have thought that a learned Christian, for such subjects as these, would have abandoned his own lofty themes respecting the free-will of man, original sin, the last conflagration, the beatifications of the faithful, and the crowning splendors of "the city of God?" All these were the engrossing topics, the favorite studies of the fifth century, and their importance seemed to cast all minor subjects in the shade; the spirit of inquiry was entirely theological, and hardly could a subject of different character

have engaged serious notice. It is to be regretted that we are so entirely wedded to the prejudices of our own age, and so much imbued with the contempt of those ages of theological erudition, that we hardly even consider their ponderous folios worthy of our inspection. But he who would comprehend, as far as possible, the true history of man will read with care such works as these, and imbibe for a time even their prejudices (if they were such), in order to have a better insight into the real character of the human mind. Nor will his labors be lost, even in a practical view; he will find many of his own prejudices dissipated, he will receive a more exalted idea of the Christian religion, when he peruses such works as those of St. Augustine, who devoted his whole soul to the subject and endeavored so earnestly to portray its just features. For my own part, I have passed some of the most pleasant hours of my life in perusing the Latin pages of St. Augustine, for, although the style is far from classical, it has the charm of perfect originality, and gives utterance often to the most sublime and touching sentiment.

As a specimen of his style and manner, I shall translate one short paragraph, which never before, I believe, flowed in English, and I do so the more willingly as the ideas are intimately related with the subject of our lectures:

"ON THE UNIVERSAL PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

"God, the highest and the true, with his word and his holy spirit, for the three are one,—God, the ONE, the almighty, the creator, the maker of all soul and all body,—in communication with whom all are happy, who are truly such, who made man a being rational, of soul and body composed,—who has neither permitted him sinning to be unpunished, nor yet abandoned him without compassion,—who to the good and the evil has given essence in common with the minerals, a seminal existence in common with

vegetables, a sensual life in common with animals, and an intelligent soul in common with angels,—from whom is all mode and all species and all order, from whom is measure and number and weight, from whom everything is that naturally is, of whatever kind or estimation it be, from whom are seeds of forms and the forms of seeds, the motions of seeds and of forms,—who to flesh has given origin and beauty and health and fecundity, the disposition of limbs and vigor and harmony,—who in the irrational soul has implanted memory and sense and appetite, but to the rational soul has superadded thought and intelligence and will,—who not only has fashioned the heaven and earth, not only angel and man, but even on the coating of the most insignificant insect, on the tiny feather of the smallest bird, on the most minute flower of the grass, on the leaflet of the shrub, has bestowed a finish and absolute fitness of parts; He cannot, on any ground whatever, be supposed to have abandoned the society of human kind, or to have left them at large, beyond the contact and government of his providence and laws——"

With this author, then, being not a little conversant, and also having derived from him a vivid impression of the character of the age in which he lived, I long much to be able to convey to you some of those ideas and views of his mind and sentiments which I have received. I seem to myself even now to behold him, as he was in the prime of life, after the renunciation of his youthful errors, and when the serene spirit of Christianity had softened and tamed the natural harshness of his character. I see his rugged countenance soften into benignity and energetic thought as I gaze on it, and what at first seemed a frown on his lofty and manly forehead is but the inviting aspect of a daring and sublime intelligence. There are calmness and mildness, and severity, at once combined in his looks; but his severity

is not that of an angry temper, but of a resolute seeking for truth, and indignation of wrong; but the elevation of his whole aspect, naturally directed upward, shows one who, even in his search for truth, was ambitious to meet with her only in her loftier forms, in her heavenly rather than in her earthly attire. The youthful Augustine was one in whose presence few would dare to be gay, but none was ever known to be sad; mirth was sobered and reason cheered in discourse with him.

This age of ours is naturally infidel, but sometimes shows itself not incapable of believing; it has been listening some time to very marvellous tales, and whether true or false I take it not upon me here to say. But you know that not a few individuals, and those far from credulous or unphilosophical in other respects, have been able to credit lately how a maiden, without ever moving from her couch in Providence, in Rhode Island, could travel in mental vision to a distant city, in company with a waking guide, he himself also standing still, and survey not a few objects of interest in this renowned city, and take a faithful inventory of doings and transactions, and describe withal most graphically implements and pictures which none before had ever seen except herself and her companion there: all this has been credited, and I do not say that I disbelieve it; I only wish that as ready belief could be awarded to the fact (if such could be supposed) of a meeting between this St. Augustine, of whose writings and character I have been giving some account, and the late Baron Cuvier, whose noble scientific character not less significantly marks the spirit of our era than did that theological bent of Augustine display the prevailing disposition of the fifth century. And it is a matter of interest to reflect—to those who have not reasoned themselves out of their Christianity and that firm and innate belief we have of another world—to reflect, I say, how each age and epoch bring into that world their

own distinctive contribution of intelligence and thought and enlarged benevolence. Surely there the philosophy of Plato is not divorced, as here, from the philosophy of Bacon, nor the philosophy of Bacon from the philosophy of Plato, but men are able to reason *a priori* and *a posteriori* too; nor is there theology in one corner and science in another, but *all* receive the good of all. In short, each age, as it were, manufactures its own special mental commodity; but in the meeting of the ages in that universal Forum, while all communicate with all, and without losing their individual characters, they may be supposed to come by intuition into full possession of the ideas of each other, and to have all their prejudices removed and their narrowness extended. The fifth century might there meet the nineteenth, and in the persons of Augustine and Cuvier hold no silly or unphilosophical colloquy, but one mutually instructive, rational, and sublime, if there be indeed sublimity in truth, as assuredly there would be if we could see all its parts on any one subject brought into juxtaposition, to form a perfect whole, and not separated, as is generally the case, by intervals of many centuries.

But, for once, let the interval be supposed to be removed, and let two sensible men, for good sense characterized them both, be believed to have met. Simplicity and candor and truth must be enduring traits in the minds of Augustine and Cuvier; although born in distant ages, they were not essentially unlike.

St. Augustine.—Yes, Cuvier, your industry was undoubtedly laudable, and it has extended the domains of natural knowledge. Newton and yourself have each in your own peculiar provinces enlarged the views of mankind, and prepared a wider field for the glory of God to be signalized and be made to affect the human soul to its advantage.

Cuvier.—But, St. Augustine, it has often been matter of astonishment to me that you should have consumed so

large a portion of your time in writing that work you call "The City of God," the deep mysteries of which, I must confess, I never could unravel; and I have lamented that talents so powerful as yours should have been employed on a subject so barren of useful truth as that appears to have been.

St. Augustine.—Cuvier, you must not underrate the importance of that work; the spirit of the age called for it, for mine was the age of speculative theology, yours is devoted to physical research. You delved into the hidden depths and recesses of nature; I, on the contrary, attempted to explore those riches unsearchable, of moral and spiritual value, which are contained in the sacred Scriptures, and when I wrote my great work on the city of God, it was with the design to show that the laws which regulate the spiritual commonwealth are as fixed and immutable in their character as those which compel nature herself to be submissive to the will of the Creator,—which determine the revolution of the seasons or the succession of day and night.

Cuvier.—But you forget, Augustine, how your speculations at last terminated. You bound the human will in shackles of fate, you are the great lord of predestination, and your work even now bolsters up that tottering fabric of mischievous opinions which have so long darkened and bewildered the faith of mankind.

St. Augustine.—And it were but another proof, Cuvier, of the natural servility of the human mind. But the doctrine in question was in my case unavoidable; I was driven to it to raise a rampart against the Manicheans, whose system of opinions had much infested my mind in my youth. You know their belief in two principles, which contend for the government of the world, the one benign, the other malevolent, and that a perpetual and doubtful war is waged between them, while mankind are alike

exposed to either influence, inclined sometimes to the one, sometimes to the other.

Cuvier.—I have merely learned, Augustine, that such opinions existed, and that your youth was captivated by them.

St. Augustine.—And such, indeed, was the fact; but when that benignant Religion, whose smiles irradiate the whole creation, first dawned on my intellect, I quickly abandoned all these follies.

Cuvier.—So history has informed us; and then, by a rapid transition, you passed from one absurdity to a worse: you became a fatalist in your creed, and you made your God the author of evil, in virtue of an irrevocable decree, and thus fixed on the minds of your followers a more dangerous error than that from which you wished to deliver your Manichean associates.

St. Augustine.—Cuvier, I cannot acknowledge these modern errors to be the legitimate offspring of the theology of the fifth century. I wished to delineate the form of a spiritual commonwealth whose laws are not arbitrary but fixed and capable of being apprehended by the human mind. Such it appeared to me; but you know the imperfection of human language, and how incapable it is to embody those gleams of truth which strike the mind in its contemplation of the works of God. And did those who succeed us look to the same quarter for evidence whence we ourselves have derived it, instead of studying only that imperfect language in which we have delivered it, fewer errors would descend to posterity, or rather fewer truths would be transmuted into errors in the progress of transmission.

Cuvier.—That is very certain; but how came mankind to fall into such error in this case?

St. Augustine.—I was myself partly in fault, Cuvier: my language was not sufficiently guarded; but it was my

solicitude to conquer the Manicheans which misled me, for I designed to establish it, in opposition to their dogmas, that evil as well as good is under the disposition of one supreme God, and that nothing either good or evil can possibly happen without his permission and knowledge; such is the tenor of those unchangeable laws which regulate the occurrence and order of all moral as well as physical events.

Cuvier.—I am happy to find, Augustine, that your theology on this point is not so irrational as I had been led to suppose: but I cannot help thinking that your age was too exclusively theological.

St. Augustine.—The *nineteenth* century is making amends for that error, Cuvier: in the pursuit of science, theology is now in danger of being forgotten; *nature* has engrossed your whole attention; the ministers of religion are no longer the best intellects of the age; the services of the sanctuary are abandoned altogether to the *hearts* of men; their *understandings* appear to have found other employments.

Cuvier.—Every period has its own predominant character, Augustine; mankind, like the individuals who compose it, are great only by fits and starts, and in single things; one engrossing pursuit is enough for an age, and it is then the season for minds of a peculiar stamp to show their native superiorities. Had you been born in the nineteenth century, Augustine, you would have made but a sorry figure; your pious meditations and profound speculations in theology would have found but little favor from learned bodies, our royal societies, and national institutions.

St. Augustine.—Quite as much, I should suppose, Cuvier, as your own speculations about the antiquity of the earth would have been likely to meet with from a synod of bishops in the fifth century; and, indeed, you say truly,

that each age has its own predominant features, tastes, and propensities, and rightly, too, that each may be fitted and inclined to discharge the offices which are allotted it, and to make its own distinctive contributions to the general stock of human knowledge; and it was not, therefore, without reason that you were engaged in an exposition of the order and laws of the animal kingdom, and I was summoned to a different task, to unfold the economy of "the city of God."

Cuvier.—I am willing to believe that the task assigned to each by the requisitions of the age was most propitious and happy, and such as no chance could have directed.

St. Augustine.—But theology came first; science has succeeded.

Cuvier.—And perhaps from the succession the happiest results may yet follow.

St. Augustine.—There is reason to presume so much,—but your conjecture?

Cuvier.—I see but this, Augustine, that your "city of God" is far too resplendent an object for the weak and feeble sight of mortals to contemplate, and that there is needed a mirror, if I may say so, to reflect its splendors, with so mild and natural a light that its form may be seen without its overpowering brightness; and if the sciences of modern ages can supply this desideratum (as I have a presentiment they may), succeeding times will have cause to congratulate themselves on the possession of double advantages,—they will have the light of your period with the demonstrations of ours, in practical union.

St. Augustine.—Your anticipations coincide with my own hopes, and I see in the order of nature, and especially in the arrangements of the animal kingdom, the very mirror you speak of.

Cuvier.—And a very perfect mirror, indeed, it seems to me.

St. Augustine.—And so much the more glorious, when men shall make the right use of it.

Cuvier.—But do you see any reason to apprehend that this may be reluctantly done, or what signs of our times do you observe from a favorable position?

St. Augustine.—I entertain good hopes, Cuvier; but as you have just now said that you considered *our* age to have been too exclusively theological, too much addicted, I presume, you mean, to the abstractions of religion, or too easily misled by the delusive lights of opinion, so I see your times ready to incur a danger of a similar kind, or rather indeed already in the midst of it.

Cuvier.—I am not sure that I understand what danger in particular you allude to.

St. Augustine.—The danger of being too much enamoured with their own discoveries, Cuvier,—no slight one, you will allow, or one which a wise man would not most ardently wish to be delivered from.

Cuvier.—I must confess it is so, Augustine, the most fascinating species of danger; but yet it does not strike me that our age is so much exposed on this score as some others; we have discarded the fallacies of absurd opinion, and fixed our scrutiny on the laws of nature; not systems, but facts, now challenge the admiration of mankind. Surely *our own* speculations no longer mislead us.

St. Augustine.—And so it always is, Cuvier; each age believes that to be firm ground where it is itself treading. For do you suppose that the fifth century believed that they were contending only for their own opinions when they were vindicating the true texts and doctrines of the sacred Scriptures? But we are short-sighted, Cuvier, remarkably short-sighted; and your century and the last, having entered on a fresh field of investigation, have become blind to the value of that better truth which was at least earnestly sought, if not actually attained, in former ages. And

because physical truth is now the main object of your affection and search, you have nearly forgotten that there is any other in existence.

Cuvier.—But at least you will acknowledge that we have succeeded in the attainment of our object?

St. Augustine.—With due allowance, Cuvier; and *some* of you have attained it, and are modest enough to appreciate its quality and degree: but not such, I think, is the general spirit of the age, and of this I speak.

Cuvier.—What is that, Augustine, pray declare; let the unprejudiced light of the fifth century fall upon the nineteenth, that we may see ourselves, and also you.

St. Augustine.—I will only indicate what I feel and think, most noble Cuvier, and your candor will excuse. But it seems to me an error of your period that it is too much disposed to consider what *it* has discovered of truth, in any case, as the whole that belongs to it, and, from the admiration of a few *circumstances* detected by experiments and instruments, is prone to fancy that it has led the truth captive, and that the *very* work indeed of Omnipotence is subjected to its gaze; and in short, Cuvier, you appear to me (I speak of the *multitude* of philosophers) to be falling into the same error, in regard to physical science, which was so fatal to us in the fifth century, in regard to Divine knowledge. The real Word of God was lost sight of in fastening our attention exclusively on those points of its doctrines which we endeavored to bring within the compass of our definitions and categories. And many of the simple, at last, had a juster impression of the *whole* than the learned, who, in the examination of minute parts, lost sight of the general bearing, and the divine inspiration. Your errors, I say, in your own province, are not very unlike to those; you are constantly mistaking the *circumstances* of natural operations for the *things* themselves, and the grandeur of nature is felt the less for it, and your own importance the

more. So that, let me tell you, the arrogance of the age is become excessive (I hope many are exempt), and you have not only lost sight of the living cause of physical phenomena, but do not even see the more *natural* and *obvious* grandeur of the effects, while from a species of self-admiration you laud your own times, and depreciate ours, that one might be inclined to believe that wisdom was not born until the *eighteenth* century at least, and did not learn to speak until the nineteenth,—when you have invented for her a new language of *chemical* and other *learned* terms, which at the same time serve very well to emblazon your own discoveries, to rivet your attention on *these* and on yourselves.

Cuvier.—But you must allow that this *language* has become necessary?

St. Augustine.—I am very far from being disposed to undervalue the *language* or the *facts* which it serves to express; but you know what an influence words exercise on the minds of the multitude; and while the new vocabulary of science recalls those parts of physical actions which are explained, it leaves the others, much the most numerous and generally the most admirable, altogether out of sight, so that a more broken and imperfect view of the beauty and greatness of those natural occurrences is at last often taken than if the mind were left to its own general and unbiassed impressions of them.

Cuvier.—I must confess there is reason in what you say, and I acknowledge that this evil is incident to the popular views of modern discoveries.

St. Augustine.—And it will receive the best illustration from your own science of anatomy and physiology. We preachers of the fifth century, whose fund of natural knowledge was exceedingly scanty, indulged at least a feeling of reverence and awe when we contemplated the works of nature, and we called them the works of God.

And when we spoke of man, it was as the image of God, for we had not yet learned from anatomy, this material science, to think of man as an image of the animals.

Cuvier.—Then you viewed him generally, not particularly?

St. Augustine.—True, we did so.

Cuvier.—But what think you, then, of the comparison now more common, I mean that to which you refer, that man wears the image of animated nature, and is at the head of the scale, the supreme animal, who, "with front serene, governs the rest?"

St. Augustine.—It introduces *naturalism* into the ideas of the crowd, the unintelligent crowd of servile philosophers, who have never seen what you see, Cuvier, and never will, until they acknowledge the same supernal light.

Cuvier.—I am loath to believe it.

St. Augustine.—But it is true. Take notice only in what manner they view the most exalted acts of life,—they really see nothing in them but the modern discoveries of their analysis. What a mystery to us was *breathing*,—the constant remembrancer of that day of Creation, when "God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life," and when we reflected on the respiration of a human being we saw, as it were, that divine transaction before us: it was a standing memorial to us of the most conspicuous work of creation, and a seal of its truth, and we therefore regarded it with an almost trembling reverence. But now your modern *philosophy* has discovered—what? that when we breathe we appropriate oxygen, and that caloric and carbon are disengaged; and, descanting on these wonders of her own finding, has nearly extinguished that natural sentiment of religion with which these the most sacred of the works of nature are accustomed to be regarded by all who look at

them rather in their own native unblemished beauty than as expounded in the terms of science.

Cuvier.—But you do not consider it forbidden to explore into the mysteries of nature, and to detect the laws of physical action?

St. Augustine.—No, Cuvier, no; and it is possible it may be done modestly, and by those who do not see nature the less vividly and naturally as a whole on account of the few notices they have taken of the fixed order of events. These are performing a service the importance of which has yet to be appreciated. That it may be so, the spirit of the past must re-descend on the spirit of the present, and the infant must mix with man.

Cuvier.—I understand you to say that the infantile simplicity of primitive times must be combined with the stern philosophy of the present age.

St. Augustine.—Even so.

Cuvier.—But what points of probable harmony do you perceive?

St. Augustine.—I perceive many. And neither do I despair that an amicable intercourse may be established between them, since what should hinder that ages as well as countries should engage in an exchange of their advantages, that the superfluities of the one may supply the deficiencies of the other? I will not be so wedded to prejudice as to say that the fifth has no need of the nineteenth century; I do not claim for my age a superiority of knowledge, but a greater elevation of mind,—no, not that, but I should say a more rational end, for it was to find God in everything, and to delineate his attributes; and this, I am sure, is a worthier pursuit than to court nature ambitiously, and to settle her laws; but at the same time I must confess that our ignorance of nature often beguiled us into superstition, and our partial acquaintance with her laws limited our resources of illustration.

Cuvier.—I am rejoiced to hear, St. Augustine, that you are ready, then, to concede to us this merit, that we have at least checked the progress of superstition, and provided a fund of agreeable information.

St. Augustine.—And it is here indeed where you reap a just distinction; and it will be no mean praise, I think, that you have opened these rich sources of discovery. You have furnished theology with a new language, and that of the most expressive kind, because congenial: for the expression of *natural* facts and their laws affords the most appropriate symbols, and, if I may so say, *connate*, for the exposition of theological truth. And this truly is a most valuable acquisition, especially now that the language of theology has become technical and obsolete and lost its power over the human understanding.

Cuvier.—Then we philosophers of modern times, according to this account, have been employing ourselves all this while in constructing a new language for the use of you, the theologians, and of settling its grammar and syntax?

St. Augustine.—Assuredly, Cuvier, for in this light precisely do I now view your valuable labors; and surely you cannot consider the services which you have been thus rendering to the best interests of mankind as insignificant or deserving of regret?

Cuvier.—By no means, and I can only express my sense of gratification in having at last drawn from you a confession that neither has the nineteenth century been wanting in useful contributions to the general benefit of the human race.

St. Augustine.—No, Cuvier, I never could hold from your times that honor; I would only gladly lessen or curb that overweening conceit, which seems to have seized the men of your generation, that no real wisdom was ever sought after, far less obtained, until the dawn of your modern epoch: here lies your error, here your danger; for the

objects we had in view, and especially the Christians who lived in the centuries before us, however imperfectly reached, were still of the noblest and best kind,—no other than to obtain a direct and certain knowledge of that Being whose spirit directs nature and has impressed upon her the most benevolent and unerring laws.

Cuvier.—But you failed in the attempt.

St. Augustine.—We did often, but mostly in the expression of our views, for our sentiments were more just than our language.

Cuvier.—And you expect now to be more successful with the benefit of this *new language?*

St. Augustine.—Yes, for, the works of God being *connate*, with his Word, when the laws of the former are perfectly ascertained, they will be a just expression of the truths of the latter.

Cuvier.—Then, O glorious philosophy of the nineteenth century, if such, indeed, are the distinctions which await it!

St. Augustine.—It will be invested with a light not its own, the *purpureum lumen Juventæ.*

Cuvier.—It will be beautiful as the earth itself, under the first beams of the morning.

St. Augustine.—And the sight, you must allow, is a glorious one, when mountains, lawns, and streams first burst upon the view, under the light of the rising sun.

Cuvier.—And such, you conceive, will be the result, when the light of the theology of the earlier ages is poured upon the varied and extended science of modern times?

St. Augustine.—Such are my anticipations.

Cuvier.—May they be fulfilled, but the signs of the times——

St. Augustine.—On the whole, I consider them auspicious,—a gentle spirit of peace, an unwearying appliance of investigation, the wars of theology sinking fast into oblivion and contempt, unless among the silliest of man-

kind, who are fain still to fight their battles over again; but the wisest and the true-hearted have engaged in a better contest,—to subdue the forwardness of their own spirits, to find the pledge and earnest of truth intertwined with the olive of peace rather than the laurels of victory.

Cuvier.—I accept the omen; but what of philosophy?

St. Augustine.—Philosophy will advance.

Cuvier.—I am to understand, then, that you are of those who look for progress, and expect not the human race to be stationary?

St. Augustine.—No more than the individual. The earlier ages of Christianity were the infancy of the modern races; and the best and most natural impressions were then made, to be deepened by philosophy, and reason. But theology takes precedence of philosophy, and but corroborates her truths, as age but explains the impressions of childhood.

Cuvier.—I most cheerfully concede this point now, my most youthful Augustine, and the more so for that my best hopes are excited by our interview. And surely this intercourse of distant ages has shed a new halo of light and glory around the history of man, since such are the renovations which probably await all the sciences and pursuits and aspirations of humanity.

St. Augustine.—And indeed, my beloved Cuvier, such may most certainly be expected.

Cuvier.—I hail their rise.

LECTURE V.

PREDOMINANCE OF THE RELIGIOUS SENTIMENT IN THE EARLY AGES.

THE age of St. Augustine was rife of theological questions. I spoke of it in my last lecture as characterized by Christian simplicity; I find it necessary to retract part of that eulogium, for, although this existed still in a great degree among the great body of Christians, yet the tone of abstruse speculation rose too high to allow the gentler and milder graces of the Christian religion to display themselves. The Greek philosophy corrupted the simplicity of the Christian religion, and, by much analysis and definitions of its tenets, confused and degraded the undescribable beauty and grandeur of our sacred faith. There is nothing which more clearly establishes the divine original and constitution of the Christian religion than the failure of all attempts by its philosophers to *tell* what it is, and after what manner precisely and for what reasons it produces those salutary effects on the human mind which we all can witness but none of us can fully comprehend. The whole subject is characterized by the same mystery which we find to veil all those operations of nature which fall under our inspection; we see certain phenomena and established relations, but, when we question ourselves in regard to their essential connections and necessary laws, we are lost in useless and painful con-

jecture. Do we know anything perfectly in regard to the animal actions of our bodies? Do we know how the food we receive into the stomach is assimilated to our system? We know it is subjected to the action of a menstruum which we name the gastric juice, but alas! how little knowledge of the actual process does this discovery or this term convey to us; it is the name of one of the means of an action which we do not understand, and which we may safely predict we never can fully comprehend, although it is quite possible that other relations and facts and phenomena in regard to it may be discovered. But every act that is purely natural and not artificial, every act that has the seal of Divinity upon it and not the impression merely of art, is in virtue of its origin *incomprehensible*,—that is, incapable of being defined or conceived *exactly* as it really is. It has certain obvious marks, which serve to make it known, to describe it, so that it can be identified; but the entire assemblage of its qualities and their mutual adaptations and actions are beyond the reach of human intelligence. Who can understand that such an organ as an eye, and none other, is adequate to the production of vision? Who could imagine that *special* nerves were necessary to receive *distinctive* impressions, now of taste, now of sound, now of smell, now of vision? or who could have understood without antecedent experience that even nerves were at all necessary for the exhibition of such actions? or who knows what these nerves are, unless as to their general uses? do we know their composition or the kind of action which they sustain? We are entirely in the dark in regard to these divine contrivances, or the methods which belong to them; and we even reckon it no small acquisition to have attained to this much, namely, to understand that we know nothing at all justly and verily about any of these things. And the reason is, that there is interwoven with the texture of every divine work the symbol of infinity, and yet

each work or act of nature has that upon it which invites our examination,—seems to promise an entire explanation of itself. This is, among infinite other proofs, one also of the goodness and wisdom of the Deity, namely, that, although he has constructed and planned each work so as to be incomprehensible as to its *essential* nature, yet there is always a sufficient number of its relations exposed to our understanding that we may perceive them, and obtain a glimpse of that wisdom, that skill ineffable with which every part is devised. This is the highest reward of our reason, on the field of natural investigation. To see but in part, to know but in part, is the condition on which we at present enjoy our intellectual being. But the Christian religion, I have said, bears in this also the stamp of its divine original, that all attempts of mortal men fully to describe it, and to exhibit it in their books and their discourses with those very true and living features which it shows as it looks from heaven, have proved hitherto vain, and not seldom pernicious. Every description of the human body which rivets our attention more steadily on its wonderful phenomena, and renders new to us what was before familiar, is beneficial, as unveiling the workmanship of God and usefully affecting the mind; but further than this, those mechanical explanations of *living* actions which, every one can feel, do not describe the millionth part of the mechanism and truth which they would unfold, are prejudicial and injurious to the mind rather than otherwise, and obscure the natural dignity of the subject which they were designed to explain. The same remark will apply to the Christian religion; the grace, dignity, and sweetness of the living body of truth is beyond all our powers of description, and although, indeed, there must be a divine reason for every item of its arrangement, and the fashion of every part be divine, yet often must our attempts to exhibit these minutiæ of perfection and to describe their

uses be miserably inadequate, sometimes perhaps even pernicious; for men, not being able to see the thing in our definitions of it, mistake the distorted, imperfect, soiled image for the object, and hence despise that which they have never either seen or known.

These observations are necessary to be made, in order to understand some very wonderful phenomena in regard to the natural history of man, which I may have occasion to refer to, and which I wish now briefly to state; and they are phenomena which are intimately blended with the history of religion and have been but slightly noticed by philosophers. And they refer to the intellectual characters of nations and the prevailing bent of their investigations, and that, too, in the different periods of their career. And, lest there should appear to be no reason in what I am to advance, or no analogy, I wish to recall to your minds the facts, to which I adverted in a former lecture, of a *temporary provision* or *mechanism* sometimes set up by nature and afterwards dispensed with; and I gave as an instance the temporary apparatus of the bronchia or gills in the tadpole, which are afterwards laid aside, as the animal advances to a more perfect state and enjoys an atmospheric respiration. These, to be sure, are instances of *physical adaptations* to circumstances; but at all events they show that nature is not bound to one order of action in bringing even the same creature through all its stages of development. While the preservation of the individual is the end throughout, the means adapted to secure that end are shifted, remodelled, obliterated, entirely changed. I do not wish you to deduce from this instance of temporary adjustments any more than it will actually sanction, but at all events it is ascertained that in the same creature nature has provided two distinct sets of organs of breathing, or respiratory machines, one employed in the earlier stage of development, the other in the later or more perfect.

There is something analogous to this in the case of the human race: there are two orders of faculties in the human mind, the religious and the scientific, and the first respect the Deity, and the other nature, or the person of the workman and his works. Now, it is a remarkable fact, in the natural history of man, that the first order of faculties—namely, the religious—should be the first evolved in the advancement of nations, and the scientific the last. There is a grand temporary adjustment here, in regard to a future end, quite as remarkable as the temporary apparatus of respiration just alluded to.

In the ruder and earlier ages of the world mankind respire the atmosphere of religion rather than that of science; they see more of Deity and less of nature than in later times. I do not say they are *better* men, but they are more *religious* men; their minds are more deeply imbued with the spirit of heaven, or tainted with the breath of hell, than ours. It is from overlooking this great fact in the natural history of man that numerous misconceptions are entertained. We smile at their interpretations of natural phenomena,—Vulcan fabricating Jupiter's thunderbolts; Ceres, the goddess of corn, first teaching men to plough the ground; the gods of the rivers pouring out the fertilizing floods from the urns they hold in their hands. In all these explanations they sought not natural or scientific reasons, and held them in no estimation; they merely sought the indulgence of their religious tastes and propensities, the gratification of that temporary instinct with which all rude nations are endowed, and for the wisest purposes, that a foundation may be laid in religion, and in impressions of the Deity, for the future and perfect superstructure of human society. And shall we say that these impressions are all false and absurd? The images in which they are represented may be so, the type may be badly or unfaithfully struck, but still the design and end of the

impression is just; much more so than when science mingles itself with theology, and breaks the integrity of the impression in the attempt to copy it. In the first instance the impression may be imperfect from the defect of the material on which it is made, but yet may still be in a certain sense *divine* and original; but the *copy* taken of it by science is clearly artificial, and therefore a counterfeit. So far, therefore, from its being made a reproach against religion that its forms spring up among a rude and illiterate people, it is perhaps the best guaranty of its truth and reality that it has originated among such a people: the impressible and infantile faculties only were then developed; and the elementary characters of nature, in which is written the will of the Deity, were then read in their natural, pure, and unsophisticated light, and, when afterwards reduced to artificial writing, it was not as a matter of philosophy or abstract reasoning, for that springs from science, but as matter of fact still,—matter of fact revealing theological truth. Thus, when they looked at the heaven and the earth, not with the eyes of science, but with the eyes of religion, they recognized that the gods had formed these.

When the human mind was in this stage of its development in Asia, through that benignant Providence which has produced all this beneficent order which we behold, a revelation was made to man of the one true and living GOD. If it be asked why the same distinct and vivid and impressive revelation is not made now in the same way in ordinary men, I ask in return why the *circulation of the blood*, for instance, should be different in the adult from what it is in the fœtus? "The physical circumstances have altogether changed," you say; and in the other the spiritual circumstances have altogether changed. And if there is no violation of the order of nature, as we choose to call it, merely in consequence of a new direction given to the current of the vital fluid, why should we deem it any infringe-

ment of the established laws of spiritual order that the flow of the divine truth through the human soul should take place differently now and in the infantile states of human society? And are there not *temporary* divine provisions to be expected in the one case as well as in the other,—in the moral development of the species, just as naturally and rightly as in the physical development of the individual? And judging from the aspect of one stage of the development, what good reason have we to establish, from that partial view, the necessary and indispensable order of the whole? The laws of creation, no doubt, are unchangeable, but we must be sure that we take in the whole, from the first to the last, in pronouncing upon them, especially where there is a visible progression, as in the case of the human species.

And what shall we say to another view of the subject,—if there did exist, as we firmly believe there did, antecedently to the art of writing and our present modes of reasoning, a people who derived from the simple instincts of their being (the sweet, and clear, and unequivocal impressions of their Maker's Hand and Mind on their minds) the perfect and distinct consciousness that He is ONE, and the Author of all which they beheld good and beautiful,—I say, if it could have been made known to this people, through the anticipations of prophecy, that there would arise after them a race of men who would gather all these impressions and thoughts and this knowledge, not from their own minds and the direct communications of God, but from books,—from without, and certain artificial marks called *writing*, and sounds still more artificial, and certain heaps and combinations of these called *reasoning*, but so confused and indistinct withal that angry conflicts and much uncertainty would prevail respecting even the most elementary and vital truths, to themselves so clear and indisputable, as, for example, respecting the being of God, and the kind of

worship most acceptable to Him,—could such simple people have readily conceived all this, or seen how it could possibly occur unless as something miraculous? That they would not readily have believed it, we are not at liberty to think, since even the shadow of infidelity was to them unknown, and we suppose the intimations of the prophecy to have been divine. In fact, it is most unphilosophical to suppose that the same mode of becoming intelligent existed in all ages as now; especially since we see in the eastern nations even now, as well as among barbarians, that those faculties by which men apprehend a Deity of some sort or other are more developed among them than among others. And there are therefore the strongest grounds for the presumption (even if we were not otherwise informed of it) that at a period much anterior to our modern civilization a revelation of the one God was made to mankind, when the simple fact could be admitted with reverence and undoubting belief, and the integrity and justness of those sublime impressions be left pure and uncontaminated by the touch of an earth-born philosophy. If this be so, then we have arrived at an important fact in the natural history of man, a fact greatly more valuable than any we have yet hit upon; for if this be actually so,—namely, that the religious impressions of the universe, the divine characters written on it, be the first that are stamped upon the human mind, and this, too, through a marked law and ordination of the Deity for the sake of the future well-being of all succeeding generations, —that as the heart and brain are the organs first developed in the new-formed man, being those most essential to physical life, so the religious *mind* is the first unfolded in the progress of nations, and the religious impressions are the first made, being the most essential to the social state,— it will follow that, in all the early writings and monuments of the first ages, religion must predominate over science, God over nature, and nature over art.

Now, you will recollect that we showed, in a former lecture, that it was possible so to regard an animal as to see nothing more in it but what is merely mechanical, and that some have so considered animals,—"living machines;" but this is to invert the order of view; and certainly the natural as well as right perception is to regard first the *animal*, and to consider the mechanical aspect as but the basis or subservient ground on which the idea of the animal is rendered only more conspicuous and illustrious. And thus it is that the reigning idea, as it were, bends and turns everything into itself. If the *mechanical* be first regarded, contrary to the natural, however, as well as right perception, even the animal itself may at last be affirmed to be a machine; but contrariwise, if the *animal* be first regarded, then even the very mechanism of the parts itself will come correctly to be considered as *animal*. And in this we can see an emblem and illustration of the religion of the first ages: as respects the mechanical or physical laws of nature, they neither affirmed nor denied them; their minds were altogether intent on a different idea,—and that was God; and everything was seen under the light of that perception, until even time and space themselves vanished like shadows beneath its brilliancy. *Organization, mechanism, natural occurrences,* were all things, but merely subservient things; this was the note first struck, and it vibrated afterwards through the entire frame-work of nature—IN THE BEGINNING GOD CREATED THE HEAVEN AND THE EARTH. Read and remark how this predominant idea recurs in every succeeding verse of that glorious chapter of creation; read and you will perceive how our modern science dwindles into insignificance beneath the majesty of a pure and ancient religion; how even time and space themselves, on which all our science is built, sink into obscurity and littleness before the face of Him who created them, and to whom a thousand years are but as

one day. *God said, Let the dry land appear, and it was so:* here an entire series of physical revolutions of immense extent are contracted into an instant, in order that the mind may see that the emergence of the new continents from the sea is the act of Divine omnipotence and providence; and it is not the less so although geology and the scrutiny of science should now indicate that it may have occupied many millions of years in its accomplishment. *God said, Let the dry land appear, and it was so:* here the theological truth predominates over the scientific truth, and affects us accordingly with its natural and true sublimity.

But on these subjects a hint is enough; it is my business, in these lectures, not to expound theology, but to exhibit the natural history of man and the rise of philosophy. I would merely sum up all I have to say on this subject with this affirmation and comparison, that as in the body of man there is nothing which is not human, while at the same time the animal and mechanical are therein in subserviency to this, and *humanized*, so in that body of revealed truth there exists nothing at all which is not divine and religious, and that all that is geological and historical is but subserviently so, and exists not by any means for itself alone, but as a body of matter to support, to exhibit, and to convey the other. But, as I have said, the order of mental faculties pre-eminently developed in modern ages is scientific, and hence it is that, in our constant hankering after science, we seek it even in the divine Scriptures, forgetting that it is there merely subservient, not principal, imbued with a light not its own, as the matter which becomes part of a living body is endowed with its vitality. In the natural history of man, I have had already occasion to show the error of those who do not see in the animal body the *animal* so blended with the mechanical and the chemical, that these merely *seem* to be, the other really *is*, all,—and again, in the human body, the human so intimately blended with

the animal, that the former is everything, the latter only appears to be. I am now called upon to note a more dangerous error, that of those who, in the interpretation of a Book compiled in the earlier ages, under the especial providence of God, when theology was principally regarded, do not see that the divine is there so blended with the human and the natural that the human and the natural have become themselves divine,—

> "Fountain of light, thyself invisible
> Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st
> Throned inaccessible, but when thou shad'st
> The full blaze of thy beams, and *through a cloud*
> *Drawn round about thee*, like a radiant shrine,—
> *Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear!*"

But I am glad to be able to illustrate this subject in a different manner, and from a source which will not be considered undeserving of attention, although delicacy forbids me more particularly to disclose it.

"The engraving was a very remarkable one," said the stranger, "and such that I had never before seen anything resembling it."

"What engraving do you mean?" said I.

"That tablet of stone which I before spoke of to you, but to which you did not seem to pay much attention."

"Pray describe it more minutely," said I; "it may perhaps be interesting to those who are present to hear your own account of it."

"It was shown to me," said he, "by the philosopher, who also gave me a very particular account of the signification of each hieroglyphic object which was impressed upon the tablet, and which greatly interested me. He said that such representations were common in the eastern country, and that I would see them particularly in the interior of the Chinese empire. This tablet of which I

speak belonged to the Temple of the Sun, a ruined edifice, for the Persians are no longer permitted to indulge in their favorite worship of this beneficent luminary; 'but,' said the philosopher, 'many monuments still remain throughout the whole country of this fascinating species of ancient idolatry.'

"'But it was a pernicious species of idolatry,' observed I.

"'Not so anciently,' answered the philosopher, 'for the idolatry was attempered and elevated by a rational conception of the meaning of the emblems employed in the worship and the unity of God, and his beneficence and wisdom were imaged in the rites which were anciently observed; but I know not how it is,' he further remarked, 'there is an extreme proneness in all the Oriental nations to forget the object in the representation,—to lose sight of the idea, and to reverence only the type. We have had most perfect and expressive rites in which to symbolize the Godhead, and to exhibit the relations of men to the source of intelligence and life, but they soon became to us dead and inert forms of objects,—books which none can read and understand, but which all are willing blindly and stupidly to reverence.'

"'But that could hardly happen in regard to this engraving on this tablet,' said I, 'for, although I do not understand it, yet it seems to me so divine, and expressive of glorious truths of some order or other, that I cannot help admiring it, and feeling that there is somewhat lofty and intelligent even in those mute figures which are impressed upon it.'

"The philosopher then exposed it more fully to view, so that I might see every part of it. It was a large circular stone, which you would have supposed, from the appearance, although the circle seemed perfect and of great extent, had not been hewn out into that form artificially, but had always existed so naturally. It was marked with innumerable zones, formed by concentric circles from the

centre towards the circumference. I tried to count them, but I found I could not, for, although they seemed at first very distinct and well defined, yet, when I attempted to distinguish them closely, they ran into one another in so intricate a manner that I soon abandoned the attempt as hopeless.

"'This is very remarkable,' said I to the philosopher; 'I thought these concentric spaces or zones on this tablet were very exactly defined, but, the moment I attempt to ascertain and to number them, all instantly appears confusion, and I lose my distinct impressions of the tablet.'

"'That,' said he, 'is what almost all strangers complain of, those especially who are more curious than ordinary; for the greater part are satisfied with this superficial or general glance of it, and never lose the vividness of their first impression, but leave it with an admiration perfect and entire.'

"'This, I suppose,' said I, 'is a part of the wonder or mystery of this tablet.'

"'Certainly,' said he, 'it is full of significancy. But look,' said he, 'more attentively on the zones; what do you see?'

"'I have noticed,' said I, 'from the first, that each of them is stocked with animals or living creatures which are peculiar to each zone, and not found in any of the others. At this part seem to me to be zebras, filling this entire space,—it is very wonderful!—I thought the limits within which they are confined remarkably distinct and clear; but now—as I stoop more closely to examine the lines—I am again confused. But *there*—I am sure *that* orbit is stocked with elephants,—how well stamped are these figures, with what a skilful chisel has all this been executed! and this zone I recognize as assigned to—horses, I believe,—and here, I am certain, are the sheep,—and here, again, are oxen,—this is wonderfully done; but these birds in *alto*

relievo, how dexterously are they placed there!—but that farthest extremity,' said I, 'what does it represent?'

"'The ocean,' said he, 'which you read of in Æschylus, the Greek tragedian, as surrounding the world, for so their imaginations conceived of it, not as a fact, but from such tablet as this, whereon the nature of things was represented to them.'

"'This, then,' said I, 'is a picture or representation of the earth, or of universal nature, which I behold?'

"'No,' said he, 'it is not an ordinary picture, or engraving, or map of nature, which you are now looking on, but something of a more sacred and higher character. But you shall see.'

"Then withdrawing from the tablet to some distance, and taking his position there, he desired me to approach him. 'This consecrated tablet,' said he, 'belonged, as I have informed you, to the Temple of the Sun; what artist engraved it or designed it is not known; it is of very high antiquity, and many of the figures are now nearly obliterated by age, although so great is the number indented upon it, and so curiously are these zones you have attempted to trace arranged, that none have yet been able to tell either the number of them or their exact limits, or to enumerate the species of animals—whether quadrupeds, birds, fishes, or insects—which seem to crowd every part of it, and yet on further examination are found to be confined each to its own appropriate zone: and you see what numbers of fishes,' said he, 'on the farther circumference.'

"I again took a cursory view of the tablet, from the new position I now occupied, and afterwards a more minute one, and I was astonished to find that it seemed again in many respects new to me, and I could discover a greater variety of all sorts of living creatures on its surface than I had been able to detect before in the first position from which I viewed it. But I still noticed the same distinct appear-

ance of the concentric circles and interposed zones, each teeming with its own inhabitants. 'Here,' said I, 'is order indeed, but yet what a labyrinth! it is an order that bids defiance to all my faculties of discrimination to mark it.'

"'Be contented,' said he; 'you will discover the order more perfectly when you do not endeavor to grasp it with too close an inspection: it is number without number, and limit without limit; it is finiteness to the careless glance, but infiniteness when more attentively regarded.'

"'I observe it to be so,' said I, 'for, again endeavoring to trace these apparently very symmetrical lines, I find myself again lost in confusion.'

"'Do not again,' said he, 'make the attempt; you will learn more by a cursory observation. But follow me hither, and receive the impression of this tablet from a still nearer position. Remember, I told you the engraving was consecrated to the Temple of the Sun; let us watch, then, the successive gleams of the sun's light that fall upon it, as we look through this thick foliage which now intercepts it from our view. Watch; you will see reason to admire still more the skill and ingenuity of the sacred artist who designed this work, for I can assure you he was no ordinary person, but not less remarkable for his philosophy than for his art. But do not look too partially, but as it were negligently, and on the whole design at once, and through the shade of these green boughs. What do you see?' said he.

"'This is very wonderful, indeed! and the perfection and triumph of art,' said I; 'I see nothing now on that tablet but a most graceful and perfect human figure, the most beautiful and animated I have ever before seen engraven on stone or impressed on canvas. *These*, then,' said I, 'are your arts in the East; they indeed surpass all that I have ever beheld; and no paintings or sculptures which I have ever seen are to be compared with this mystic representation.'

"'It is indeed,' said the philosopher, 'very wonderful, and deserving of all the praise you can bestow upon it. But such works are not the product of modern ingenuity. Genius and the sight of true beauty are now extinct among men; but for these the Magi among the Persians were formerly celebrated, and their arts of design and expression were such visible representations of their philosophical discoveries or opinions. For I suppose you are now aware what was designed to be represented by this engraving?'

"'I see distinctly,' said I, 'and I beg you will more fully explain some of these particulars, and especially this last phenomenon of the engraving, which crowns the interest of the whole.'

"'You discern more clearly now,' said he, 'than you did before, that the tablet was not designed to be a representation merely of nature, but visibly to show an opinion entertained by the artist respecting man, and the specific and general order of nature. That there is an order, a plan, and an arrangement, in nature, observed by the Deity in the construction of the universe, he indicated by these lines so distinctly drawn, and which you saw so clearly at a first glance; but that at the same time this order is such that it cannot be exactly discovered or described by science, and the unlimited and infinite be drawn within the boundaries and limits of the finite, is shown to the life and graphically by that confusion which you complained of as springing up in your mind when you would attempt studiously to trace out the marks of these zones and boundaries. Nature has indeed her boundaries and landmarks of sacred observation, but they are always most obvious to the most unpretending observers; to these they are deeply and distinctly visible on the broad and unartificial tablet of nature's engraving. But that you find distinct spaces filled with specific classes of animals,

the sacred artist (for he must have been at once a priest and a philosopher; the two were united in the ancient Magi) meant thereby to designate that the brute irrational animals are confined in their range of existence, not only as respects their localities, but also those instincts with which they are endowed, and those uses for which they are adapted. For this is a remark of antiquity, and particularly noted in the writings and in the wisdom of the ancients, that each species of animals is circumscribed within a narrow zone of existence, the boundaries of which are very exactly established. All the uses of the horse, for instance, could soon be catalogued, and these are at the same time inscribed on his form, which bears the natural brands and marks of his distinctive nature,—his hoof indicating his mode of travelling, the form of his back adapted to the rider, the instinctive love of approbation attaching him to his master, the natural spring of all his limbs forming a living vehicle. Take the ox,—take the sheep,—their certain, their unvarying instincts, and the form and shape of their bodies, and their social predisposition, show how specific their use is, and also how confined; and note also all the classes of the feathered tribes,—and you will find on all of them impressed the NATURAL WORDS denoted by these terms in artificial, *local*, *partial*, *exclusive*, *instrumental*, *subordinate*. This the artist, the designer of this tablet, had noted in long observation, and impressed upon his mind; he had seen in this manner the grand idea of the universe parcelled out by the divine and original Artist himself into many characters which thus became imitable; for had not the Deity condescended thus to reveal the glory of his unity, in a marked variety of harmonizing parts, the conception of the work of God, as the work of God, would have been beyond the grasp of a finite intelligence; but it is a beautiful condescension of the Creator that he has thus exhibited his whole work in parts limited

and bounded, so that we might recognize it and perceive it, and in some measure describe it and faintly imitate it, which we never could have done in the least if it had not been put up in parts, and so rendered subject to analysis and accessible to intelligent admiration. This the Persian artist understood; he saw, from the arrangement or plan or order of nature actually adopted, that it was *perceptible* and yet not *comprehensible*, that we can *apprehend* but not *comprehend* the works of God; for this reason were those spaces so marked off on this mystic tablet of art that they are limited and defined to the first glance and the popular apprehension,—they are apprehended readily, but if you will try yet a third time to follow these boundaries to their beginnings or their endings, you will again find yourself lost in inextricable confusion, and, instead of seeing your way better, you will find it more entangled. But yet is it not clear as day that all these parts exist, and that the animal kingdom is a whole, and unit, composed of many parts?'"

Here the stranger informed us that he again interposed, and observed to the philosopher that he could now discover a glimpse of the grand design of the artist; "but tell me," said he to the philosopher, "there is yet one thing I do not understand, and that is to myself the most marvellous of all: at this third station, and through this intervening bough of green leaves, as the light of the sun fell upon the sculptured figures,—in that mellowed and attempered light, we discovered, as you showed me, no longer the figures individually, but the whole together, as a MAN! This appears to me a most exquisite effect of art, and I apprehend the philosophical emblem intended by it must be no less astonishing and grand, although I confess I do not well understand it."

"You perceive," said the philosopher, "when you inspected the whole of these grouped figures, in all their

compartments, after having looked attentively as well as cursorily at all of them, you did not find the human figure."

"I did not," said he, "and I was rather surprised at that, although I did not express my surprise."

"But," said the philosopher, "you shall now understand it: for you perceive that each one of these animals is a specific or *partial* thing; these bounded spaces within which they range, each race apart, show that distinctly; none of these, then, is lord, there is none so powerful or prevailing that his zone extends over the whole."

"None," said the stranger.

"Then," said the philosopher, "here is the mastery of the artist, and here, too, the superiority of his philosophy: if man had occupied a zone there in *alto* or *basso relievo*, although covered with the hues of golden light and resplendent with the beams of heaven, he still would have ranked among the animals, of which yet he is the lord, and he would have taken on a local character, when nevertheless no localities can bound his dominions or his superiority. The artist, through this signal device, by which you were enabled to see *only* the human figure gloriously displayed, here now from this third position, amid this intervening foliage and in that softened light, has told more by his chisel, and this entrancing view of its effects, than all the words of the Persian language ever could have made known of the relations of man to the rest of the animal creation,—far more, I am afraid, than I could now explain to you, but yet I will attempt it."

"Do so, I beseech you," said the stranger.

"It seems to me," said the philosopher, "he probably meant—for such in some degree was the philosophy of the ancient Magi—he probably meant to show that man holds under him, as parts of himself, the specific appetites and dispositions of the whole animal creation, and that these,

in their individual genera, typify, as animals, parts of their sovereign and lord, each reflecting, so to speak, some attribute or affection of the rational human being, which emblem is the livery which they wear, and by which they stand acknowledged his servants, and obedient and submissive to his sway. Thus they are altogether rudimental, animal outlines of his form, and emulating his perfection,—rude sculptured figures in stone,—fragments of a great design, but which is not understood, until the MAN is seen which gives relief to the whole; but neither is man discovered but in that light of the sun which is shed on creation when forthwith nature becomes the mirror of God, and his *image* alone is revealed amid the profusion of created objects, and philosophy beholds it from the secluded retreats of nature, through the soft and attempered light of science and of wisdom."

"You consider, then," said the stranger, "that man is the image of God reflected on the mirror of nature, and that philosophy, from her third and favorite position, in the light of heaven, its glare softened through science, this bough of tender leaves, is enabled to discover this."

"My friend," said the philosopher, "I am not very sure that I explain this design to you successfully. I propose to you only hints. I have been myself often and again here to survey this mystic tablet, and I am never able altogether to satisfy myself as to its entire import. It seemed to me just now that I could put you in perfect possession of the intentions of the artist; I seemed to have grasped the bold outlines of the enigmatical representation, but, when I have tried to make them known to you, like that tracery of divine order on the stone itself which you sought to follow up, it seems in a great measure to have escaped me. But I beseech you look again on that tablet itself, as the gleams of sunshine fall upon it and between these soft green leaves, and mark once more the entire sculptured

hieroglyphics of animated nature,—how beautifully, how perfectly they portray to our view the human form divine, in glorious lineaments."

"I cannot but admire," said the stranger, "an art so perfect as this; but surely art is never so beautiful as when it reflects the philosophy of religion and of man."

"The art," said the philosopher, "is almost too beautiful; I could almost wish it had been less so. It was through art that the Persians at last, and all the East, fell into idolatry; they *emblematized* so perfectly their ideas of God that the ignorant multitude, instead of having their minds raised to God by the arts which spoke of his goodness and wisdom, had, on the contrary, their minds drawn down from their Maker and fixed on the art, which thus became the object of their idolatry. And so were the gifts of God, which are these powers of embodying just conceptions, at last converted into the means of dishonoring or forgetting Him."

"Your Magi, then," said the stranger, "were at one time wise and intelligent."

"Yes, truly," replied the philosopher, "but their wisdom has been eclipsed by some sad clouds of error and ignorance; and even in Christendom I perceive that these clouds have also come over your bright sun of revelation."

"You are not ignorant, then, of what has befallen us in christendom?"

"Why should I? I am myself a devotee of the Christian religion; the apostle Thomas travelled in the East; the good seed has not all been choked."

"But you admire these relics of heathen temples?"

"I do, for they are fragments, obscured and shattered, of a noble revelation once akin to Christianity."

"I should like to see that," said the stranger.

"And you may see it," said the philosopher,—"but on another occasion."

"None so suitable as the present," said the stranger, "for the sun has still to run ere he dip his evening disk in the Red Sea."

But the philosopher could not be prevailed upon more fully to explain his sentiments on the subject so as to be intelligible; but he made some additional remarks of a profound nature, "which," said the stranger, "I cannot now recall, and did not at the time fully comprehend. But he spoke much of our sacred books, and of the low estimation in which we held them from ignorance of their real value, or a distaste of the wisdom contained in them: 'but,' said he, 'even St. Augustine might have taught you better, for he was not insensible to their true worth. Time, said St. Augustine, began with creation, and its periods are distinguished by *evening* and *morning;* but whence proceeded those distinctions, for as yet during three days no sun had gleamed from the firmament, he could only conjecture, but his conjecture was sublime, and showed a mind allied with the greatness of the subject,—that this light was derived from the City of God, the supernal abodes of the blessed, and that the evening and the morning were the shade and dawning of intelligence in human souls, through the Creator's word.'

"'But was he right?'

"'The subject,' said he, 'is too profound,—and other duties require my attention. But you will think on the tablet of mystery, and the image of creation impressed upon it: your own sacred books will teach you the rest; read them, and be wise.'"

LECTURE VI.

ANCIENT RELIGION AND MODERN SCIENCE.

I WILL read a passage from St. Augustine, connected with the subject of the last lecture, and which will serve to elucidate certain texts of sacred Scripture which I shall have occasion to produce at our present meeting; for, as my theme is distinct from theology, and yet it is important that its sacred light should be shed upon the subject, as it were, to illuminate the canvas of history and enhance its interest, I gladly avail myself of a passage which contains the explanation which I wanted, and which you can bear in mind and apply when necessary without further reference to it on my part. Non sic loquitur angelis Deus, quomodo nos invicem loquimur vel ipsi angeli nobis. Dei quippe sublimior ante suum factum locutio ipsius sui facti est immutabilis ratio, quæ non habet sonum strepentem atque transeuntem, sed vim sempiterne manentem et temporaliter operantem. Hac loquitur Deus angelis sanctis, nobis autem aliter longe positis. Quando autem etiam nos aliquid tale locutionis interioribus auribus capimus, angelis propinquamus: aut enim veritas incommutabilis per seipsam ineffabiliter loquitur, rationalis creaturæ mentibus, aut per mutabilem creaturam loquitur, sive spiritalibus imaginibus nostro spiritui, sive corporalibus vocibus corporis sensui. (De Civ. Dei, l. 16. c. 6.) God speaks not so to the angels,

as we speak to each other, or angels to us. For the SPEECH OF GOD, which produces the works of creation, is that immutable REASON from which they flow and by which they are perfected; not an evanescent voice merely, but a living energy, reaching to the farthest extremities of nature, and the most distant ages. In this manner God speaks to his holy angels, but to them audibly, to us otherwise, on account of our grosser apprehension. But when we perceive through our internal ears some faint notices of this divine speech, we approach the angels in our privileges: for it is indeed the unchangeable truth which speaks to the minds of the rational creation, to the faculties of the soul through images addressed to it, or to the body in whose organs of sense the soul watches and inclines to hear.

I spoke in my last lecture of the spirit of the early ages as pre-eminently religious, particularly in Asia; and this character still distinguishes the nations of that quarter of the globe. They have not passed yet far beyond the first stage of advancement; they are overwhelmed and almost oppressed by the idea of God; among them God is everything, man nothing; and this spirit is carried into all the studies of the intellect; among them natural history is lost in the splendor of the Deity; so deep and intense is the glory of the Creator shed upon his works, as to darken them even with an excess of effulgence; they have no inclination to investigate what is called the *natural* process or natural law of the work, surrounded as it is with the mysterious halo of the glory of the Workman. This is a highly useful class of feelings, and—no doubt for great ends—these were the earliest feelings developed in the human family; they softened the heart, and made it a fit tablet to receive the just impressions of the laws of God, that character might be stamped on the earlier stage of human society never afterwards to be obliterated, and to which the intelligence of after ages might gladly recur, to

renew their fading impressions of divine power and goodness, as in the maturity of life we have recourse to the early impressions of our childhood for the natural ideas of objects. But this is a stage in the history of nations which must necessarily be a temporary one; for, although it be a momentous truth, necessary to be often recalled, that we live in the presence of an omnipotent and all-seeing Creator, yet this consideration was not intended habitually to subdue our faculties, and, as it were, to crush our natural energies; but, on the contrary, we know it to be a part of the beneficence of the Divine Being to appear to withdraw himself occasionally, like a kind and indulgent father, from the view of his children, in order that this overwhelming awe may be taken off our spirits, and we be left, as it were, to the playfulness of our own joyous and active minds. It certainly is not the intention of the Parent of the universe that those natural faculties which He has given us should be crushed under the sense of his presence, but rather that they should be directed to find their appropriate recreation and means of expansion in that profusion of material objects which are scattered around us. But it is not these natural and scientific faculties which are most energetically developed in the earlier stages of society, but, on the contrary, the religious affections of mankind, so that the sense of the Creator is much more vivid and distinct than the knowledge of his works,—and from obvious reason, since religion must first bind mankind together in society before science can be expected to benefit them; it is more important to acknowledge God than to understand nature, and faith is superior to philosophy.

God said, Let the dry land appear: and it was so: inasmuch as it was indispensable that we should know that these blooming continents which adorn our globe rose at the will and bidding of an intelligent and beneficent Creator, therefore this communication is first made to mankind, and

the synopsis of the event, without any respect to the time which it occupied in the accomplishment, is presented to the view, as a convenient tablet on which the important truth is inscribed,—that the continents of the inhabited earth have emerged from the ocean, not by any dark law of fate, not by any nature independent of God, but, really and truly, by the order and will of God: GOD SAID, *Let the dry land appear:* and IT WAS SO. And it is this idea afterwards which sheds light and glory on the whole of creation,—we do not always think of it, we do not often interpret our own feelings on such occasions, or express our thoughts even to ourselves; but it is this *first* truth which we received from revelation—that "in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth"—which clothes the mountains with that sublimity which we discover in them as they raise their heads to heaven, which invests the smiling landscapes of our wide and far-spreading continent with the tints of loveliness and beauty. What would all be—the most perfect exhibition of nature—unless recommended to our love and admiration by those ideas of God, enlivened by that spirit which emanates from early revelation, when GOD SAID, *Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after its kind, whose seed is in itself upon the earth: and it was so:* it comes over us like the recollections of infancy, as reviving and as true. And these impressions were far more to them than physical truth is to us; and indeed it is to these *first* impressions that physical truth now is indebted for the greater part of its attractions. And this observation brings at once the spirit of our own times before us. The *theology of creation* was revealed to the earliest ages, the *science* of *creation* is now beginning to be revealed to us; and these two points of time afford favorable positions from which to consider the natural history of man, and the rise and progress of his philosophy.

It seems very improbable that the early nations reflected at all on the science of creation; it was not the geology, but the theology of the subject, which interested them. It was enough for them to know that the *dry land appeared*, stocked with innumerable tribes of living creatures, and covered with a superabundance of varied vegetation for their use and enjoyment, and to be informed that all this distinction and variety and harmony of objects was the result of successive acts of creative Intelligence; and they cared not what length of time each act may have required for its perfect manifestation. It was sufficient for them to see that there was an *order*, and that God was the author of this, as well as the creation itself. Hence they knew, from that divine inspiration which pervaded their minds, that the world was created by God, and in SIX DAYS, for so they expressed these distinct and successive periods, and they inquired no further into the subject; but they felt and perceived that there rested on the bosom of nature a calm and serene repose,—which forbade them to harbor the idea of haste or precipitation, confusion or disorder, in the different steps of the proceeding,—in the production of that magnificent whole whose perfection they contemplated. But it was the mental and the religious and the divine, and not the temporal or the material or the geological, which appeared to their minds and interested their affections; hence there was produced in that stage of human society an order of pure and exalted truths which science never can improve, as she never could have discovered them; all she can do is prepare the way for their reception.

Science can discover no new truth in regard to the *personal* existence of God, or his unity, or his spiritual attributes; but she is limited to the investigation of his works. Science never could have found out the beautiful truth announced to us in these simple words, "God said, Let the dry land appear, and it was so;" but science can now

explore the work thus created, and whatever ideas space and time can unfold to her on this mighty theme she can faithfully record and very distinctly demonstrate; but in vain might she attempt to impugn or protect a truth which transcends at once her means and her efforts. But yet it is to be confessed that it is this truth, made known through religion to the earliest ages, which confers the most delightful interest on modern science, particularly on that of geology. After having been informed that "GOD SAID, *Let the dry land appear*, and it was so," we proceed with the most lively and cheerful anticipations to examine the physical aspects of that magnificent work, thus announced to have been accomplished by Omnipotence.

When we behold a full-grown man in the perfection of vigor and health, the splendor of reason and intelligence, and are informed that "God created man in his own image, after his likeness," we are attracted with tenfold interest to the examination of the object which is placed before us, and the structure of his mind and body, and the successive developments of the parts and proportions of each. And with what delight do we then learn the particulars of his history,—that he existed at one time in a condition very different from the present,—until his formation, namely, was complete,—when he was ushered into the world with his organs and senses already adapted for a residence here; but that his limbs were still frail, until developed and strengthened through their infantile play; and that then at last he rose on his feet and essayed to walk, which he accomplished at first with difficulty, and at length with ease; and that in the mean time his soul expanded as his body grew; and that his intellectual and moral faculties, corresponding with his outward form, spread forth gradually and ripened into perfection, until at last he became both mentally and corporeally that noble being which we first beheld, worthy to be considered the *chef d'œuvre* of creation. But when

science has explored the entire physical process of the work or its mental contours, and discovered what she terms the *laws of growth and development* in body and in mind, has she disconcerted in the least, or at all interfered with, or contravened in any degree, that other truth before announced through revelation,—namely, that God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life? It remains firm and unshaken as on an immovable rock. The same observations apply, and with equal force, to the labors of modern geologists: they do not in the least affect those truths before announced in regard to the creation of the world, and for this simple reason, that they refer not to the workman, but to the physical characters of the work.

This distinction now begins to be understood, and will be so more and more, as the truths of religion and the truths of science are seen to be of different orders, sometimes apparently blended, but never actually confounded. But religion is the elder born, and takes precedence of science, and sheds her own warm light upon her, which science is sometimes fain to claim as her own. Herein she errs, for she has no inherent light but what is natural. But I see them rise, and each in its own epoch and its native majesty! Religion as the sun, but risen indeed many years ago, even at the birth of creation; and now, after having impressed its beams on every object, and hallowed each, inclined, as it were, to sink in the west, to leave the world for a space, to be remembered rather than seen, for such is the estimation in which religion is now held. But lo! there rises eastward another orb, reflecting a sober and borrowed light; science has her just emblem in the moon,—and our modern ages, so tender is our intellectual sight, seem disposed to prefer this feebler radiance; and it may be well, or it may be necessary for a time; but, at all events, the two are now distinctly recognized, the one,—as

the sun setting in the west, with calm and untroubled disk, after having run its course,—primeval theology; the other, just rising in the east, the moon of science, reflecting theology, and shedding a useful and grateful light on these benighted times.

But such comparisons perhaps may perplex the subject. Be it, then, simply told that, three thousand years ago or upward, theology in the eastern world stood unconfounded with science, and men heard from her, and were satisfied with the response; that "in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth,"—that "God said let there be light and there was light," and they heard the number of the days of creation also, and were satisfied; and similarly, in our times, it may be affirmed that science stands on her own ground, unoccupied by theology, and expounds facts and establishes conclusions no longer fearing or being feared; and men are now in regard to science what they used to be in regard to religion,—free and unembarrassed, serving but one master. And this is the more worthy of observation when we recollect the history of the intervening period, how science has been confounded with religion and religion with science, to the detriment and dishonor of both. "Tantoque magis hæc vanitas inhibenda venit, et coercenda, quia ex divinorum et humanorum malesana admistione, non solum educitur philosophia phantastica sed etiam religio hæretica. And the more necessary is it to restrain and repress this evil, as, from the absurd mixture of human and divine things, there is engendered not only a fanciful philosophy, but also an heretical religion."

It is only when each pursues that order and series of truths which are peculiar to each that any mutual benefit can arise; but when they encroach on each other's provinces, the most baleful effects ensue. I must remind you of an observation in a former lecture, that boundaries are sacred, and that Terminus was a god; to devolve on science

the duties of religion, or on religion the duties of science, is to bind together the living and the dead; the consequence would be deplorable. The province of each is extremely well marked, and cannot any longer be easily mistaken. Science takes a true and just copy of nature according to the relations and order of the facts and phenomena, as they really exist; theology reads this copy with a view to illustrate and enforce the truths drawn from herself; science considers her task executed when she has made a true record of all the appearances, and ascertained their laws and connections, undisturbed in her proceedings by any imagined ill results that might flow from the truth she brings to view, for she knows that "the whole of truth can never be injurious to the whole of virtue;" theology, on the other hand, feels that her task begins where that of science ends; science reflects the true image of nature, but, since that might lead the mind to idolatry, theology brings back upon that image the reflection of Deity; or, in other words, science is the scribe, but theology the interpreter; the one speaks to the understanding through the senses, the other to the mind through the reason; both are ministers of good, but each of its own; they are not unfriendly to each other's interests, and are pernicious only when confounded; the first is the offspring of simplicity and innocence and rational intuition, subdued and meek and childlike, and wearing a garland of flowers plucked from the bowers of Paradise; the other is harsh-featured, yet cheerful and undisturbed, young in years, but of an invigorated form, and claiming to be the parent of the useful arts, and to derive her chief glory and distinction from the improvements of modern society. In the history and the progress of each, you can learn much of the natural history of man; when you view both together, you see at once the infancy and the matured manhood of the human race.

But let me deal no longer in general observations, but

refer you to cases of illustration. As an instance of theology unmixed with science I refer you to the primitive apostles of Christianity,—the twelve; it is unnecessary to say that in this instance religion stands unblemished by science. "The earth and the works that are therein," says St. Peter, "shall be burned up," "nevertheless we look for a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness,"—this is an interesting theological truth, announced under the form of prophecy, but with what simplicity, what divine grandeur! What then? did St. Peter know anything or care anything about the scientific aspects of the subject? He neither knew nor cared, we may well suppose, what series of physical events would *mark* and embody the same truth to after-ages; he did not descend to these inquiries, his mind dwelt in a superior region, and uttered the truths which were native to it, although expressed in the language of space and time. But it will belong to modern geology to show what provision is made in the laws of nature for the degradation of the present continents and for the rise of newer ones from the bed of the ocean; and also to inquire whether there be not certain laws of nature—established by divine Providence, I mean—according to which vitiated and debauched races of the human family become extinct, while newer and more vigorous races, disciplined in the pure and renovating precepts of the Christian faith, take their place, and so it come to pass *naturally* that the *meek inherit the earth.* Pure science, unmixed with theology and undeceived by any former speculations, will yet have to cast her safe light over all these particular questions; and no doubt, judging from analogy, the degradation and obliteration of our modern continents will be as slow and imperceptible as their rise has been. But theology cannot explain this, far less any mixture of theology and science; for the theology of the subject is already declared perfectly by Peter; the science

is yet to come, but it must be unmixed and uncontaminated by theology. To know the absurdities that have arisen and daily spring from the mixture of science and theology, you have merely to read some of the speculations of the Fathers in the third and fourth centuries, or to recall to mind the discourses which you have heard when the creation of the world, the deluge, or the last conflagration has been the theme!

That there should be antipodes, says St. Augustine, whose feet are opposed to ours, is altogether too absurd to be believed; and he proceeds to show how it could not be, and among other reasons this is a principal one, that it were impossible they could be descended from Adam and Eve, for how could they have contrived to cross that mighty sea?—but if not the descendants of Adam and Eve they could not be men, since this was the sole original family. This is a fair specimen of the absurdity and false prejudice which result from the mixture of religion and science, and from not having it firmly fixed in the mind from the first, that the truths of theology belong to one order of ideas, the truths of science to another, and that the latter is *beneath*, the former from *above;* for, although angels have appeared in the form of men, it is not to be supposed that their bodies are material.

Another specimen of the evil resulting from mixing science with religion, to the injury of both, may be seen in the argument for the amalgamation of the African and European races, on the ground of their being one family, both descended from Adam and Eve. Sobria mente quæ fidei sunt dentur fidei. It belongs to science, and to the common instincts and feelings of mankind, to say whether there are not races of men so unlike in their temperaments as to prohibit, as nefarious and contrary to nature, the amalgamation of them. The identity and unity of the human family, imaged in Adam and Eve, is a religious, not

a scientific truth, and any deductions made from it, to have any presumption of fairness, must be religious, not scientific: thus, if from the unity of the human family, so acknowledged, it be argued that we owe to every race of mankind on the globe the same obligations of justice and mercy which we owe to each other, the argument would be a good one and no violation of right reasoning, and would brand those horrid acts of injustice of which the white race have been guilty, both to the black and to the red; but it may be safely affirmed, that had it not been for the debasement of the moral sense, the result of such injustice, the natural repugnance to amalgamation among these races, particularly between the black and white, would have been such that it never could have taken place under any circumstances. Pure religion would have disclaimed it; nature would have abhorred it. But men having first lost all sense of shame, in destroying the natural birthright of freedom in a distinct branch of the human family, no wonder this second curse—an unnatural confusion of races—has followed on the back of the other, and that we should now be about to incur this sad penalty of the transgression of the natural laws of justice and humanity. The Copts, or modern Egyptians, are a race of Negroes and Caucasians, and hence their degradation. I note it as a remarkable fact in the history of man.

The unity of the human family, then, is a religious rather than a physical truth,—that is to say, we owe justice and mercy to all men; all are our brethren; but between certain races of mankind nature has established limits which are not to be broken down but with the injury and destruction of both, and this not only science and experience, but even the inborn instincts of men themselves, sufficiently and loudly declare.

A very useful book might be written on limits of natural landmarks; but I must confine myself in this lecture to

the limits of science and theology,—to show how they are distinct, and what evils in practice and absurdities in theory the natural history of man points out as having arisen from the confusion of them.

How entirely theology was separate from science, in the minds of the first apostles of Christianity, is plain to be seen: had they been philosophers, had they been habituated to scientific investigations, although otherwise good men, they would not have been adequate for the mission on which they were employed. The Christian religion was not articulated into doctrines, but only spread on facts, until it had passed into Greece. The mind of Paul was the bridge along which the Christian religion passed from Asia into Europe, from a condition of facts into a condition of theories; the span of his gigantic mind took in both Asia and Europe, one pier of his mind sunk and rested in Asia, the other in Europe. The philosophy and science of Greece in him met with the religion and impressiveness of Asia; since Christianity itself is the most important fact in the history of man, this peculiarity in the mind of the apostle of the Gentiles is also deserving of attention. I have said that in the history of nations the religious faculties are first disclosed, and next the philosophical propensities begin to show themselves; but there is a point of junction, an intervening position, an isthmus where both eras meet, that of philosophy and that of religion; this grand junction was in the mind of Paul; philosophy and religion in him stood balanced, but flowed unequally thence to all succeeding times, down to our own, during which religion has been sometimes injuring science, and science sometimes corrupting religion, until but very recently, when there are tokens that the provinces of each will be more distinctly marked off, and their respective boundaries more carefully observed. Geology will contribute largely to-

wards this restoration of ancient landmarks, for her facts are so stubborn that religion will be compelled at last to resign an office so foreign to her nature, and derogatory to her dignity, as that of a calculator of dates and historiographer of physical events, and to resume those employments so much more congenial with her spirit and becoming her pure character, and indeed of infinitely more worth to mankind; I mean the imparting of spiritual instruction and consolation to the human mind.

But the general views and reasonings advanced in this and the preceding lecture, I find it necessary to support on a more firm basis of facts than I have yet adduced. You will remark, then, the general propositions; they are these: *first*, that the mind of primeval nations is opened chiefly, or nearly altogether, to theological or religious impressions; *secondly*, that the mind of nations more advanced in civilization is chiefly alive to the scientific or physical aspects of nature; *thirdly*, that there is also a period in society when philosophy and religion attempt to cement an alliance, and that epoch is for the most part distinguished both by an imperfect and ill-concocted science, and at the same time by a false and heretical theology; *fourthly*, I do not hesitate to declare it as my own faith on this subject (of course you are at liberty to impugn and sift it to the bottom), that the provinces of religion and science are separate and distinct, and therefore I adopt it as the watchword of my philosophy and theology, "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things which are God's." Theology and science seem to me like two currents in the atmosphere, an upper and a lower, the one moving eastwardly, the other westwardly; and, although they seem sometimes as if they would cross each other's path and occasion a tremendous commotion, yet for the most part it is found that they do not interfere; or, if they ever do, it is only when the one descends too low,

or the other mounts too high, when theology becomes scientific, or science, which is not seldom, aspires to be theological. They are two distinct orders of truth, not otherwise connected than that the facts of the one can be made to *represent* the ideas of the other, according to certain fixed laws of analogy, and that they are designed, each through the same beneficent Providence, to benefit and improve the human race; the one by administering to the soul and its heavenly faculties, and the other to the mind and to the body in their combined energies. It is true that religion, in touching the soul, affects the whole man, mind and body; language and *definition* are always inadequate to express fully these beautiful and divine arrangements, but you see sufficiently well, I hope, the general distinction: but now for the facts to establish these propositions.

For the first, then,—namely, that theology is the predominant and all-pervading influence in rude ages,—I refer you to the whole Iliad and the whole Odyssey of Homer. Every idea and tone and impression in these noble works is theological. Nothing is there allowed to happen according to any *natural law* (as we term it): all is the doing or the suggestion of some divinity, in heaven, earth, or sea, in the battle and in the camp, in the solitary musings of Ulysses, with Minerva at his side, or in his resolute deeds of revenge against his enemies, and his conflicts with adverse fortune in every form. It is unnecessary to quote a single line in proof, when the whole poem breathes nothing else. But in perusing this noble poem, the most delightful reflection, after all, is this, that the whole is *true* (a reflection, perhaps, that seldom occurs to most readers): the whole of the Odyssey is true, but only theologically so, and in a *peculiar sense;* and, although all the occurrences there related might be shown, in this *prosing* age, to have taken place according to what are called *natural laws*, that would not contradict or annul the impressions of Homer; his lofty

and daring mind soared triumphantly in that *upper current* of the atmosphere, and might see the clouds and mists of natural causes rolling in a contrary direction beneath his feet,—he might see them, but he did not regard them; for neither his age nor his mind, nor his lively and inspired countrymen, had yet any appreciation of the hues of light and beauty that beam on us from these floating mists of natural sciences and natural reasons, which to them passed unregarded as things much too puerile and earth-born to attract a moment's attention. Neptune, the god of the sea, shook the earth with his trident, and terror and alarm seized the souls of mortal men when they felt the presence of divine power; and the description of the effects filled their imaginations with the most sublime sentiments; in such a state of mind, how could they value our inquiries into the causes of subterranean heat, the laws of the expansion of fluids and gases, and the whole series of physical results ascertained or conjectured in the production of such phenomena? But when they felt that these effects took place from the exertions of divine power, and seemed almost to see the *God* amid these awful convulsions of nature, they had an appreciation of a *certain* order of truth, at all events; and, on the whole, we may say this of it, that *their* theology in regard to the subject was not more imperfect than our science now is; we know as little about the physical antecedents of earthquakes as they did in regard to their efficient *spiritual* causes. They clearly saw that these originated, in some sense, from the will and permission and providence of divine power; and we are no less certain that the generation of gases is at least *among* the phenomena which precede or accompany these appalling occurrences; our current of physical truth is about as well defined as was the tenor of their theological speculations; and there is indeed no conflict between them, nor mutual interference, the aim of each being different,—that of the one to find the

divine agent, that of the other to ascertain and describe the physical mode of operation. And science certainly is more accessible to the senses and the natural understanding, but theology not less so to the soul and its rational faculties.

The manners which Homer describes are those of a very remote age. Take the example of a people nearer to modern times, the Persians, when visited by Herodotus, about four hundred years before the Christian era. The passage which I translate will corroborate all I have said in regard to the religious impressions received from the universe in the ruder ages of society, impressions which *include* truths of a much higher order than any which science unaided can unfold to her admirers in the more advanced periods of civilization. "I have known the Persians to observe these customs: they are not permitted by their laws to have erected among them either statues or temples or altars, and they brand with folly the people which do such things; and it seems to me the reason is, that they do not, like the Greeks, imagine the gods to be possessed of human passions and affections; no, but on the contrary, the laws enjoin it upon them to ascend on their loftiest mountains, and there to offer sacrifices to Jupiter, and that expanse of the naked heaven which they behold they call by the name of Jupiter; but other acts of worship also they perform to the sun, and the moon, and the earth, and the water, and to such only, in their original ritual; but other observances also they have recently introduced from the surrounding nations." (Lib. i. c. 131.) He then describes, as an eye-witness, their mode of sacrifice; it was extremely simple, performed on "a pure spot of ground," without fire, libations, cakes, garlands, or music, and he who offered it wore on his head simply a crown of myrtle; and, observes the father of history, when he utters a prayer on the occasion he is not allowed to supplicate good for himself in particular, but for

all the Persians, and the king, he himself being included among his countrymen.

Persia was on the confines of the ancient land of Judea, or that territory of the globe whence has emanated the light of an infallible revelation; and it is interesting to find in the scattered and brief notices of earlier religion, which you meet with in ancient authors, the ideas become more sublime and pure and elevated above the region of science and art, as they originate from the countries bordering on or near to that felicitous and consecrated spot of earth, or approximating that era when divine revelations were rife, and true as rife. It is certainly a remarkable fact, that religion is always the loftier and purer in the proportion that it is not commingled with art, but is read as it is written, fresh, on those natural emblems which seem its only just and appropriate expressions. And also this further suggestion arises in our minds, when we read such passages as this one from Herodotus, *that* when natural objects begin to be contemplated under the speculative and useful light of science they cease to represent to the mind, so readily as they did before, that pure and original theosophy of which they are the divine and instituted types, that replendent and glorious undecaying page of nature, on which the eyes of ten thousand thousand generations have been successively fixed in the respective periods of their earthly sojourn to receive wisdom; and yet the book is still as fresh and new as when it was first unfolded to the view of mankind. But when scientific inquiries reach to every object within the domain of the senses, and beyond it, a less enchanting, but perhaps a more *useful*, view begins to take the place of the earlier impressions and sentiments of the first inhabitants of the globe. Nations which have made but little proficiency in science and the arts of civilization, but enough to make them vain, entertain great contempt for the rudeness of primitive nations, and their

absurd interpretations of natural occurrences; and certainly they were absurd, if viewed in the light of *physical* explanations, but not such when considered as the rude expressions of religion,—on the contrary, oftentimes replete with the most beautiful and impressive truth.

The Romans, in the age of Tacitus (A.D. 100) had dipped into the penumbra of science; and you can readily account for the contempt in which he held the Jews, and which appears in his account of them: and they were certainly contemptible as regarded all that was estimable in the eyes of the Romans; and neither nation was at this time capable of estimating those divine and immaculate truths which had poured like a stream in earlier ages over the minds of their shepherd kings and their humble and enraptured prophets. The sealed vision of science was unable to discover the smallest twinklings of that *supernal light* which begins at last to be recognized,—and a better age is on its way. But hear what Tacitus says of the Jews, more than seventeen centuries ago: "The Egyptians venerate the images of animals. The Jews worship one Deity only, and that, too, with a veneration purely mental; and they hold those to be profane who, out of the materials of human workmanship, construct images of gods in the likeness of men; believing the Supreme Intelligence to be eternal, subject neither to mutation nor decay, on which account they will not suffer statues to be erected even in their cities, much less in their temples." In this manner Tacitus correctly speaks of their worship, while at the same time he represents the nation itself as exceedingly depraved, and addicted to the most degrading vices; he appears also to have been very incorrectly informed in regard to the origin of the people or their customs. It is perhaps little to be wondered at, considering how low the character of the Jews at this time was, that their manners and rites should have appeared disgusting to a mind of that

stern and philosophical cast which belonged to Tacitus; but yet it is questionable if, even under the best aspects of the national character, he would have found much to admire or to attract his attention: and here it is that we have to remark a singular fact in the history of the human mind, that not unfrequently the most wonderful developments of religion in one age or nation, bearing the clear impress of revelation, find hardly any favor or regard from another age or nation which happens to have received a different bent,—to be attracted by science rather than religion. It has been said that ghosts and beings of flesh and blood do not recognize each other, even when in actual contact, and that they may cross each other's path unobserved and unobserving; it is even so in regard to science and theology; they are totally unknown to each other, and therefore mutually despised, often when in the closest neighborhood. The Greeks and Romans knew not the Jews, nor the Jews them; they heartily despised each other,—at least within the period of ascertained history, after the Greeks and Romans had become imbued with philosophy. The mystical displays of the attributes of the infinite revealed ONE, which had been sources of unalloyed delight to the earlier inhabitants of the mountainous regions of Palestine, were unmeaning fooleries or incomprehensible jargon to the excited, strong, imperial mind of Rome, or the subtle, ingenious, hair-splitting philosophy of Greece; on the contrary, the Asiatics could see nothing either attractive or rational in the genius or institutions of either of those people. But why need we seek at such a distance instances of this antipathy or insensibility of mutual merits in theosophy and science? In modern days we often find the religionist boasting of his ignorance of all scientific acquisitions, and, on the other hand, your philosopher treating with utter contempt every kind of truth which is not either mathematical or derived from

natural facts; and it is difficult to say which in such cases shows the greatest degree of folly, the exclusive religionist, or the exclusive sciolist; it is certain that both dishonor and disparage sadly that beneficial arrangement, and order of ends, which has been provided by the Creator for the well-being of the human race, through which we are endowed at once with a mortal and an immortal life; and, although the last be the more excellent, yet even the first is indispensable to the last: science, or the knowledge of nature, belongs to the first; theosophy, or the knowledge of God, belongs to the last.

I have now shown from the example of the earliest Greeks in Homer, of the ancient Persians in Herodotus, of the ancient inhabitants of Palestine in the instance of our pure and sacred Scriptures, that theosophy is the predominant habit of the mind in the first ages and among the ruder nations. I could gather illustrations from numerous other quarters, as the ancient Germans, the aboriginal Britons, and the children of nature of this continent; but this would be tedious.

In support of the position that in these times in which we live science is in the ascendant, it is unnecessary to bring evidence. It is universally acknowledged.

Of the ill consequences both to science and theology which have resulted from the attempt to reason from the one to the other, we have seen numerous instances since the Reformation. The mischief of reasoning from theology to science is seen in the attempt that was made in the time of Galileo to make the earth stand still, and the sun to move round it, because theology said that it was agreeable to the wording of her creed that it should be so; forgetting at the same time that it was not a creed of science that had been written for theology, but a creed of a different character; and in her creed, touching such matters, theology can aver but this, that all those *appearances* which are beneficial to

human kind are according to the ordination of God; and, although science may afterwards discover that such *appearances* are the natural results of other series of facts than were at first apprehended, they are not surely the less in accordance with the divine intelligence on that account, or the less worthy of our admiration. The theological truth is the same still, however the scientific adjustments of the fact may be shifted and re-shifted. In whatever direction a gift of kindness and solid good may have come to me from my *best friend*, provided it has reached me at last, and I am sure it is from *him*, it will signify nothing, in regard to the tenor of my affection for him, in how many different ways it may have travelled; and even if his voice may have reached me through an echo, it is still his voice. It belongs to science to trace out curiously all these winding natural channels, and when it has ascertained them, to call them *laws;* but it belongs to theology, and that alone, to make known the will and attributes of that hidden *personal* intelligence which employs these communications. And science, indeed, may clear a wider space over which the light may be diffused, but can neither point to its source nor add to its brilliancy. The sun shone as brightly over this western world before the white man had cleared a single spot for his dwelling or his sustenance, as it has ever since done.

Another instance where theology has reasoned into science, to the impediment of science and the obscuration of herself, is in reference to the action of a universal deluge on our globe. The flood of Noah is to be regarded as a theological, rather than a physical fact, and under this view as the most absolute and essential *truth;* but what then? The theologian has no more business to dictate to the geologist what he must believe in regard to the action of water on the globe, or how he shall square his speculations on that subject, than the geologist himself would be entitled, from his science, to tell the theologian what divine and moral

truths, addressed to the consciences of mankind, he ought to discover in the Bible; and that if he have promulgated any which ought not to be there, being contrary to certain *theological* principles deduced from geology, he must recall them, on pain of being accounted a *heretic*, and branded as such by all genuine admirers of geology.

These are instances of reasoning or leaping from theology to science as if they were one, on the same champaign of philosophy; still worse is it when the action is reversed, and you reason from science to theology. The shipwrecks of faith and reason sustained in this unnatural retrograde movement of the human mind are lamentable even to think on, and more rife since the Reformation than ever before; it is a painful chapter of the history of man, and I would fain omit it, but nevertheless you cannot but see how men—carrying the facts they have discovered in natural history to the interpretation of the sacred Scriptures, and not finding the facts there (as they view them) to quadrate with those they bring—forthwith dismiss as fabulous what they conceive inconsistent, not knowing or understanding that natural facts are not there the things specially revealed, but are merely taken as they *seemed* to be, but that the *divine impressions* thereon left, and legible to every careful mind, are the things that are truly and essentially revealed. But this is a subject I dare not enter on, lest it should lead me astray, for I am not a theologian here, but an historian, remarking the different phases of the human mind in ages far remote and dissimilar.

If, then, you would see two opposite epochs, and *men* the most unlike, bring *twelve* from the centre of Asia, from the sea of Galilee—unlettered fishermen—there found eighteen hundred years ago, and *twelve* from the centre of Massachusetts, now, and these the most bookish, of a people the most devoted to books; and let the twelve meet the twelve: would they understand each other's speech? I wot not; but

there you listen to the simple, the primitive, the good, the divine theology of Asia, uttered from the lips of fishermen, infants almost, telling so sinlessly all they had heard and seen,—the natural impressions which had been made on their confiding, yielding minds; it was the hand of God upon their soul, and the *form* was still there fresh and entire; they loved it too much to disturb or interfere with it; you heard, you saw, just as they had heard and seen,—it was not obliterated, it was not shifted in the least: but how is it met *here* in the *twelve* I have supposed? They, too, hear and see, but it is no longer what the first twelve either heard or saw,—the *whole* truth, and nothing but truth; but it is now broken into fragments, and reason usurps the place of sacred faith, and science is at her back, and questions and doubts, and doubts and questions succeed, quick and pert and strong, until at last the twelve apostles are ready to abandon the land of the pilgrim, bewailing that books and science, once useful but now abused, are usurping or have usurped the room of the discreet and modest affections,—simple and unblemished belief,—about to consign the human soul (if Providence prevent not) to all the wretchedness of its own wisdom, the poverty of its own imagined wealth.

But there are manifest tokens of the approach of a better age, an age which will unite the perfections of both religion and science, ascertain their spheres of action, and know their periods of vicissitude; for God made these two great lights, and *that* greater light to rule the day, *this* lesser light to rule the night.

LECTURE VII.

ORIGIN AND PERPETUATION OF NATURAL RACES OF MANKIND.

The physical revolutions of the globe are not more remarkable and varied than the moral have been; but it is but a speck of either we behold. We make ourselves the measure of the universe; and within the contracted span of our own life, or our own *written* history, we endeavor to crowd the images of the magnitude and extent of the works of God,—truly a narrow and confined mirror in which to behold the just relations of things. But as miniature paintings of a vast natural landscape may be exhibited in reflection from a very small compass of glass or other polished substance, so in the actions of human life, or the wider extent of national history, we may behold represented to us some obscure and well-proportioned ideas of the grander operations of Providence; we may discover something of the plan and other characters which belong to it; but still when we make that part the whole, or the *visible* proportions, the actual spaces of time and place, we must be involved in grievous and melancholy error. We speak of the *order* by which the ways of Providence are characterized, and justly; but yet what a mass of apparently disjointed events and materials do we behold, in which we can trace no symptom of order! what heaps of the ruins of a former world are piled up to form the sub-

stratum and surface of these continents we inhabit! how our imaginations toil to trace the infinitely slow progress of all that chain of occurrences and physical events which at last have terminated in these appearances so familiar to our eyes, and which our fancies, taking *human history* as the gauge of time, might conceive to have been of rapid formation what yet must have been the work of a series of ages, which our imaginations refuse to count! A thousand years are as one day, and one day as a thousand years, in the masonry and stupendous building of illustrious nature; no wonder a confusion meets us in appearance, when the work is so much beyond the grasp of our ordinary conceptions; and yet *perhaps—no doubt*, rather we may say—every storm that devastates a country, every flood or swelling of waters that sweeps our frail works and the ruins of embanked rivers with all their load of vegetation and fruitful soil to the ocean, is but some slight vestige of that great design prosecuted perhaps for millions of years, by which it is intended that a new earth shall arise out of the wrecks and spoils of this fair continent which we now inhabit.

But with a new earth must arise a new heaven; and it would be easy to demonstrate, or rather you can see it at a glance, that with the change of the present position or surface of the land on the globe, the entire climate or atmospherical condition of the whole earth would be remodified and changed. And in fact we live every instant, if we knew it, in the midst of awful revolutions, and every act of apparent destruction or disorder in our view is, on a more extended range of contemplation, taking in an immeasurable lapse of ages, the most perfect order, and wisdom, and perfection. In like manner, every symptom of apparent disorder in the animated kingdom also, not less than on the physical surface of the globe, would vanish, could we but take in a wider space of time into our calcu-

lation: but in regard even to the probable destinies of nations and tribes of men, we are in like manner thrown into doubt or sad anticipation, from not reflecting that, as respects the history of our race, hardly even the first hour of morn has yet passed over our heads; and yet we quarrel with the disposition of human destinies, because we still see numerous nations or even whole races of mankind sunk in what we esteem hopeless ignorance and barbarity, and but one race alone, the white race, apparently advanced on the career of early civilization. We forthwith dream of partiality, and, judging of the future by the past, we lament that law of stern necessity which in our imaginations chains several races in the constant and unvarying monotony of ignorance and savage simplicity. But did we only cast our eye over the globe, mark how different and distinct is the genius that distinguishes each settled people, and read the differing hues of all their countenances, and the peculiar casts of all their features, the unequivocal declarations of distinct mental and intellectual and affectuous temperaments, we would see reason to hesitate as to the admission of favoritism or partiality because all were not advancing abreast in their career of moral or intellectual progress. There is undoubtedly a time and a period of succession marked out for each natural race of men on the globe; the torch of improvement and advancing illumination is unquestionably destined to pass from hand to hand; *but we see not yet the order*, and conjecture alone and probability can take the auspices in such enterprises and expeditions of inquiry as these.

But neither are those investigations alone useful wherein absolute certainty may be attained; but in pursuing the natural history of man I have thought it might be sometimes instructive to turn our steps on the regions of darkness, as well as on the borders of light, since it is no less profitable to understand of how many things—and those

most wonderful, too—we are ignorant than it is to ascertain how much we know. For wisdom does not lie so much in knowledge as in a sense of our deficiency; and he who has never raised his eyes over the extent of an interminable ocean, bounded only by an unlimited sky, might imagine the pool or artificial pond at his door the biggest extent of water on the globe. And I open an interminable subject when I bring under your view the various natural races or families of men,—a subject on which I must confess I am myself lost; for, notwithstanding all I have read or heard or seen in regard to it, I can hardly determine for myself, far less make it clear to you, where *this* begins or *that* other ends. It seems, however, a fact that cannot be denied, that there are original races of men, the lines between which are distinctly drawn by nature herself; and I have only to mention to you the Indian, the African, the European, to call up the indelible impressions of distinct natural forms which are engraved on your own memories. Were I to attempt distinctly to delineate these in words I should but confuse the picture in your minds and the images in my own: it is perhaps the best natural proof that can be given, that there are originally distinct races, that we cannot artificially or to our own satisfaction precisely trace out the lines that separate them. Nature's works are too fine and delicately touched to be correctly given by art; all that we can do is to note a few particulars; but where distinctions are accidental, or have arisen in art or social institutions, such definitions or descriptions can more readily be made.

But the most wonderful circumstance that here attracts our attention is the different and distinct portions of the globe which have been assigned to these natural races; we can only point to the fact, we cannot explain it. To say that all mankind originally perfectly resembled each other, and that the several natural varieties which now exist have

arisen out of local circumstances,—the action of external causes,—is to adopt a gratuitous explanation which cannot be shown to have any foundation in fact. On the other hand, to say that the different races have sprung out of separate original pairs of human beings, that were created purposely to be the distinct progenitors of these several races, is equally absurd and unsupported: for, in the first place, although we see it to be a law that children take on a general likeness of their parents, yet at the same time that likeness is never so perfect as not to admit of considerable deviation from the parental model; and we are totally unable to determine how far that deviation may extend, or what incongruities may in the progress of generations spring up, and under what kind of influences.

It would be endless to recount the numerous theories which have been broached upon this subject, and, since one theory is about as good as another, where none is founded on firm facts, a new theory might also be propounded here, or rather a new view of the facts. And it might be easy then to imagine (which we also believe to be the fact) that the whole human family is actually sprung from a single pair, but that this single pair possessed within them the *innate tendency* to give rise, in the progress of generations, to *several distinct origins of races*, in the children which were born of them, which, afterwards separating, not under the auspices of chance, but the better influences of that benign power under whose sway chance has no allotment, were led, each to distinct quarters of the earth, there to lay the foundations of nations, which, at first apparently unequal in their fortunes, are yet designed to discover equally grand, although different energies of good, reflected on them from the attributes of the Creator. How unlike, often, are the children of one pair! And slumbering faculties that once were awake in early progenitors will be latent in several generations, and again, as it were, suddenly and unex-

pectedly burst forth in some remote descendant; and the very mind and form perhaps will reappear in the family after five or six generations: this fact is ascertained where portraits of families have been preserved. Where in the mean time were the latent genius, the latent form? Do we know anything of the laws according to which all this takes place? And whence, then, the unreserved, the bold assertion of Voltaire and others, that the different races of mankind could not have sprung from a single pair? What do *we* know, what could *he* know, of that single pair? *What* was that single pair? Has science told us? can it tell us? We know nothing of it but from theology, and the truths of theology are not to be degraded to the level of science. The Adam and Eve of our sacred Scriptures are characters too sacred, representing truths too momentous, to be made the playthings of a philosophical discussion; they were not intended evidently, as there spoken of, to be regarded merely as personages of history.

When, therefore, I speak of a first pair, I shall imagine a first pair; and what, I would ask, can we know of those endowments, physical and mental, with which they were invested? Is it to be held an impossible supposition that the Creator may have so moulded them as to have contained within them the types of all the families of the earth. If the type of the form and genius of a distinguished individual of a family can be latent in several generations and again reappear with its original brilliancy, as it did in the first that wore it, could we wonder that the Creator may have conferred upon the mind and form of the first pair the singular endowment of being able to be the cause and the natural stock whence should spring several distinct and ever afterwards separated races, which were to take their several stations on this beauteous globe, their adorned dwelling-place, which through a long series of protracted epochs had been preparing and was at length prepared to be for them

an appropriate habitation? But the places assigned them, under the unseen guidance of this divine voice and hand, were exactly such as were most suitable to that peculiar genius and temperament which was infixed in their forms. But man, of all living beings, is the most versatile and the least fixed in his ways and his genius; he is not made perfect, but intended to be perfected by the influence of the arts and education which he is himself to evolve. And hence in part, also, may arise the versatility even of his outward form, the natural image of his disposition. Man is not perfect, but is to be made such. The animals are perfect, their forms are more fixed; man's form varies and may continue to vary, it is more soft and malleable. As the mind and soul receive new impressions of religion, of liberty, and real improvement, may not the body also assume and transmit to posterity greater beauty and perfection of form?

This may account, although not for those grand and graphic distinctions of races, as between the Africans and Europeans, yet for those minor differences which appear among Europeans and Africans themselves. Do we not perceive before our eyes the confined and as it were *crushed* forms of the lower Germans, as compared with the native Americans, not in adults only, but even in children. Whence is this? is there not something in the native air of true freedom to alter and expand even the form? Whence is it, then, that the American child, after two or three generations from Germany, raises his head higher on his shoulders, and that the nose, lips, eyes, ears—in short, all the features—appear more distinctly to take their places, and keep more out of each other's way than they do in the German physiognomy, where all seem huddled together in confusion and indistinctness,—correctly representing that very mist and disorder which still broods over his faculties, ere the genius of American liberty has said to his benighted

soul, "Let there be light"? That this is not all fancy, I am certain; I do not ascribe, however, these transformations to climate or circumstance, but to that spirit of mental light and intelligence which now meets him,—in short, to the political and moral atmosphere, rather than the physical, although no doubt there is a certain harmony between the two. For we cannot believe it to have been a matter of pure accident that this land in particular in which we live has been set apart and devoted to freedom; it was not the pilotage, it was not the loadstar of chance, but the attraction of a far different and more benign power, that directed Columbus and the Spanish mariners to the south, and Sebastian Cabot with the English and other nations to the north of this new continent. In the conformation and establishment of nations of peculiar genius in this hemisphere, we see beautiful and interesting examples of those natural and providential processes according to which consociations of mankind take place, to which instance I shall have occasion often to refer.

Instead, therefore, of considering the physical condition of a country as determining its moral, it is perhaps better to regard the moral, to a certain extent, as moulding and modifying the physical state of man,—that is to say, to regard that peculiar American type of body towards which we can perceive all foreigners in the lapse of generations tending as growing more from the political and moral and free state of the nation than from its climate or other outward circumstances, or (and this view may be considered preferable) to regard it as providential, and the appointment of nature, that the physical should correspond with the moral, and the moral with the physical; and that those habits, formed in freedom and fixed in the happy choice of the individual, should be transmitted to the offspring, and form for themselves therein a more beautiful and graceful corporeal residence. Or, since the whole is conjecture,

although the facts are indisputable, let us even take this additional view of the subject: as it is a known fact that the mind and shape of ancestors constantly reappear at intervals in the line of their descendants, being that inalienable stamp of nature which never can be abolished; so, that genius and form which promises to be the mental and corporeal type of the American, for a series of ages, may have been slumbering latent in the progenitors of those who have crossed the waters, and been the genuine cause which led them hither, and the reason why at last this noble countenance and free bearing mark them all, or would mark them all did not avarice and other selfish passions sometimes defeat the ends of nature and of those social institutions which imitate her example and second her benevolence. But we need not stop here, for, having now happily struck on a right vein of reasoning and analogies, we may even imagine that a still nobler form and genius is latent in the best and noblest that has ever yet appeared; and that it is among the possibilities of human improvement that, touched by a vital ray from heaven,—even the warm contact of true and *heaven-born* freedom, which is still better than the *American*,—the human mind and body may yet expand into a fulness of beauty and perfection such as none since the state of Eden has beheld, although, in virtue of that image and likeness originally imprinted, the possibility, I may say the capacity, of reaching this perfection has never been lost, but retained from Adam downward. Still those changes and transformations of soul and body cannot justly be regarded as calculated to break down those great and original barriers which separate the natural races of mankind, and which become only the more visible and distinct in the progress of improvement.

The transformations, moral and physical, of which I speak, are such as may be expected to arise in the *same race* according to their genius and temperament, and as indications of advancement or retrogression in respect to

the general ends of their creation. But a difficulty will occur here in regard to these changes; they may be supposed to affect merely the individual himself, but to be incapable of being transmitted to his posterity. It might be perhaps sufficient to meet that objection merely to state the well-known fact, that dispositions and propensities, and consequently all habits that have acquired the force of these, are actually transmitted to descendants. But in confirmation of this I shall refer to facts perhaps less known,—namely, that, even in the case of dogs, habits that have been once engrained in their instincts become parts of their nature and go to their offspring; of course not habits artificial merely, put on by trick and education, but such, I mean, as fall in with their instincts, and are embraced and held firmly by these instincts.*

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* A race of dogs employed for hunting deer in the platform of Santa Fé, in Mexico, affords a beautiful illustration of a new hereditary instinct. The mode of attack, observes M. Raulin, which they employ, consists in seizing the animal by the belly and overturning it by a sudden effort, taking advantage of the moment when the body of the deer rests only upon the fore-legs. The weight of the animal thus thrown over is six times that of its antagonist. The dog of pure breed *inherits* a disposition to this kind of chase, and never attacks a deer before, while running. Even should the deer, not perceiving him, come directly upon him, the dog steps aside and makes his assault upon the flank; whereas other hunting dogs, though of superior strength and sagacity, which are brought from Europe, are destitute of this instinct. For want of similar precautions, they are often killed by the deer on the spot, the vertebræ of their neck being dislocated by the violence of the shock.

A new instinct has also become hereditary in a mongrel race of dogs employed by the inhabitants of the banks of Magdalena, almost exclusively in hunting the white-lipped pecari. The address of these dogs consists in restraining their ardor, and attaching themselves to no animal in particular, but keeping the whole herd in check. Now, among these dogs some are found which, the very first time they are taken to the woods, are acquainted with this mode of attack; whereas

Such is the evidence of the laws of nature with regard to the transmission of habits, grounded on or interwoven with the instincts of the creature. Such habits in animals bear some faint analogy with the insertion of grafts in trees. You are aware that not every tree can support a graft of every other, but, to insure the success of the experiment, it is necessary that the trees belong to what is called the same natural family. It is so in this case; you could not engraft upon the dog a habit which should be hereditary, which was not naturally allied with his instinct: it must be implanted in a ground of nature or it does not become vital.

But is there in man *that* which has or may have the force of instinct? Everything might have that would tend to arise and exalt his being, his *human* soul,—the love of truth, for example, the sense of justice, the purity of the nobler passions; when such sentiments as these are engrafted in the religion of the individual, and acquire a divine character and vigor, they may be transmitted to his posterity, and

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a dog of *another breed* starts forward at once, is surrounded by the pecari, and, whatever may be his strength, is destroyed in a moment. The fixed and deliberate stand of the pointer has with propriety been regarded as a mere modification of a habit which may have been useful to a wild race accustomed to wind game, and steal upon it by surprise, first pausing for an instant, in order to spring with unerring aim. The faculty of the retriever, however, may justly be regarded as more inexplicable and less easily referable to the instinctive passions of the species. M. Majendie, says a French writer in a recently published memoir, having learnt that there was a race of dogs in England which stopped and brought back game of their own accord, procured a pair, and, having obtained a whelp from them, kept it constantly under his eyes, until he had an opportunity of assuring himself that, without having received any instruction, and on the very first day that it was carried to the chase, it brought back game with as much steadiness as dogs which had been schooled into the same manœuvre by means of the whip and collar.—*Lyell*, vol. i. p. 509. Am. Ed.

would tend not only to improve the forms of the soul, but, after several generations, to add to the natural dignity and gracefulness of the body. To such conclusions, so consonant with Christianity and so encouraging to virtue, do our researches into the natural history of man and the laws of his being certainly conduct our reason.

Let the occurrence of these green and lively spots, which meet us providentially, encourage us to proceed; part of the way may be a desert or beaten track, but new and beautiful prospects will sometimes open unexpectedly before us.

But, waiving all further inquiry, in the mean time, into the effects of civilization and the arts on the condition of man, a subject which will again come up in some subsequent lecture, let us first dispose of those other questions which refer to the origin of the human race itself, and also of those natural subordinate races of which it is composed.

In regard to the origin of the human race itself, it seems hardly necessary to say that we derive no information from either science or experience. We are indebted to theology altogether for any knowledge we possess on the subject; but this, being of a spiritual rather than physical import, admits not of any scientific exposition. In regard to the physical circumstances which distinguished the formation or origin of the first man or first pair, we are consequently left altogether in the dark. And so entirely destitute are we of any facts which could lead us to a knowledge of such circumstances, and so remote, probably, was the nature of that event from all others which have since happened or of which we have any knowledge, that, had even a faithful description of it been transmitted to us, we should most likely have been utterly unable to comprehend it. For our understanding of a subject depends on certain other familiar and analogous facts with which we were before acquainted; but the creation of the first man, as a natural event, we are

compelled to think, was *one of its own kind*, to which nothing has since happened either similar or analogous,—so entirely beyond the reach of our ordinary experience that even imagination itself cannot grapple with it.

To see this more clearly let us suppose—the thing indeed is impossible—but let us suppose certain persons to have been shut out from all knowledge of the manner in which human beings are brought into existence, and of the several stages of infancy, childhood, and adolescence, which precede maturity; and let them be told then, for the first time, that there was a period when they began to exist,—when God introduced them into life, conferring upon them those powers and functions of body and mind which they at present exercise,—what ideas would they be able to form of all this? Without a knowledge of the facts, would they be able to arrive at a single just conclusion in regard to any one particular of the whole transaction? Would not the whole appear to them an enigma, an inexplicable mystery? Or would they be able to truly represent to their imaginations the laws of that divine economy according to which the human being is at first carried in the womb, afterwards born, suckled by the mother for a season, and at length, by slow degrees, and after a period of years, arrives at maturity? We perceive at once that neither reason nor imagination could here avail them anything; so little can any one tell beforehand, antecedent to experience, of the works of the Creator, or that order which may distinguish them. Nay, so profoundly ignorant are we, especially on this subject of our own origin, that it would be impossible for us to know, without having been informed by others, and seen the same kind of facts constantly occurring, that we had ever *begun* to exist at all; we might have supposed that we had so lived on from eternity. True, our memories extend back but a short space, but we forget many things, and we *might* also have forgotten all but the last thirty or forty

years of our existence. I know that I am making a supposition which it is difficult to lay hold of, for we have from our earliest recollection been so familiar with the sight of human beings like ourselves, first in the state of helpless infancy, next in a more advanced childhood, and at last in the maturity of life, that we seem to ourselves to have an innate perception of the facts in relation to man's birth and gradual advance to manhood, which yet are known to us only from observation and experience, and would otherwise have lain entirely beyond the scope of our reason and intelligence.

And the *facts*, whatever they were, of the origin and formation of the first man or first pair stand to us precisely in this relation: they are, as respects any knowledge we have of them, as if they had never been. Indeed, we have no natural surmise or apprehension even in regard to them. It is here no longer a *supposition*, but a *fact*, that we are shut out from all the means of knowledge. Many nations, particularly the Greeks and Romans, seem to have lived under an obscure belief that men had always existed, that there was no time when they began to be. We, however, are fortunately delivered from that illusion, and we are taught, but not by the wisdom of science, that there was a time when God first made man upon the earth. But here our information ends, unless it may be considered as a certain negative confirmation of this truth, that geology has hitherto discovered no bones of man in the primitive strata of the globe. What grounds of reliance are to be sought for in this much-vaunted fact I know not; it seems to be advanced often as a kind of triumphant demonstration of the truth of the first chapter of Genesis, from which it would appear that man was the last created. I must say that my own faith in the divine record requires no such aids, and, if it should therefore happen that human bones are discovered in the primitive strata, I shall be in no

degree alarmed, for I do not think that theology is to be permanently affected one way or other by any such discoveries. The great point to be firmly fixed in the mind is, that man, not less than the other living or organic substances of creation, has had a beginning, and that this beginning is from God,—who has also, at the same time, conferred upon them all the powers of indefinite multiplication, according to their kinds. And it is this second department of *subordinate creation*, so to speak, which now falls under our observation and experience.

The continual *recapitulation* of the acts of creation, so to name it, in the generation and production of constantly new beings, similar to or the same as those which were originally produced, although now a familiar aspect to us, is, when duly considered, not less wonderful in itself, nor less demonstrative of the presence and power of the Creator, than the first origination of the entire creation itself was. It is not less worthy of admiration, it is not less an evidence of God, than the other, but still in itself it may be very different: the *character* and *style* of creation, so to speak, may be entirely distinct when God first creates or originates *species*, and when he only deduces *individuals* from these by the present established modes of generation and production. I wish that this distinction may be clearly and duly apprehended, for I think I have perceived some confusion of ideas in the minds of most persons on the subject. Let us, then, distinctly understand and reflect upon it, under what kind of order of nature or order of creation we live,—what is the EPOCH. There is, then, an order of creation which may be termed primitive, and is that of species; and also an order of creation, or an order of nature, which is secondary and *consequential* on the other, and which is the *creation*, generation, or production of individuals. And it is under the reign of this last, or secondary creation, that we live, and during which even philosophy itself has been born,

and in which, and from which, we derive all our ideas of nature; the materials out of which our sentiments and opinions, our theories, nay, even our very imaginations, are constructed.

Respecting the *primitive* creation, when species—not merely individuals from them, but individuals *ab origine*—rose, we can consequently form no *natural*, therefore no just, conceptions. For this very epithet *natural* itself is taken, not from that nature which then sprung up, and was *original*, but from this nature which has sprung out of that, and which is indeed its copy as to features, but not as to the mode of production. In one word, there are now established laws or rules of nature (so we name those immutable characters whereby God is known) in agreement with which the individuals of each species of animals spring from the parent stock, in consequence of which the species is immortal; and the like is true of plants; it is *thus*, and *thus*, in that order of nature which now reigns, this quiet, unobtrusive *secondary creation*, as we prefer to call it. But in the primitive creation,—that first epoch, when the individuals, the solitary representatives of species, first appeared,—are we to imagine that those very same *laws* or *rules* of production or generation also governed and characterized that nobler, because more universal, creation? Is it not, on the contrary, more reasonable to suppose that such a character of creation was distinguished and adorned by an order and laws altogether original and peculiar, of which we have at present no *natural* ideas whatever, but only those *spiritual* impressions conveyed by revelation,—"that six days' work,—a world?"

According to this view of the subject, provided I have made it sufficiently intelligible, it is not only absurd in itself, but also at variance with all rules of legitimate philosophy, to suppose, as some have done, that one species of animals has sprung from another, the more perfect from

the less perfect, and so on continually, much in the same way as individuals are now engendered; for this entire fancy is drawn altogether from the analogy of the rules of creation which now prevail, and cannot, therefore, be justly applied to explain the circumstances of a creation which from its very nature was distinct and original. This is very much such a fancy as might be conceived to arise in the minds of those persons whom I supposed to have been excluded from all knowledge of their own origin, as individuals, and that of others. Among other speculations on the subject, might it not very naturally occur to them—on finding themselves refreshed and invigorated by eating and drinking—to suppose that their bodies were formed in this way originally, through the act of the Deity; and that *eating* and *drinking*, in some extraordinary manner, were the main features which characterized their entrance on existence?

But surely it is not necessary to multiply words or comparisons further to convince us of this truth, that respecting the origin of plants, and animals, and men, we can know no more than has been revealed to us; and that the researches of science reach only to that order of nature, or that system of creation, which has existed since the appearance of man on the globe. That the primitive system was essentially distinct in its laws and phenomena, we are led to conceive, not only from the express tenor of the sacred language, but also from the manifest analogies of God's works. The laws of the generation and production of individuals according to species are now unerring; and it is contrary to the analogies of nature to suppose that they were ever different; in no one instance has it been found that a *new* species of animals had arisen from one that has before existed; and distinct species do not mix, so as to produce an offspring that is itself productive to the third or fourth generation; ordinary generation and

production is the constant reproduction and perpetuation of the *individual* of the race; it is, so to speak, but the multiplication of the copy,—that *one* plant or animal which existed originally, and the *same*,—the present system of nature being the means provided by which as many countries as possible, and the successive generations of the inhabitants, might have an opportunity of *seeing* it, and to say, "this is indeed that very same plant or animal which God made, and now we have *seen* it ourselves and *believe!*"

Indeed, if we regard it properly, it seems like a contradiction to the most profound sentiment of reason that a new and distinct natural species should arise out of another, as individuals are now procreated; it would be rendering nature itself *creative*, which is a delegated instrument merely to multiply and exhibit that which is originally created.

Let it, then, be impressed on the mind that original and primitive creation is distinct from the secondary and subordinate. It is true, as has been said, "that preservation is perpetual creation," but it is carried on through distinct laws and phenomena of its own. And it is a reflection not unpleasing to the imagination thus distinctly to see it to be true, not only on the information of theology, but also on the inferences of reason and the laws of philosophy, that there has existed on our planet—when or for how long a period we know not—but that there has existed an order of events entirely different from the present, when the genera and species of nature in their first types and representatives rose to adorn and beautify and animate the globe. It was a spectacle exhibited *once*, and *then*, and had we been there to take memoranda of the occurrences, and to register their order, the antecedents and the consequents, the periods and the seasons, we should have understood something of the physical style of original creation; and, as there is reason to believe that new earths are constantly

coming into existence, in which similar exhibitions of creative power are repeated and renewed, we could then be able to tell, on the ground of our natural faith in the immutability of the divine councils and operations, the general order and manner according to which all such replenishing, enlivening, and adorning of rudimental planets—the destined dwelling-places of men, the future theatres of their transactions—are or have been accomplished. Meanwhile, we must be contented to remain ignorant of this field of the divine labors, satisfied that for good and wise reasons this kind of knowledge is now withheld from us. But is the field of view thereby contracted, so as to be too narrow for our minds? Is there not ample scope afforded for the most delightful research into all those laws of order whereby provision is made for the security and perpetuation of the original creation. If not admitted, as it were, to an audience on the first enunciation of the divine ideas embodied in the universe, we are yet fortunate enough to attend to the constant recapitulation of them, and if we have not heard the divine voice itself, we hear at least that echo of it returned by nature, which obeys the call and is perpetually renewed.

So much in regard to the *physical* origin of the human race, and that magnificent "terra incognita" to which it belongs, and on which only sufficient light is shed to indicate its existence and to preclude all hopes of ever approaching it. In regard to the moral and spiritual condition of mankind in their primeval state, a more distinct picture is furnished through the means of revelation. A single family of the group, under the names Adam and Eve—*man and woman*—is presented to us; their residence a garden; and a synopsis of their mental condition is exhibited to us in other expressive characters, as in a certain mystic tree named "the tree of life," another called "the tree of the knowledge of good and evil," by the eating of which seems

to have been indicated the fall of the human race, from the lively and clear views of primeval theology, into the dim twilight of modern science, in which through evil we learn good. But respecting all these events, whatever may have been their *natural* bearings and relations, we have received no sure scientific information: of the duration or the country—the theatre of this golden age of the human family—we have gained no intelligence; whether it were a country over which now roll the waves of the broad Atlantic, or, what is more generally believed, the vast champaign of the inland regions of temperate Asia, is a problem still to be solved. But, in whatever light we may view such subjects, one thing is manifest, that the present or what some would call the post-diluvian race of mankind is comparatively of very recent origin, and that it has hardly put forth the first tender leaves of its terrestrial insemination. But, as it now exists, it is evidently marked off into certain distinct natural families, only one of which, within the last few thousand years of its existence, has begun to develop what may be conceived to be the proper germ of humanity: I allude here, you will perceive, to the Caucasian branch of the human family, which, whatever may be its comparative distinction hereafter, when the other races shall have advanced on the career of a just civilization, is at present, as respects *intellectual* expansion—this unfolding of leaves—evidently in advance of all the others. But it is the prerogative of intellect to be precocious; the other races after a few thousand years may far excel them in moral development, in that nobler civilization which arises from the cultivation of innocence, simplicity, and virtue,—a civilization the most enduring, because the only right kind, but the latest in arriving at perfection,—"their leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever they do shall prosper."

Of the existence of these distinct natural families of the human species, no one who is capable of the least reflection

can for a moment doubt. The origin of these is another question: from what causes they have existed, or why they come to inhabit those separate regions of the globe which have been assigned to them, is among those numerous problems which science cannot solve; but is compelled to indicate the fact, without presuming to ascertain the reason. For, as we are ignorant of the nature of those agencies or influences which build up the human body, allotting to each organ its proper place and form and function, here marking out a region for the heart, and forthwith designing and establishing one, and there a separate department for the brain, and constructing that also, and in like manner so disposing and perfecting all other parts and functions and members, according to their use, design, and tendency, binding the whole into a *unity*, the most perfect and admirable, the body of man,—as we are profoundly ignorant how all this is effected, and yet the fact is undeniable, so are we also in the dark in respect to those causes and influences which have produced different and distinct families of the human race, and have brought each within its allotted climate and place on the globe. That it has been all an affair of accident we are not at liberty to suppose, for this would be to contradict at once both common sense and philosophy; and neither is it more rational to suppose that, the different members of the human family having been separated at an early period, the present discriminations which exist among them have arisen from climate or other local causes. This is not one whit more philosophical than it would be to say that, because the arms and hands have occupied the upper extremities of the body, therefore they are arms and hands, and not legs or feet, and that it is the mere fact of their collocation which renders the feet feet, and hands hands. No doubt the feet are best adapted to that position in the body which they occupy, and so the hands to theirs, and in like manner every member and

organ in the body is best fitted to its own place; but still it is contrary to reason to say that it is the place or collocation that has determined either the form or use of the part; there is the evidence of wise design in all such relations of the whole to the parts and the parts to the whole, of the organ to the place and the place to the organ, and it becomes a theme of just admiration that such perfect harmony should everywhere prevail; but when we proceed farther, and would specify that such and such relations having been once established, such and such others followed of necessity, and were *added*, we are wading beyond our depth, and into a sea of interminable and audacious speculation.

The same observations will bear to be applied to the position and distribution of the different families of mankind. It is certainly a remarkable fact that the Negro family of the human species should have been naturally confined to the peninsula of Africa, and should never have travelled beyond it from voluntary choice. Philosophers have found a constitutional adaptation in this case to the climate and local circumstances of this their native and allotted home, and there can be no question that there is, and that when the epoch of their *civilization* arrives, in the lapse of ages, they will display in their native land some very peculiar and interesting traits of character, of which we, a distinct branch of the human family, can at present form no conception. It will be—indeed it must be—a civilization of a peculiar stamp; perhaps we might venture to conjecture, not so much distinguished by art as a certain beautiful nature, not so marked or adorned by science as exalted and refined by a certain new and lovely theology, —a reflection of the light of heaven more perfect and endearing than that which the intellects of the Caucasian race have ever yet exhibited. There is more of the *child*, of unsophisticated nature, in the Negro race than in the

European, a circumstance, however, which must always lower them in the estimation of a people whose natural distinction is a manly and proud bearing, and an extreme proneness to artificial society and social institutions: the peculiar civilization which nature designs for each is obviously different, and they may impede, but never can promote, the improvement of each other. It was a sad error of the white race, besides the moral guilt which was contracted, when they first dragged the African, contrary to his genius and inclination, from his native regions: a voluntary choice would never have led the Negro into exile; the peninsula of Africa is his home, and the appropriate and destined seat of his future glory and civilization, —a civilization which, we need not fear to predict, will be as distinct in all its features from that of all other races, as his complexion and natural temperament and genius are different. But who can doubt that here also humanity, in its more advanced and millennial stage, will reflect, under a sweet and mellow light, the softer attributes of the divine beneficence? If the Caucasian race is destined, as would appear from the precocity of their genius and their natural quickness and extreme aptitude to the arts, to reflect the lustre of the divine wisdom, or, to speak more properly, the divine science, shall we envy the Negro if a later but far nobler civilization await him,—to return the splendor of the divine attributes of mercy and benevolence in the practice and exhibition of all the milder and gentler virtues?

It is true, the present rude lineaments of the race might seem to give little warrant for the indulgence of hopes so romantic; but yet those who will reflect upon the natural constitution of the African may see some ground even for such anticipations. Can we not read an aptitude for this species of civilization I refer to in that singular light-heartedness which distinguishes the whole race, in their

natural want of solicitude about the future,—in them a vice at present, but yet the natural basis of a virtue,—and especially in that natural talent for music with which they are pre-eminently endowed, to say nothing of their willingness *to serve*, the most beautiful trait of humanity, which we, from our own innate love of dominion, and in defiance of the Christian religion, brand with the name of *servility*, and abuse not less to our own dishonor than their injury. But even amid these untoward circumstances there burst forth occasionally the indications of that better destiny to which nature herself will at last conduct them, and from which they are at present withheld, not less by the mistaken kindness of their friends than the injustice of their oppressors: for so jealous is nature of her freedom that she repels all interference, even of the most benevolent kind, and will suffer only that peculiar *good* or intelligence to be elicited of which she has herself deposited the seeds or rudiments in the human bosom.

Perhaps, however, such expectations may seem chimerical, and it may rather be thought that there exist no such elements of native character in that race as to justify the hope of such a peculiar development of mind as would constitute a happier species of civilization; and such undoubtedly will be the opinion of those who consider the European civilization the standard, and whatever may deviate from that a blemish. But let it only be considered how much our sentiments are warped, or indeed fixed, by our natural bent of mind; and then perhaps we shall have less difficulty in conceiving how a certain species of the most beautiful and yet real refinement might exist with far less of intellectual display and science and art than at present characterize the civilization of the white races. If there are fewer vivid manifestations of intellect in the Negro family than in the Caucasian, as I am disposed to believe, does that forbid the hope of the return among them of

that pure and gentle state of society which attracts the peculiar regard of Heaven, and to which Homer seems to allude as having existed among them—

> The sire of gods, and all the ethereal train,
> On the warm limits of the farthest main
> Now mix with mortals, nor disdain to grace
> The feasts of Æthiopia's blameless race;
> Twelve days the powers indulge the genial rite,
> Returning with the twelfth revolving light.
>
> ILIAD, *Book I.*

But under whatever light we may view the moral disposition and genius and capacity of this race of men, one thing is certain, that, as respects both their physical and mental condition, they are naturally and originally distinct. How this has happened it is impossible to tell; at all events, we can never concur with the opinions of Buffon and others, who ascribe all their peculiar characteristics to the mere operation of climate and local circumstances; intimating by these opinions, that had the same chance which they suppose to have introduced them into Africa, and shut them up there, brought them into Europe,—to the southern countries of Greece or Italy, or to the northern parts of Gaul and Germany,—they would have all the characteristics, or similar ones, of those races which in ancient or modern times have inhabited there. This seems to me very much such an assertion as it would be to say that were our legs and arms to change places, our legs would be arms and our arms legs, which, at all events, is an absurdity in language, if nothing else. We regard it as the effect of a particular Providence, or, to speak in the dialect of science, an express law of nature, that each peculiar race of men should occupy those limits which have been assigned them, and none other: and we may consider it as a part of this same natural arrangement that a race of people of that distinc-

tive genius which belongs to the Caucasian variety, and occupying that portion of the globe which has become their native residence, should, for the first ages at least, take the lead in civilization, and bear the torch of science and moral improvement in advance of the other races,—to shed light on the resources of human nature, and be, as it were, the pioneers of humanity, fitted in a wonderful degree for the accomplishment of bold and original undertakings. But in succeeding ages gentler duties may be needed, and a race of milder temperament may best accomplish them.

But our sentiments on this subject are at present exceedingly contracted, and destitute of that expansion of views which is required by philosophy. For as it has been observed that the true science of geology has been retarded through the influence of popular apprehensions in regard to the age of the earth, and also from theories deduced from mere local phenomena, so are we prevented from taking enlarged views of the varied relations of the different natural races of mankind, from considering the past as the criterion of the future, and the *historical* relations as the *natural* relations, and consequently fixed and immutable, which may be very much the contrary; also from imagining that the world, which is now only beginning, is fast hastening to its termination, while so many nations are still plunged in barbarism, and have never been able to approach that perfect civilization which has prevailed among us, and which of course we are willing to consider as the model which the human race are bound to imitate. In consequence of these lurking prejudices, in regard both to the duration of time itself and also the *right* elements of civilization, we are unable to bring ourselves unto a position from which fairly to estimate the relations of our civilization to that which may hereafter arise among tribes now exceedingly obscure and barbarous, but which, coming late, and having none of that precocious refinement which distinguishes ours, and

veils an excessive ambition and selfishness, may, as respects an innate love of goodness and the majesty and strength of the moral discriminations, as far surpass our present civilization as we now excel them in all the distinctions of a daring and successful intellect. That we even now excel them in *every* species of moral worth is at least problematical.

But here, be it observed, I advance no theory, but only make these suggestions, to awaken reflection on the subject, and to rivet attention on certain most interesting facts which form part of the natural history of man. For what can be more interesting to a reflecting mind than this grand natural classification of mankind,—the varied groups which occupy the different regions of the globe, differing not less in their moral and intellectual progress than in their physical constitution? Truly a vast and most magnificent school, in which, however, the most forward are not always the soundest intellects, nor the most ambitious at last the *truest* men; one eye alone surveys the whole, and marks already the distinct colors of their destiny and all the possible relations which can arise among them. We see but very partially indeed, and yet two races stand forth in prominent relief among the rest, whose mental and physical characters seem already well defined and no longer to be mistaken. I mean the African and European, or, more properly, the Negro and Caucasian; the one extremely provincial, and confined from natural inclination to one quarter of the globe, the peninsula of Africa; the other more migratory in its habits, having roamed westward from the centre of Asia, and explored and settled the most inhospitable as well as the most inviting countries of Europe; the former hitherto almost stationary as respects progress in the arts, and apparently as fixed in mental compass as in local residence; the latter not less remarkable for freedom of intellectual research than for the extent of their wander-

ings,—always inquiring after something new,—in their western voyages and emigrations having reached the farthest extremities of Europe at an early period, and then waiting with seeming impatience until Providence had opened to them this new and almost boundless continent, which still seems not large enough to satisfy their ambition or gratify their curiosity. Such are the well-known traits of this race of mankind among whom we rank; how much contrasted with the genius of that Æthiopean family who have been also not seldom the victims of their tyranny or else of their ill-timed compassion! Not one African ever crossed the wide waters with his own consent; and with unalloyed satisfaction and delight would he have been contented to have basked, unmolested and undisturbed, on his own sunny plains, until the genius of native civilization, appearing on the banks of the Niger or the Congo, had roused him from his stupor, and, infusing new sentiments and ideas into his mind, opened to him a career of improvement congenial with his nature, and adapted to his character. But the seasons, and occasions of national developments, and much more those magnificent expansions of the mental energies of races, are things as yet very imperfectly understood; the world is yet too young; some ten thousand years of additional progress may shed light upon the subject. Only this much we may venture to affirm, that, in agreement with the laws of universal nature, nothing is or can be absolutely stationary, the human race least of all so,—tending constantly to an elevated moral condition or to actual extinction.

But we behold as yet only the introduction to the drama, and, our own race being itself a part of the pageant, we are not by any means certain that those relations under which we view the various movements are such as would appear to an eye that took in the whole: and we shall consider that we have secured a point if we have only properly impressed

this much, through this desultory lecture,—namely, that there is much likelihood that we may be mistaken in the moral estimate which we form in regard to the grand divisions of the human family, in consequence of not duly appreciating the native bent of each, and in reckoning the precocity of intellect, and that species of civilization which is attached to it, as the *summum bonum* of the social human condition.

But in our future lectures we shall have an opportunity of referring to such points more fully and distinctly. In the mean time, let us recapitulate, and under one view, the various points of the present lecture, in order that we may see them under their natural light or natural obscurity, and no longer confound together the known and the unknown.

The points, then, both known and unknown, are these:

In the *first* place, that the human race is *one*, and that this *oneness* is recognized as a truth of religion, and becomes morally and civilly recognizable also in those universal principles of the moral law which all men more or less discover written in their hearts, or *described* in their social usages, to which the implanted moral sense responds. All human beings understand the moral obligations and yield them homage: this is the *veriest* sign of natural unity, the most catholic and the most intelligible. The other *sign*, which is a physical one, is inscribed on the human form; the human form is *one*,—the same bones, teeth, obvious relations and proportions, attitudes, movements, physical gesture, and *behavior*,—so that all who see the creature say, "it is a man," and there is not even room for equivocation, so palpable is the fact. This, then, is the *first* known and clear point. Religion sheds one light on it, and science another, and we read it both in sunlight and in moonlight, that man is one, essentially so, the image of his maker on the one hand, the epitome of nature on the other.

The *second* point is this, that this one family, man, is composed *ab origine* of several very distinct and different members, some of which are very well defined and obviously separated from each other, as, for example, the Caucasian and Negro, and others not less distinct, although not so easily shown; this, I say, is the second point of our lecture, and it is maintained that these distinctions originate in that *terra incognita* of natural facts which looms behind in the far distance,—within that dark and shadowy epoch beneath whose dynasty also the *natural species* and *genera* first came into being on our globe, and, among the rest, man himself: this *second point*, then, you will observe, belongs partly to the obscure and partly to the bright portions of our knowledge. It is a bright fact, and there is no denying of it, for instance, that the Negro and the European belong to distinct races of men, I mean such as cannot be shown to be bred out of any combination of causes, natural or artificial, with which we are acquainted: and the causes, then, or the things which produced those original distinctions, I aver that I know nothing of,—they are *obscure*.

The *third* point is this,—and which is partly obscure, but, I believe, will not always remain so,—that there should exist such disparity of civilization in these different races. I have said something on this subject, and will say more in the next lecture: but time itself will be the fullest elucidator,—when also the just, and the true, and the good, under the beneficent influence of the Christian religion, and the cultivation of the virtues, shall be more thoroughly appreciated and more dearly loved.

A *fourth* point is not obscure, but, notwithstanding, very wonderful,—to wit, that men are so moulded by education and religion as to produce those latent forms of beauty and gracefulness which were unknown to themselves and their progenitors, but which, through loved and cherished

habits of virtue in themselves, afterwards become conspicuous in their offspring. In this fact is laid the possibility of indefinite human improvement, according to the natural genus and character or race, but not to the obliteration of either: the Caucasian becomes a noble Caucasian, the Negro a noble Negro; the one the brilliant form of versatile genius, the other the very type itself of affection and of gentleness. This is not only a clear point but also a very interesting one.

A *fifth* point—which is so very obscure that I shall say nothing on it, and hardly drag it into day (but those that choose can think upon it)—is this, that, as it is proven that certain races of animals have become extinct,—forty-five species of Pachydermata, says Cuvier, many approaching the elephant in size,—in like manner, may it not be—but none can tell—that not a few members also of the universal human race have been actually and *physically* "blotted out of the book of life?"—if so, through their own fault, we may be well assured; and the warning is a tremendous one: without any *literal* conflagration, not only nations but even whole natural races, branch and root, may cease to be; and the earth and heaven, as respects them, "perish," although to "endure forever" to other new and regenerate races. Let not, then, the Caucasian boast, nor the Ethiopian either; they hold their physical and *generic* existence on the tenor solely of this law, "whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

But this fifth point is an extremely obscure one, and I shall even leave it so; although who can think on the pyramids of Teotehuacan and Cholula, and the human figures, so peculiar and distinct from any physiognomy now existing, there discovered on their broken and shattered monuments,—or those numerous mounds which dot this continent,—*assuredly it had not been always a wilderness*,—who can think on these things, and not have his misgivings?

But with better omens would we close this lecture,—to hail once more *new races* of men just starting on the career of civilization. Our own intellectual light may be eclipsed or obscured under a milder and softer radiance yet to be shed over the wilds of Africa, the plains of Hindostan, or the far-spreading regions of China and of Tartary; but who shall regret it, if the reign of goodness shall at last supersede the supremacy of truth, and feminine prevail over masculine virtue? It may be but a delusion of our Caucasian imagination that the latter is possessed of more vigor and majesty than the former: the Minerva of antiquity, although a female, was the goddess of war, and Homer surely was not ignorant of the natural emblem of strength.

LECTURE VIII.

UNITY IN VARIETY OF THE HUMAN RACE.

In Australasia there is an order of quadrupeds which are called the marsupial or pouched, and are prevalent there, particularly in New Holland, but have not their congeners in any other quarter of the globe, except it be one solitary species, the opossum of North America. Can any one perceive the reason why this peculiar order of animated beings should have such a locality assigned to them, and that one straggling species of the natural family should be found in this New World? There is an arrangement of animals on the globe, and of all living forms, which is founded on some *reason*,—to us inscrutable and hidden among the mysteries of nature; but, I know not how, it seems to be a feature of sublimity in this subject which elevates the mind even more than certain knowledge could have done, to find that there is an arrangement of living creatures, and that the boundaries of their habitations have been fixed, but that we are unable to discover the law of the arrangement or the reason on which it is founded, while at the same time we have an intimate conviction that that law exists, and that that reason whence it proceeds is the perfection of intelligence. The very knowledge of our ignorance on such important points which touch on the divine government of the world is no slight acquisition of true philosophy, and is the best prep-

aration for the attainment of a pure and elevated mind,—the end of all knowledge. Although, therefore, in my last lecture I conveyed to you little *positive* information on the subject which engaged our attention, I am convinced it was the most profitable one, in many respects, which I have delivered, because the subject itself opens to us the widest view of a vast and unknown territory of future discovery, a new continent of philosophy, of which nearly all that we distinctly know is that it positively exists, and that it is a region strewed with the wonders of creation.

I allude, you perceive, to the origin and collocation of species, which is a field invested with a pleasing mystery. Certain sceptics in theology have affected surprise that the *universal* Christian religion should have had but one *local origin;* what if it shall be found (and it seems likely to be established) that all *generic* and *specific creations* whatever, which in their origins could not help but be as purely *miraculous* as the Christian religion itself,—*interruptions* of the *established* order of nature, as we view it,—have also had each but one local centre from which they have been diffused, and those too selected on reasons as arbitrary apparently to us as the fact of the designation of one separate nation to be the depository of the first seed, or germ, of the Christian faith? Equally arbitrary does it seem that races of men of distinct genius and character should have been assigned to certain determinate quarters of the globe; but the fact is, nevertheless, incontestible. You can perceive even from the commentaries of Cæsar, who wrote before the Christian era, the radical elements of the present French character in the barbarous tribes which inhabited the Gallic country. And the same observation may be made on Britain, Germany, and other countries. Asia and Africa have a character marked on the human population as little to be mistaken, and on the whole and within certain limits as permanent, as that which is visible

in the natural races of the animals of each, and of the plants which are found there. Is it the physical atmosphere which determines the character, or is it the peculiar institution of their religions and arts? But what, again, rendered that very institution peculiar?—the physical atmosphere of the country? Here we shall find ourselves perpetually treading in an unintelligible circle of causes and effects, in regard to which we can determine neither the sequence nor the precedence. How much nobler is it at once to make confession of our ignorance, and henceforth proceed to record the facts and occurrences, and to recognize the *disposition* of a Supreme Intelligence, whose reasons are beyond the ken of our most acute philosophy, and probably never can, unless very faintly and like shadows flitting on the surface of nature, be understood by us.

Let us, then, with feelings of a different order, and more akin to simplicity, be willing to regard this globe, of which we are the inhabitants,—and which is under the entire disposal of an omnipotent Intelligence,—*here* parcelling out its different regions for different uses and various productions, whose ends and intentions (as well as the design of the whole arrangement) are perfectly known to the presiding Mind; but we—like children looking on, and full of wonder and astonishment at all we behold, and very agreeably excited by the stir and labor and movement which we discern, and the occasional and partial glimpses of the plan which we sometimes catch—are contented still to seek an innocent amusement and gratification in conjecturing what may come next, or what may be the design and purpose of *this* and the *other* arrangement, and what, after a time, when the whole is completed, and the summer and the harvest have arrived, —what then will be the aspect of all this fair and goodly show of created objects, which in the spring of their existence interest us so much, and puzzle our understandings so thoroughly to comprehend what may be the general design,

scope, and tendency of it all? But as children are benefited by their own conjectures and reasonings even about works which they cannot yet comprehend, and such amusement constitutes a salutary exercise of mind, so may we also derive benefit from those inquiries in which we are now engaged, difficult as they may seem; and we shall not therefore scruple to pursue them; but our proposed course in this lecture we trust may be more satisfactory than our last.

Were we to ascend the peak of Teneriffe, we should find (so botanists have informed us) its surface to be distinguished by certain natural zones of vegetation, in marked and regular succession: the first, the region of vines, having the temperature best adapted to them; the second, that of laurels, chestnuts, and oaks; the third, of pines; and then would succeed in order mountain broom, stunted grass, and the like, until the last vestige of vegetation disappeared. Very similar would be the arrangement of zones or botanical regions, from the equator towards either pole, if no irregularities of elevation, or other causes deranging the laws of the distribution of heat according to latitude, were interposed. In that case we should see either hemisphere of the globe marked off from the equator on either side, with each pole the central point, invested with regular zones of analogous vegetation, blooming round the earth,—stripes and patches laid off, with all the exactness of an artificial garden. There would still be (supposing the present laws of nature in other respects to prevail) the same variety of species that now exist, but their localities would be regularly determined and readily identified; still, according to that plan of nature which we have known to obtain, it would not follow that at corresponding points of latitude, and consequently climate, and location, an absolute identity of species would be found; only the general aspect of vegetation would be similar; the cursory view of the landscape might create the impression that plants were the same, and

it would not happen until we had examined them with some attention that we could discover them to be specifically different. Identity of climate and location, therefore, do not secure identity of specific character, but what we may call identity of analogy only. There is just that sameness which may inform us that we are still under the dominion or within the premises of the same prevailing nature, but that this nature is inexhaustible in her resources; that she can diversify her plans with endless profusion of forms and types of beauty, but never lose sight of that sacred principle of unity which is the main charm of her works, and the symbol of His presence who has crowned her with all this loveliness and perfection.

It is indeed most wonderful to observe (and the notoriety of the fact ought not to be permitted to divest it of its interest) how the same unity of design and plan of action, so to speak, is pursued undeviatingly from region to region, from continent to continent,—how mountains, how oceans even, interposed, are not allowed to interrupt or to confound this oneness of intention, this harmony and continuity of parts. It seems almost incredible to us that nations of men could ever have admitted into their creed the idea of a plurality of gods, when the whole of nature bears on it so distinctly the impress of one mind,—nay, the more strikingly, for that it is so exceedingly diversified, than if there prevailed an absolute sameness, a perfect monotony over the whole surface of the globe; and under all similar circumstances of climate and location, plants and animals were not only analogous, but also specifically and individually alike. For amid such a multiplicity of apparently contradictory and opposing objects, still to superinduce a unity, and to fix it so graphically on all of them as to be the most conspicuous *point* everywhere, seems to me the clearest indication not only of One, but an Almighty Intelligence.

So remarkable is this fact in nature, and constantly present to our observation, that it seems indelibly to have impressed itself upon our minds, so that we instinctively expect to find nature everywhere the same, and on the strength of this expectation sometimes err in supposing an identity where analogy only is to be discovered. For this *natural unity*, in distant parts of the globe, becomes visible under *generic* rather than *specific* characters. We find, for example, on this continent, growing wild and spontaneous, the same natural classes of trees, shrubs, and other plants, which are to be met with in Europe: the genera are the same, but the species for the most part different, almost entirely so at those points of either continent where they are most widely separated. Thus, we find here, as on the continent of Europe, the pine, the beech, the elm, the alder, the walnut, the oak, the thorn, but the species are very rarely the same: the genera hold, the species vary. And the European traveller, at certain points of his journey across this continent, might stop to indulge for a moment the pleasing illusion that he was in the midst of some wild scene of his own country; he finds himself surrounded with aspects and brief glimpses of nature so perfectly similar. But a little further consideration dispels the illusion: he discovers the plants at his feet to be not precisely identical; he may recognize some old acquaintances,—the dandelion, or the wild trefoil,—but these he soon finds to have been exotics like himself; the great majority of the species are foreign to him in their individual bearing, in their general aspect somewhat familiar; they have enough to identify them as the property of the *same* nature which has impressed her own seal upon them, but they have distinct peculiarities of their own, which constitute, as it were, their *individual* name and rank in the families of Flora. The same remarks will apply to the animal tribes, whether quadruped or winged. The earlier settlers of this country

gave to the new birds which they met with the names of such as were before familiar to them, from some general resemblance which they discovered, and indeed the general resemblance is visible, but the specific identity is no longer to be found. And that word, *home*, which the first emigrants labored so earnestly to fix on every object around them, refused to remain legible on the tablets of nature. It was indeed their home, inasmuch as it was a grand division of that magnificent dwelling-place which the author of nature has prepared for all his children; it was home in this sense, and they could recognize all the analogous vestiges of his care, and of his providence, as in their own first, and domestic, and familiar home; but still, inasmuch as the species of objects were changed before their eyes, they were obliged at last to consider it a new home, a foreign home. The associations of childhood were gradually dropped, the recollections of the old world melted away, and, as a new offspring of human beings sprung up, new attachments and new sympathies grew and extended; and fresh and before unexplored aspects of nature became familiar; until at length those *characteristics* of natural scenery and of living beings which are here unfolded have become the *standard* of nature to the inhabitants, which they would instinctively expect to meet with even in those countries whence their forefathers came, and might feel a certain disappointment in not discovering them there: they would look round them to find their own mocking-birds, the majestic maize, the peculiar shrubbery of their own native forests, and might perhaps try to soothe their disappointment by affixing familiar "household words" to strange objects, on such fancied analogies as might at first strike them.

I mention these facts as showing that we have a certain and instinctive expectation of finding nature everywhere the same,—always consistent with and true to herself; and

whence arises this expectation, but from those impressions which from the first dawn of existence have been made upon us? For our minds are, as it were, an invisible mirror: they receive and constantly retain a general and on the whole a true image of nature, which requires indeed certain readjustments from our reason on some points, but in others is more vivid and just than philosophy herself, with all her study, could ever render it. And this is exhibited principally in those natural sentiments which are found to be universal among mankind: they are, for the most part,—nay, we may say always, in some modified sense,—the spontaneous expression of some universal law, the reflected image of nature's voice caught from the human soul, and on that account entitled to our most careful consideration. For surely the unbiassed evidence of the human mind itself, in regard to certain kinds of truth, is not less deserving of attention than are those chemical or otherwise physical tests, for the most part preferred by the inductive philosophy. And this copy, taken, as it were, unconsciously to our minds, of the true laws of nature, is oftentimes more legible, as a *transcript*, than the bright original, which is sometimes too bright for our *intellectual* reading. The *sentimental* knowledge is not only the best, but sometimes the only knowledge which can be had.

In regard, however, to this natural expectation which we entertain in respect to the consistency and unity of nature, it is confirmed at all points and readily verified by the widest intellectual scrutiny. And the instinctive sentiment receives constant accessions of strength and vividness from those numerous and striking analogies which are found to prevail throughout the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, those *emulations*, as it were, of nature to approach as nearly as possible to some certain *one invisible* standard, unknown to us, but known to her; as if this

very nature herself, and her whole delegated ministry, had received some such commission as that which Moses, the sacred and moral architect, received,—see that you build, see that you construct, see that you make everything, "after the pattern which I have shown you on the mount." And it would even seem that we also unwittingly had received some intimation in our inner mind of some such order having been enjoined, whence are bred those instinctive and irrepressible expectations of finding externally and naturally everywhere this most sweet and grateful *image* of unity. But neither is this expectation disappointed, nor the truth of the sentiment impaired, for that we discover this unity *set*, as it were, on endless variety; rather is our delight thereby enhanced, and the sentiment itself extended and enlarged. It is now unity *embosomed* in infinity, it is the ONE and the INFINITE, and it is the symbol in nature of that cardinal truth of our most holy religion, which I dare only to express here in its own native phraseology, lest otherwise I should profane it,—ὁ μονογενης υιος ὁ ων εις τον κολπον τθ πατρος (John, c. 1, v. 18). And it is through this unity so grounded on variety, that our natural sentiment is gratified, and at the same time our curiosity awakened; we are introduced to familiar ideas under new forms, to fixed laws written in a foreign language. Our industry is excited, and attracted by that novelty which strikes us at first in the forms of nature; we are induced to examine again and again, and by such repeated persuals come to understand more perfectly the spirit of those laws which are inscribed on creation,—the expressions of the Divine wisdom and goodness.

It is on this account that the visiting of foreign countries is so beneficial to one who has first received the benefits of a wise and liberal education, for nature, now appearing to the mature and reflecting mind in a dress altogether new, is *questioned* in the spirit of an enlightened philosophy,—

if she be indeed the same or different; and what—and whence—and how related? We might even dare to think that the education of man, the regeneration of the human mind, was one main end proposed in the curious structure of the universe,—this "opus varium, et natura dædala rerum;" and certainly, in nothing could the end be so well provided for as by this institution of new species and varieties, so remarkable in visiting different provinces, by which the mind is constantly incited to inquiry; while at the same time these species are never so capricious in their deviations, so remote from the generic standards, as to defeat all our endeavors to ascertain their analogies, and identify that unity which we expect everywhere to find; there is even in their most devious wanderings, as it were, a tendency to return to some ideal or rather natural model, which seems to exert an influence over them all and to hold them in unison. It is still the same sweet melody which is poured forth from the harp of nature, but the local *variations* are innumerable, and the harmony and compass, as it were, without bounds. It is certainly a remarkable circumstance, in such instances, that unity, so far from being effaced or obliterated by the introduction of such natural and permanent varieties, is only rendered thereby more conspicuous, and becomes a fixed object to the understanding.

But of this unity *set* on variety, which is that character of it which nature herself employs, the instances are everywhere and around. Take that which embraces all others,—the earth itself. How finely do all its parts consent into one, while the law of gravitation which binds them is itself that universal note of harmony, while the form of the whole and the even motion on its axis speak a similar language,—that immense variety, and that sometimes apparent strife, which prevails on its bosom, and seems to disturb the tranquillity of nature in its form and its motion,

vanish and disappear to enhance our conception of its grandeur.

But to turn our eye from the whole on the parts, or rather the departments of nature, we here again meet with the same interesting characteristics. What is the mineral kingdom? Its unity is not merely an *abstraction* of philosophy, adopted for the convenience of classification, but an actual truth and distinction; but it is variety that forms this body and substance of unity. The like remark is readily applied to the vegetation of nature, and all its classifications and orders, for these are fixed in creation, and, although sometimes mimicked and obscured by artificial arrangements, nevertheless the variousness of nature has its own landmarks here, in which and by which and from which this sacred and mystic unity stands out justly and beautifully defined. And why after this need I mention the animal kingdom? I pass it, to fix your attention on another, the human kingdom,—on man.

And here at last, as the unity is the most perfect (for it is the image of the essential unity), so is the variousness the most perfect also. And as the unity is *natural*, I mean a part of the original constitution of nature, and not the product of successive circumstances, so must also the *typical* variousness be so considered; it also has arisen with nature and is contemporaneous with her, being, as it were, the ground and constituent of the former, the *first* in fact, although not the *first* in end. Without a *natural* variety of men—I mean distinct races—the natural unity could receive no illustration or distinction. But, as the unity itself is not considered sporadic, or the product of physical circumstances, so neither ought the variety to be so considered; and to maintain therefore that these distinctions of natural and stable races are to be accounted for on certain supposed inferences of climate, and other external contingencies, is a species of reasoning that would quickly land us in absurdity; for if

some certain permanent distinctions are to be ascribed to such influences, why not all? If the climate or some other extraneous causes have made the Negroes black and given them thick lips and woolly hair, then some such causes of a contrary action, but of the same external features, must have made the Europeans white, given them thin lips, and adorned their heads with flowing locks of graceful hair. And neither is the action of such cases to be supposed to stop here; for if climate can thus modify lips, and blanch and blacken skins, it might also have made them originally, and so at last not only the modifications of man, but the *entire* man might be declared the pure creature of *circumstances*, endowed with the prerogatives of creation. Such is the absurdity of this mode of reasoning. And we can only escape from it by deciding at once that the *variety* of races as well as their *unity*, being both ingenerate and fixed, are also both original.

The reasonings of mankind upon this subject are indeed exceedingly vague. The human race, say they, is one, and here they are right; but, instead of looking for that *one* in the whole,—a real unity, such as nature has made, and not man fancied,—they seek for it in some one certain type which they consider pre-eminent. The consequence of this has been an amusing display of vanity, for the philosophers, being for the most part of the white race, have never hesitated to select this as their type, the pattern card, as it were, after which all others were to be formed; but some, no doubt from their own fault, have been hit off less perfectly; and one family, in particular, the Negro, having straggled off from the rest, within the peninsula of Africa, has incurred the penalty of an error, and been branded with thick lips and black skin, whereas "the first man," who was no doubt a Caucasian, was white, and had lips and hair very much resembling our own, only more graceful and beautiful.

You will observe that philosophers here labor under the

same sort of delusion in regard to the fact of the real unity of the human family, to which I had occasion to refer when speaking on the unity of human language; that unity is enthroned in the Hebrew language, according to the popular apprehension, or in some other oriental dialect, now extinct, which is believed to have been universal before the tower of Babel was attempted to be built; so much do men degrade by their absurd speculations the most sacred and beautiful truths. But as it has been shown that the unity of human speech did not depend on the use of any one dialect, but on that consent of minds which is the result of the submission of the understanding to the Creator of the universe, when all are impelled forward to one goal, so now the true unity of the human race itself is not to be sought for, or to be supposed to be represented, in any one extinct or living variety, but rather in that harmony of all the parts which we may believe once to have existed and still to be possible. If, then, we would *see* a true representation of that unity so delightful to the imagination, we must think of all the various tribes of men, and, divesting them of all those deformities and ugly features which foul and beastly passions have left imprinted upon them, imagine all their latent capabilities of lovely and manly expression developed to the utmost degree, and combined in a single pair, fresh from the Creator's hands, and his pure stamp upon their souls: in such personages of the imagination we might see depicted some faint idea of the unity of the human family; but would the dark ground, would the olive, would the red, would white be wanting? What a combination of perfections must be imagined in the synopsis of this wide-spread family of mankind! Perhaps, if we could regard the whole human family now as with the eye of a superior intelligence, we should see them as one man, although deformed, shorn of their loveliness and of their once sinless majesty, and no longer such as they were once beheld in that happy mystic

pair which the vision of Moses saw as he looked backward on the birth of time and the origin of mankind under the illumination of heavenly light. It was then he spoke of the first pair and of the first language; but how incapable are we to conceive what he beheld, confined to the narrow views of science, who cannot even think of a language unless it resemble our own conventional dialects, nor of a first pair until we have ascertained the longitude and latitude of their early residence, and discovered the type or native race of which they wore the resemblance!

But let us bear more closely on our subject. It will be seen then, from our observations in the last lecture, as well as the tenor of our present remarks, that we recognize a unity in the human race, but at the same time a unity constituted on varieties, and recognizable in them,—in them altogether, and not in any single family merely, or natural race of men. For, so far from considering any one race as the *beau ideal* of nature, and all the rest as deviations from it, I judge it more safe, as well as more rational, to consider the *beau ideal* as entirely eclipsed by sin and evil, or like the prophet Elisha carried up into heaven, and *all* the present existing races of men *deviations*, disjointed and separated materials of one immense edifice of humanity, which, when compacted and put together justly, was indeed a fair and beautiful sight to look upon, a more glorious temple than sun has ever since shone on, but now a heap of ruins, on which, however scattered and confused, we may still trace the emblems of a great design, and, cheered by the promises of revelation, we can still hope for an entire restoration of the original. We mentioned, in our lecture on the evidence of geology, that our modern continents are constructed out of the ruins of those which have before existed, and that their origin is but recent, compared with the age of the earth. We might make a similar observation in regard to the human race itself; the

present families of mankind are but the wrecks and ruins of men, and the period of their partial recovery exceedingly recent: they have but just entered, so to speak, on their new career, and, having collected a few wrecks of their former fortune, the remnants of original truths, are attempting to recover their former state.

It is from not sufficiently attending to these facts—I mean the comparatively recent origin of our present civilization, and the actually incipient stage of the *modern* human race—that we are sometimes led to indulge in the most gloomy forebodings respecting the ultimate fate of very large portions of mankind. So far back as our own history goes, we find an evident progress in the Caucasian race, while, on the contrary, the Negro appears to us to have been stationary ; but we ought to reflect that there *may* be a progress, although we cannot trace it,—that the moral distance between the two races may be so great that their proper movements are insensible to each other, as certain motions among the fixed stars are said to be such as to be hardly appreciable after thousands of years, on account of the vastness of the interval which separates them from us, while even millions may be necessary at last to ascertain the actual periods of their revolution. At all events, the world is evidently yet too young, from those appearances of progress which at present strike us, to undertake to determine beforehand the relative destiny of the respective races of mankind. And it may also be part of the design of nature, for all we can tell to the contrary (as I intimated in my last lecture), that one race in particular, the Caucasian or European, should act as the pioneers of the others, and should be endowed accordingly with that precocity of understanding and intrepidity of mind necessary to carry such design into effect.

I alluded in my last lecture to the remarkable fact that the African, or more properly the Negro, should have little

or no disposition to wander from his native seats,—in this respect strongly contrasted with the European, even in the most barbarous condition of the latter, who always has been, not less than at present, extremely migratory, and unsettled in his habits and propensities. The African stays at home, is contented and satisfied,—a feature of natural character which, while associated in our imagination with his present degradation, may appear even a part of that very degradation; but which, on a more philosophical view, and when taken in connection with other native traits of mind, would seem to augur a peculiarly gentle and beautiful species of civilization, when he shall have once taken his rank in the society of perfect men and ennobled races. There is undoubtedly here an *apparently* vacant space for him to occupy, and which seems by no means adapted to the genius of the Caucasian tribe. These have no real heartfelt admiration of the milder and gentler aspects of a pure and dignified civilization; they have, on the contrary, a natural proneness to admire the bolder features of an intellectual refinement, to be acute, precipitate, headstrong, resistless in their course, while a high honor, an extreme daring, a dauntless spirit of freedom, and a love of independence are among the most specious *idola tribus* which all hearts are disposed to worship; and certainly these are some of the grander characteristics of human nature, but by no means the chief or even the most endearing ornaments of humanity. All the sweeter graces of the Christian religion appear almost too tropical and tender plants to grow in the soil of the Caucasian mind; they require a character of human nature of which you can see the rude lineaments in the Ethiopian, to be implanted in, and grow naturally and beautifully withal. When I read the New Testament, and note the sweet and lovely character of the *virtues* recommended,—that almost female tenderness of mind which both the flourishing of them and the perfect-

ing of them presuppose,—I am impressed with the conviction that other than the European race must become the field of their insemination ere we can see them in their natural perfection. I am far from saying that this race is not naturally capable of exhibiting a certain *order* of the virtues of the Christian religion, such, namely, as tally with their character,—a vigor and freedom of soul, a manly sense of justice, a rational love of truth, an enlightened faith, and a rough, active charity: but all these are but the first *tier* of Christian virtues, and our surly rapid intellects are hardly susceptible of others. And this therefore leads me to augur, and I think on grounds which are good, that a race more feminine and tender-minded than the Caucasian is needed to reflect the sweetness and gentle beauty of the Christian religion,—its mystic, quiet, humble spirit; for its sterner feature, its doctrinal majesty, is already represented perfectly in the Catholic, and especially the Protestant, Caucasian; but the Catholic representing these more gently, and with some mixture of humbler mysticism. Believing as we all do, and indeed are sure, that the Christian religion is a divine wardrobe of sacred investiture, containing garments for all kinds and orders of wearers, and finding that the rougher and plainer robes only, so to speak, have been yet appropriated, and that there are others there of much finer texture, and adapted to sunnier skies, still unusual, but graceful, flowing, and beautiful withal, we cannot escape from the conviction that there are nations of a different *natural* stamp to come within the pale of *sacred* civilization, and it is not hard to believe that the Ethiopian tribes are these. It has been beautifully observed by Dr. Wiseman, a learned and excellent Catholic writer, that the morality of the Christian religion is not national, but universal,—that is to say, that it contains within its own *natural sheath* or trunk the living germs of all national and sectional morality, the varied types of all spiritual and

moral perfections, but is not itself any one of these, nor at all local, but divine, and above them all.

It may seem to you strange that I should seek for elucidations of the natural history of man from the characteristics of the Christian religion; but yet it is permitted, it is legitimate illustration. It is as if you were to learn that a box of curious tools, of all characters and sizes, of every degree of lightness and strength, had been sent by a distant and unseen person, but known to be wise and benevolent, to a family of many members, none of which tools were intended to be useless or unemployed; and after the third hour of the day you should find that a great many of these were still unused and unappropriated: you must conclude that many members of the family had not yet arrived to select those which were especially designed for them, adapted to their peculiar genius and native dexterity, for the execution of new and beauteous arts; either this is so, or the other members of the family have mistaken their genius and native bent, and taken a wrong direction. But yet how can this be? Have the Caucasians mistaken their genius? No one will say so who reflects on their actions, or those arts, emulous of the perfection of nature, which have been designed by them. The arts and the sciences of the Caucasians are matters of high avail, of inestimable price, of indispensable utility, not to the necessities of animal life merely, but to the intellectual dignity of the soul. No, the Caucasian race have not been ill employed, nor have those tools which they have selected not been such as were designed and made for them by the author of their nature; the Caucasian race have not been ill employed, although they have not exhausted—very far from it—that chest of divine instruments sent down from heaven for the benefit of all mankind, of whatever genius or temperament; no, they have not been ill employed, they who have been the inventors of arts, the legislators and bene-

factors of mankind. I call to witness, first, the indefatigable, the wonderful Archimedes, whose *genius* may be said to have been the parent of the mechanical arts, and the source of those useful inventions of which a profusion has enriched our times: could the Ethiopian have accomplished anything like this? What mechanical inventions ever sprung from his mind? What discovery in the mathematics or in the arts was ever made south of Mount Atlas? Archimedes, let him appear—of the Caucasian race—as the representative of science. Plato next, in analytic philosophy: could an Ethiopian, with that facility, take human thought in pieces, reconstruct it, and show its laws and aptitudes as did Plato? As a founder of the social state, I next call up Arthur, the English king, and with him his modern compeer, the American Washington: these are specimens of Caucasians, great in building up the social state. In science, in analytical philosophy, in political abilities, I merely remind you there have been such men in the Caucasian tribe; these are *suns;* but there are hundreds of others. The constellation of their brilliancies eclipses, throws the poor Ethiopian sadly in the shade; for what can he match with these? Nothing,—of like kind. The Ethiopian soil of men yields plants of no such stem or hue as these. And it is in vain for us to dissemble: we are justly proud of such specimens of men, and we strive—and rightly, too—to imitate some of their great qualities; their character and style of virtue best suits our taste; we cannot be untrue, and we ought not, to that province of dignity and trust which has been allotted us by nature. But still as men, and to pay a debt of justice to other races, we ought so far to withdraw ourselves from our own standards as to be able to see other tribes of men, not in the light of our standards, which are partial, but in the light of the Christian religion, which is œcumenical. And this light will indeed equally condemn the vices of savages

and of civilized men; but it will at the same time show the just proportions and analogies of all species of intellectual and moral greatness: and it will show the natural ground of a sweetness and serenity of moral perception to be more valuable than a vigorous capacity for scientific research or political legislation.

But of the Ethiopians and Caucasians, as contrasted, let what has been already said suffice; of the unnatural mixture or amalgamation of the two races I shun to speak; to the evil effects of it the Copts bear testimony—"Veneris monumenta nefandæ." But on that topic, also, enough.

Of the Caucasians themselves, as compared with each other, let me next speak. They are essentially one race, but exhibit several distinct and permanent varieties, which, however, may so mix as rather to improve than to deteriorate the general race.

But of the Caucasians there are some who show more strikingly the peculiar features of the race than others,—more of that enterprising spirit, that roving disposition, that inquisitiveness of mind, that haughty, proud, overbearing character, which in general mark the whole. Others, again, are more pacific, dreamful, and mystical,—on whose minds fall the shadows of great thoughts, but they are little disposed to analyze or examine them, being contented rather to narrate than to investigate, made rather to *reflect* than to demonstrate truth. Of the former description are those who have pushed farthest westward on the European continent,—the Britons and those tribes from which they have sprung, whether of Germany or Gaul; all these are pre-eminently distinguished by a restless, inquisitive spirit, spurning fancies and mysticism, and believing only in their eyes and ears, *protestants* by nature, and atheists in vice; such has been their character from the earliest times, and it is durable as their hills, and rough as their climate. "The Germans," says Cæsar,—this is

that red-haired, blue-eyed, gigantic wild race which afterwards overran the Roman empire,—"the Germans" (and this shows their *protestant* propensities even before the Christian era) "have no regular priests to preside over religion or to perform sacrifices, esteeming as gods those only which they see, and by whose powers they are actually benefited, as, for instance, the sun, the moon, and Vulcan; other gods they have not even heard of." The account of Tacitus is essentially the same, that "they do not confine their gods within the walls of temples, or liken them to the human form, but hold certain groves sacred, and worship that unseen Intelligence which they behold with the mind." Such are the mental characteristics of this branch of the Caucasian race; those who stand contrasted with them, and reach the other extreme, are the Asiatic part of the family, I mean as respects local habitation. These are the mystics of the race, susceptible to impulses, and apt to retain them; addicted to *sense* rather than intellectual vision; preserving *entire* the impressions which have been made upon them, just because they have no disposition to analyze them, or to resolve them into their original elements. The most remarkable *tribe* of this grand branch of the Caucasian race St. Paul has described *graphically* in a single clause, and contradistinguished them from the Greeks, who belonged to an entirely different branch. "The Jews," says he, "ask *signs;* the Greeks seek *wisdom.*" *Ιουδαιοι σημεια αἰτουσι, και Ελληνες σοφιαν ζητουσιν* (1 Cor. i. 22.)

This demand for *miracles,* or the wish to behold *sensible* representations of abstract principles, rather than to see them *mentally,* fixes at once the natural character, as well as that branch generally of the Caucasian race to which he was attached. The Greeks had little or none of this character, except what they derived from their intercourse with Asia; they had an innate fondness for abstract speculation, and hence the character of their language, adapted

most admirably to the expression of purely mental relations, and in this respect contrasted strikingly with the Hebrew and other oriental tongues, which exhibit only the outlines of natural objects,—the rude sketches of *divine ideas*,—rather than the finite relations of human thought. This whole Caucasian race, then, while it possesses a unity of character, as contrasted with other races of men, presents at the same time several remarkable and fixed varieties, which give body and harmony to the whole.

Let us advert to the most remarkable of these. Beginning at the most easterly point and proceeding westward, we have first the cradle of the race, for from this locality it seems originally to have sprung,—the Jews, Persians, and most ancient Egyptians; these are the mystics of the family, your genuine lovers of the marvellous, and the most ready always to believe it; in its original, unblemished integrity, a most interesting and important part of human character,—bearing the same analogy and relation to the other races or varieties of men, that childhood does to manhood, that perception does to reasoning, that matter of fact bears to matter of inference or deduction. This character of people receive the most correct impressions of Deity, and of those sensible facts and experiences, on which all rational and spiritual religion must be built, and without which, as its support, it would be indeed altogether but the baseless fabric of a vision. Hence it comes that the notices and reminiscences and earlier records of all these nations serve the same purposes of indispensable reference to other nations more intellectual and philosophical, which his stock of facts and observations collected in infancy does to the individual when he has arrived at maturity and devotes himself to the analysis of those sentiments and opinions which he has early imbibed. Hence also it is that the foundations of all our systems of religion have been laid among that people or their descendants.

Among the Arabs, which also belong to this class of the Caucasians, sprung up the Mahometan faith; it is only among such people, sufficiently infantile to be capable of wonder, that such a system could have taken root. There is no necessity for supposing Mahomet to have been a bad man, or even a designing man; there is no necessity even for supposing that certain extraordinary and even miraculous impressions were not made upon his mind, sufficient, at least, to make himself the first convert to his own opinions. If we are led to suppose (and we cannot but do so) that there must be some extraordinary process at work in the organization of *new species* of plants, whose types have never before appeared, much more may we not rationally conclude that certain very uncommon and mysterious influences must be exerted on those singular minds which, at different periods of the world's history, have originated *new systems* of religion and new modes of worship? Surely these are much more momentous every way, and efficacious of good or evil, bringing with them "airs from heaven or blasts from hell," than any new and *original* productions whatever, whether of plants or animals. New religions do not merely affect the surface of nature, add to or diminish the number of natural resources, but they plough up the very depths of human society, change the face of the moral world, alter and remodify the soul of man, and proceed so far as only not to abolish those original distinctions of genius and race which are alone capable of resisting their power. It is absurd, then, while we believe that not a new species of an insignificant plant or animal can arise without a special interposition of creative power, to think that new religions are allowed to be engendered, and to be spread among mankind, without a certain special exercise of the Providence of God. It may perhaps be said of all religions that in their original infantile state they contain more truth than error, more good than evil, more beauty than de-

formity; and that the truth, the good, and the beauty are from God, and the error, evil, and deformity from men, but permitted for the sake of human freedom, and on account of the existing state of mankind. What then? is it absurd to suppose that the Mahometan religion, which embodies the cardinal truth of the unity of God, and inculcates the laws of moral charity, may have been in a certain sense *permitted* by God; and that certain extraordinary impressions may have been made on the mind of Mahomet, sufficient to give a vivid coloring and natural reality to that system of superstition of which he was the author, just as some mystic power was exerted whensoever a new species of animals first sprung up, and not less, although for different ends, in the production of the ferocious and cruel than of the mild and peaceful tribes.

But whether or not you will admit the reasonableness of this supposition, or whether you will choose rather to suppose that all such concoctions of new species of superstition are matters of sheer accident or political contrivance, I shall not stop to argue the question: it may again come up in some future lecture. I introduce it now merely to show that Asia is the land, and this portion of the Caucasian race the people, where and among whom such forms of delusion or of religion (call them which you will) have always most readily sprung up and taken deep root. I speak not now of different systems of the same essential faith; the moulding of these, the Greeks, the Italians, the Germans, the English, are fully adequate to; but I speak of the actual birth of entirely new religions,—the original insemination of the plant, not the germinations merely, or the expansions of its leaves and buds. It appears that this great law of nature holds here also, as in all other inferior *natural* productions, that there is a natural centre whence religions originate, as well as appointed localities from which the original races of animals appear to have taken their rise. And there is an

appropriate soil of the *human mind*, as well as an appropriate age, in which religions first appear, under the eye and sovereign permission of Him who turns them all to good. In Arabia, accordingly, we find (A.D. 622) a religion spring up, which has well-nigh covered the East, and even at one time made fearful inroads on Europe; it was the religion of war and polygamy, while the Christian religion, on the other hand, was designed to be the religion of peace and monogamy, or true marriage. The latter expressed, and does express, the full mind of God, and no part of it is of permission merely, but the whole of Divine intention and design; and no human misdeeds are allowed to modify or tarnish its beauty; like the rays of the sun, it can receive contamination from nothing, but withdraws itself from mortal contact, within the sheath of its own native purity. But with respect to the former, while it had borrowed features stamped upon it (I believe from Divine intention, in order that in its devastating career it might still effect good), yet, at the same time, its body and its coloring were exclusively of Asia, not of heaven or angelic; and by its sensual allurements it was permitted to bind human minds, already degraded, to its sway; and this binding may have raised them—it certainly has in some degree at least—in the scale of humanity. Arabia, Persia, then, are native homes of religion, superstition, delusion,—call it what you will.

What shall we say of Egypt, also the ancient abode of the *mystic Caucasian?* Here, too, there prevailed an original form of superstition; and Herodotus has clearly shown us that from this quarter the Greeks derived their most numerous deities and modes of worship. Egypt originated, but Greece improved, for the Greeks were not of the class of natural mystics; we recur to the brief but graphic delineation of Paul,—"the Jews" (and he might have added the Egyptians) "ask signs, the Greeks seek wisdom."

Accordingly we find the Greeks improve every form of superstition imported among them from the East or from Egypt, but they do not originate; they beautify, they adorn, but they do not *cast* their gods. Superstition was imported into Greece in the state of *blooms* or *pigs*, but they soon shaped and hammered it into varied *forms* of beauty and elegance. The Greeks were characterized by a pure fancy, a just delicacy of feeling, as well as great acuteness and subtilty of understanding; hence the superstitions of the nations, when retouched by their poets or modelled by their painters and sculptors, became a new thing, not indeed *radically*, but from those moral and lovely features of true and elegant proportions which were now impressed upon them. How strikingly contrasted are the rude and grotesque images of Egyptian sculpture, of which you have seen the representations, with the elegant designs of Grecian art and invention! The wildest superstition in their hands became beauty and instruction; and Minerva indeed was no longer an idol, an Egyptian phantasy, but the very emblem of divine intelligence. The contrast between these two nations in their modes of conception shows two distinct natural varieties of men in the Caucasian race, the one mystical, or rather superstitious, the other elegantly ingenious and beautifully fanciful.

Of that other portion of mystics, the Jews, I shall say but little, as I have before spoken of them in a former lecture: only you are aware how difficult it was to preserve among them the pure original *forms* of the revealed truth. Although our religion in its early origin among them was altogether included in *ritual forms*, and thus was adapted to win their veneration, and they perhaps, from their love of the visible and sensible in all things, from their innate hankering after "signs," were of all people best fitted to guard and preserve this divine GERM of heaven in its infantile and undeveloped state, while wrapped in an investment

of rites and facts; yet it seems with great difficulty that they could be preserved from paying it an *idolatrous* veneration. Not only the soul, but the body of our religion is divine; there is no part of it artificial in its original institution; and the same providential care which has adorned the human body even with external beauty, produced that fine contour of the limbs, those noble lineaments of countenance, and this majestic head, decorated with comely locks, has also furnished in its earliest origin that embryo faith with the most perfect envelope of appropriate and expressive rites. To retain these in their perfection and integrity was the task assigned to the Jew, which, although peculiarly adapted to his genius, he did not always execute with fidelity, and the rites were sometimes in danger of being corrupted, but still miraculously saved.

When our religion passed from the custody of the Jew to the keeping of the Greek and the southern nations of Europe, it is instructive to mark the new dangers to which it was exposed, and this chiefly because the facts illustrate the distinctive characters of these people from those of the oriental Caucasians. The pure religion of heaven, unlike the superstitions of Egypt, when it passed into Greece required no aid from the polish and refinement of that nation; the touch even of *their* perfect fancy could add nothing to its eternal beauty, as the subtilty of their understanding could in no way enhance the value or usefulness of its truths. The divine injunction in regard to it was as imperative on their elegant artists as on the less gifted Hebrews,—"lift not a tool upon it." Art could no more add perfection to the Christian religion, than it could improve the model of the human body, or of a single natural form, by substituting new parts or introducing new proportions: inasmuch as the proper task of art in such cases is faithfully to imitate, not to alter the divine type.

But, nevertheless, the Grecian genius was not satisfied

with this. When the Christian religion was first introduced to their attention, they fixed upon it with the whole force of their natural subtilty. The arts had already declined, so that Christianity sustained little injury from their emulation; but the philosophical, analytical acumen of the Greeks retained all its natural vigor, or seemed even unnaturally increased by the loss of their liberties and the want of external excitement; hence arose that morbid philosophy, that excessive desire to *define* and expound the most mysterious points of the Christian faith, which characterizes the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries of our era. Here the strength and the weakness of the Grecian intellect were at once signally displayed; but it was in vain that, with all their powers of expression and the nice distinctions of their inimitable language, they endeavored to *confine* within any other forms than its own that original and pure revelation whose truths never have been, and never can be, taken by the assault of the human *intellect* alone. They are revealed unto "babes," and philosophy cannot compass them; they are impressions rather than reasonings, and are reflected better on the tranquil mind than on the excited understanding. They are the elements rather than the results of reasoning, but the Greeks did not so consider them, and they were disposed to receive them rather as the deductions of philosophy than the terms of a revelation.

It shows the character of the Greek mind very remarkably, and a superiority in the province of analytical investigation, that most of the terms of theological science, and the greater number of its technical distinctions, have been borrowed from the Greeks, and retained even in modern times. I say nothing of the intrinsic value of most of these distinctions; at present, fortunately for the quiet of mankind, they do not rate very high; I speak only of that peculiar genius and character of mind in which they originate,—it is Greek. What Englishman or American

would ever have adopted any such *verbal* distinctions as the following, unless on the suggestion and authority of some mind very different from his own?—"there are three persons in the Godhead, the same in substance, equal in power and glory,"—this is *pure Greek.* Nothing can be a clearer proof of the real divinity of the Christian religion than that it should have risen triumphant over all these strenuous but vain attempts of philosophy to fasten it down to *words* and *forms* and *definitions;* that it should still retain its own inherent beauty, notwithstanding all the contaminating influences with which it has come in contact; that it should survive uninjured and unsoiled, at first the sensual superstitions of Asia, and at last the insinuating philosophy of the Greeks, and their admirers in modern times, and still exert a fresh and renovating influence over all who choose to submit themselves to its sway. As you might read the history of the mind of nations and see their character reflected from those improvements and works of art with which they have variously marked the surface of the earth and distinguished the vast landscapes of nature, so in that divine religion which exhibits similar features of immutability, analogous scenes of wide-spreading beauty,—in that religion, I say, as artificially decked with the motley garb, here of Greek and Roman philosophy, and *there* of Catholic superstition or Protestant presumption,—you might read the natural characters of the different ages and races of men, and see no inaccurate picture of the true history of our species and the varied freaks of the human understanding. But have all these labors been useless? have they been wrong? Very far from it; it is not forbidden to cultivate the study of the Christian religion, and by these attempts to catch its expressions and to represent them the understandings of men are improved; for it is impossible to contemplate much a divine work without imbibing somewhat of its spirit and being elevated thereby.

But let me pass westwardly and finish. I have shown you successively the Ethiopian and the Caucasian races; and as belonging to the last the Arab, and Persian, the Egyptian and the Jew,—all these in a certain sense mystical and *infantile*,—the proper subjects of ritual revelations, devoted to fact and sensible signs: they "ask signs, the Greeks seek wisdom." I have next shown you the Greeks, and "the wisdom" of their philosophy, often travesting, sometimes tarnishing, the Christian religion; the Germans, the Gauls, the Britons I have also referred to. To all these nations there belongs a more practical and utilitarian understanding than did distinguish either the Greek or the Oriental; they are intellectual almost to a fault, but their intelligence falls not so much into subtilty, as what they themselves call very significantly *common sense*. They are an exceedingly imperfect race, but that love of domination which distinguishes them so remarkably as individuals, and chiefly the Britons and their descendants, has at last engendered its own cure, in the production and institution of popular government, by which beautiful artifice the innate vanity of each individual, the desire of personal consequence, can be gratified by the reflection that he is himself "a pillar of state,"—a unit of the sovereign people. That this system of equal rights and noble liberty has not arisen from a true grandeur of soul, or the heaven-born principle of pure philanthropy, is visible from the fact that that portion of the race which have pushed farthest west seemed sufficiently disposed, at least the majority, to rivet forever the chains of servitude (if God interpose not) on an innocent and ill-treated portion of the Ethiopian family, whose long and faithful services to their masters ought surely now to begin to gain for them a milder and a better fate. But this Western race of Caucasians are entitled to a separate lecture, which, "*Deo favente*," shall be our next.

LECTURE IX.

CHARACTER OF THE ANCIENT GERMANS.

THERE are numerous problems which the natural history of man proposes for solution, and, if I should do nothing more than bring several of these before you for individual reflection, I shall not have exerted myself in vain in the composition of these lectures. It is the love and investigation of truth, even more perhaps than its attainment, which improves and refines the human soul. None but the Infinite himself is in possession of absolute truth, for He is "the Truth;" but he permits his creatures at this point and the other, of their terrestrial existence, to obtain glimpses of that ineffable light which is the delight of all creation,—I mean the *essential* truth. More is not necessary for us, or more would be granted.

But the great difficulty, and still not an unpleasant one, which presents itself to us in delineating the natural history of man is this, that we never can be said to have, or to be capable of having, the whole of that *natural history* before us. And herein lies a most striking peculiarity of the subject itself, which is this,—and it is also an important item of this very history,—that, while any one tribe, or class, or species of animals have certain permanent and abiding instincts which are the laws of their being, and

determine with certainty all their modes of action, their mimic arts, and, so to call it, their domestic economy,—their modes of rearing their young, constructing their habitation, securing their food, or providing for their defence, and so consequently render the accomplishment of their *natural* history a matter of great facility, as well as possible accuracy,—and the historian or naturalist who recounts it is in little danger of having his delineations or descriptions falsified by new freaks of nature among the class or tribe, or antiquated by fresh and additional improvements on the modes of these instincts,—it is all the contrary in writing the *natural history* of man. The phases even of his corporeal and physical being are so varied and multiplied, while each has an equal claim to "natural,"—that is, to a fixed and designed consistency with his nature,—that it is impossible to catch all which have been exhibited. And who, after all is done, can be sure that there are not still certain undeveloped powers and faculties in the human being which may give altogether a new face to his history, and render the most graphic and just descriptions hitherto utterly inadequate and at fault,—antiquated histories which are no longer true to the more recent exhibitions of his nature?

It is true, some might be disposed to call those new phenomena of human nature which every now and then confound or disturb the theories and speculations of the philosopher, artificial or *unnatural* displays of character arising out of conventional institutions; but this, again, is absurd, for what is the properly *natural* state of man,—that is to say, that state which is as perfectly consistent and in harmony with the design and end of his creation as we suppose the fixed instincts and *unlearned* arts of the animals to be with theirs? Shall we say that it is that wherein man roves a savage in the woods, ignorant of the arts and refinements of civilization? If this is to be called

the *natural* state of man, with the same propriety of language that such is called the natural state of the lion, the tiger, or the buffalo,—that is, because it seems indisputable that all the laws of *their natures* are here most perfectly developed and conspicuous,—it will remain with us to prove that the arts of civilization do not perfect man, and are rather in contradiction to his nature than in favor of it. But this is evidently ridiculous, and so consequently we are obliged to think, according to all reason and analogy, that it is just as *natural* in man that *he* should invent and exercise the art of spinning and weaving, or even the art of writing or of printing,—or other arts yet undiscovered, and of which we have at present no idea,—as that any one tribe of animals should exercise from age to age the *unvarying functions* of their instincts,—that the birds should never improve upon their arts of nest-building, nor the bees upon the architecture and masonry of their hives. But all these instinctive natural arts are easily described, and when once described remain forever a true copy of nature; but those other arts of man, although no less natural for man to discover or to practise, who can recount these? or when will such history of his inventions or the inventor be such as to be considered perfect?

But I will here start a question, and leave it for you to solve,—you may take a week or two,—what is the final cause of this progression in the human species? What is the reason that all the terrestrial animals are so perfected in their instincts, that the laws of their being are so deeply written upon their nature, so certain and infallible, as not to disappoint them, or lead them wrong; and that the laws designed for man, evidently of a higher order, seem notwithstanding less perfectly stamped on his soul, so that, although his ends are so much nobler than theirs, he yet does less successfully reach them, and is continually committing blunders, in the ardor of his pursuit, either from

defect of light poured upon his mind from those laws, or defect of inclination willingly and steadily to follow them? It would appear, consequently, that, while man on the whole bears upon his mind the traces and vestiges of the most sublime and elevated destiny, he was yet the most unfinished work of creation. And when you view him in the midst of creation, surrounded by all the other works of the Creator, he seems to command the loftiest position, and to be the very central point of the whole design, for towards him all other objects and orders of creation seem to tend, as with lines directed to a centre; but yet this main building, this temple of nature, on whose account all the other outworks have been constructed and designed, is still the most unfinished, although the noblest of them all. What is the cause of this? How is it to be explained? Is it indeed a fact that nature has here left her *chef d'œuvre* imperfect, or is it a work only now in progress—a newer, and again a newer design, and closing perfection and beauty being still added, as age succeeds age, as epoch rises out of epoch? And may this be the reason we find it so hard to present a true picture of the natural history of man, that to this august and venerable temple newer wings and ornaments are constantly being added in the lapse of generations? Should this be so, and whether it be or not I leave to your judgment, then we have taken a noble subject in hand when we have undertaken to write the natural history of man; for no doubt ere twenty years more have elapsed, that natural history will be emblazoned with some new and original ideas and designs of nature, some interesting tracery of her chisel, or some additional architrave, to crown and illustrate this work, this temple of the universe.

And indeed, without attempting to solve this enigma,—the greatness of the design, and the unfinished state of the structure of this work, which we name man,—we may be

permitted to point constantly to the fact. And to see this fact the more strikingly, and that character of progress and change which peculiarly belongs to and distinguishes man, it is only necessary to contrast his state as it existed before and since the Christian era. It is impossible to tell precisely in what the change has consisted, but any one who will read together and compare the productions of the human mind before and since that period will find that there has been a change, not only on the surface, but in the vital constitution of society; it has affected, it has altered nature itself in man; to resume our first simile, this central temple of creation has received a new story on the old foundation, —or rather, like enchantment, the whole seems new. The Christian religion is not a social, artificial system of mere opinions or principles, but wears upon it all the marks and insignia of a true creation; it was a spiritual and moral *genesis:* "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was God." The tenor of this lecture does not permit me to dwell on this suggestion, but I note it only in passing, that the event of the Christian religion is the most remarkable fact in the natural history of man, and is a part of it, for it had a tendency essentially to change that nature, so that it became something new.

But what was the condition of the present civilized nations of Europe eighteen hundred and forty years ago? I know not how better to characterize them than to say that they were *backwoods;* only the *Indians* who lived there were not savages, but such as are called barbarians,—advanced to the state of pasturage, and the first stages of husbandry, and the cultivation of some of the ruder arts,—acquainted with the use of the metals, and holding in subjection to their service and use the more common domestic animals: but war was their employment, and the exploits of physical strength and dexterity their chief distinction. I speak more particularly of Gaul, Ger-

many, and Britain. The Romans owned a peculiar civilization, the civilization of taste, and genius, and *honor*, not the civilization of moral principle or of pure religion. The worship of the gods was separated from morality; and intellect, in general, sought not for new motives to virtue, but new sources of elegant gratification. The principle which characterized all the nations which existed at this time, Romans as well as others, was the *amor patriæ*, or the attachment to the tribe or nation. This circumstance has not been sufficiently adverted to by modern writers, although, when properly considered, it may serve to soften and alleviate that picture of war and violence which is presented to us in the reading of ancient history. The motives which impelled them to the performance of such acts partook of the social character, and had on that account a slight admixture of virtuous feeling, sufficient to irradiate although not to beautify the dark features of their history. They killed and plundered, *not for themselves, but their tribe.* And here is the only redeeming trait of their character; in this manner provision was made for keeping alive in their minds that seminal principle of all the virtues, a regard for the public good, which, when enlightened by true knowledge, leads at last to the most beautiful results of social virtue and refinement. In the best times of the Roman commonwealth it was seen in its greatest vigor, and often led to acts of true magnanimity; but at the period of the introduction of the Christian religion it had waned in the hearts of the nation, although still the theme of poetical exultation,—dulce et decorum est pro patria mori. But in the western nations of Europe it still preserved its original purity and strength, particularly among the ancient Germans, where it was nourished by a series of bold achievements, of which indeed the historical details have perished, but the noblest monuments endure in those social institutions which have sprung up in Europe

and America, and whose professed object is to secure "the greatest good of the greatest number." It is to these, mainly, we are indebted for that hereditary love of freedom and independence which has distinguished the Anglo-Saxon race, that *natural* stock of just and manly sentiment on which the Christian religion has been engrafted, and expanded into a truly rational and moral civilization, to open here its

"choicest bosomed sweets
Reserved from *night*, and kept for thee in store."

With these views I intend in the present lecture to show some of the more striking natural features of this race, and the relations in which they have stood both to the Christian religion itself, and the institutions of modern times. By this means we may be able to see more clearly those *elements* of progress and development which enter into the composition of human nature, and the adaptation of the Christian religion to cherish and at last to disclose these latent germs of humanity.

In the last lecture we took a rapid view of the different races of men, more particularly the *Caucasian* and the Ethiopian, and of the several classes of the former. We noticed a remarkable feature in the Ethiopian race,—that, for the most part, they should be confined to the African peninsula, and should seldom or never have shown any desire to wander from that quarter of the globe; that they have never abandoned this, their natural home, from inclination. Very different is it with the Caucasian race; their propensity to wander, their love of emigration, might be remarked as one of the peculiar features of their natural character. They seem, accordingly, to be designed by nature to become ultimately the universal race; such is the instinct of emigration,—the natural love of new location implanted in them. We may trace their progress from the central regions of Asia, eastward towards China,

there to disturb or to displace the more settled tribes of the great Mongolian family, a distinct native race of men; and, again, northward, covering the barren and inhospitable regions now occupied by the Russian empire; southward and westward, *there* to possess themselves of Arabia, and *here* of the most western portion of the ancient continent called Europe,—an artificial division of the globe, since there is no natural fixed limit to mark it as distinct from Asia. This race I showed to be composed of nations of different genius: as, the Orientals, made up of Jews, Egyptians, and Arabians; the Greeks, with whom might be ranked the Romans; and, again, the Germans, with whom also might be classed the Gauls and Britons.

These classes, again, differ among themselves; the Greeks and Romans, although nearly related, were still very distinct people, as much so (and lines of discrimination were very similar) as are the French and Britons in modern times. Again, the ancient Germans and Gauls were distinct from each other, as well as from the Britons; and this not only in their manners and civil institutions, but also in their physical form and aspect. The Britons, then as now (I mean as found by the Romans), were composed of several distinct races, and presented accordingly a motley character, not only in their civil usages, but in their physical features and personal appearances. The testimony of Tacitus on this point is express: "Who first inhabited Britain," says he, "whether strangers or those sprung from the country, is a matter of great uncertainty. Their form and aspect are various, and hence arises the presumption of the great diversity of their origin. Those who inhabit the northern part of the island, called Caledonia, have red hair and large limbs, and show evident indications of a German origin. The Silures, the inhabitants of South Wales, have dark complexions, and for the most part curled locks, and these characteristics, united with the circumstance of their

having occupied the shores opposite to Spain, would indicate that the Iberians had anciently crossed over, and possessed themselves of the country. Those, on the other hand, who are opposite to Gaul, resemble the natives of that country, and speak the same language: you detect also the same sacred rites, the same forms of superstition: they discover, moreover, the same rash and impetuous valor in attacking their enemies, and the same want of resolution in maintaining their ground; but, however, the Britons display much more ferocity in their wars, probably because they have not been subdued or softened as yet by the arts of Roman civilization. For at one time also the Gauls were a much more valiant people than they are at present; they lost their valor at the same time with their freedom,—a fate which has also lately befallen a part of the Britons, but the rest still retain their ancient ferocity." Such is the picture furnished by Tacitus, who wrote about A.D. 90. And the hints gathered from his writings, together with notices which are found interspersed in the Commentaries of Cæsar, are nearly all the authentic history we have of these nations up to this period. From these accounts, however, we are enabled to form a very good idea of their character, and can see the rude formations of those distinct and peculiar nations which have arisen from them.

But of all these tribes, the most peculiar, and in all respects the most like itself, was that of the ancient Germans: these are not to be considered as the original stock of the modern races of men who at present occupy Germany, and probably came from regions more northern, and settled the lands which the ancient Germans from time to time abandoned in their capricious and hasty emigrations. For they appear to have possessed hardly any local attachment to the soil, but were always ready on a moment's warning, at the instance of the slightest caprice or the least prospect of advantage, to change their settlements, and occupy new

countries, which they were again prepared, and for no better reasons, as speedily to abandon. Indeed, it appears to have been a part of their national policy entirely to detach the affections of their tribe from all local or sectional partialities. Cæsar tells us of the Suevi that they possessed a hundred cantons, from each of which they drew yearly a thousand warriors, and that an equal number remained at home to cultivate the land, who next year took their turn in the war; that no one among them possessed any property of his own in the land, and that they never remained longer than a year in one place; that they lived in a great measure on the produce of their flocks and herds, and, when not engaged in war, were employed in hunting, which kind of life rendered them exceedingly robust and vigorous; and that the children, being accustomed to no restraints of education, and no opposition to their inclinations, were allowed to acquire, in the active exercise of the chase, or the frequent emigrations of the nation, that natural hardihood of body and ferocity of mind which was not less visible in the gigantic stature than in the savage aspect which characterized the entire nation. Contemplated in this point of view merely, we might be very apt to regard them in the light of simple, irreclaimable barbarians.

But there are other aspects of the character presented to us by Cæsar which enable us to see that even these savage forms must have contained the germs of several noble virtues. At first we might judge them to be but little in advance of our Indian, but further attention shows them to have been a very superior order of men. As contrasted with the aborigines of this country, they showed uncommon powers of self-denial on those points where the virtues of barbarians seem always most liable to temptation and most easily discredited. Cæsar declares that they permitted traffickers to come among them, not to purchase their wares, but to sell them the booty they had taken in war;

and that they prohibited, by the severest ordinances, wine from being brought into their country, because they considered that their valor would be diminished by the use of this luxury, and the nation rendered effeminate. Here was an exercise of self-denial, undoubtedly, which cannot fail to raise them in our estimation, when we know how easy the virtue of the noblest barbarian is to be sapped, and finally overthrown, by the appetite for this species of indulgence.

In another respect also their natural character stands forth, in a most conspicuous and advantageous light, as contrasted with that of most barbarians. Not only Tacitus, but even Cæsar has testified to the respect and veneration in which they held their women, and to the noble virtues of continence by which their youth were distinguished. The testimony of Tacitus on this subject, although remarkably explicit, I have been sometimes disposed to discredit, suspecting that he might be inclined to exaggerate the virtues of barbarians on this point, to rebuke by the striking contrast the abominable and shocking licentiousness which in his time began to prevail at Rome and to corrupt and destroy the very vitals of the empire. For when the natural purity of these principles of our nature begins to be corrupted, and when the corruption is even made a subject of jest and a topic of light allusion, not only is all security for the manly character of the individual lost, but the way is prepared for the ultimate degradation of the entire nation. Aware, therefore, of the stern philosophy of Tacitus, and the natural disgust which his great mind must have felt for those scenes of domestic infidelity which he daily witnessed at Rome, at the very time, perhaps, when he was writing his treatise on the manners of the Germans, I had thought that he might unconsciously to himself have heightened the coloring of that affecting picture of barbarian virtue and manly sentiment which he shows to have existed among these ancient German tribes. But on comparing the testi-

mony of Cæsar on the same subject, who wrote his Commentaries about forty-five years before the Christian era, and finding it to be substantially to the same effect, I am disposed to place the firmest reliance on the statement of Tacitus. For Cæsar was one of those cool, clear-headed men so thoroughly devoted to politics, war, and ambition that the delicacy of moral sentiment can never affect them; so far from writing a satire on vice, or recommending the pure and exalted virtues, they are intent only how to turn both the virtues and vices of men, the weaknesses of the human heart, or the excesses of the passions, to the account of their own aggrandizement, and make them the stepping-stones to their own advancement in power or affluence. Cæsar was one of this stamp precisely, a polished, elegant writer, of captivating manners, it is said, brave on all proper occasions, and the last person in the world to be imposed upon by romantic accounts of the virtue and honor of barbarians. And yet Cæsar has given substantially the same account of the Germans which Tacitus has done. He had also the opportunity of observing their manners, and of becoming intimately acquainted with their character, having himself been the first Roman general who crossed the Rhine and displayed the eagles of Rome in the wild forests of Germany. Cæsar was a soldier, and could not but admire those robust and noble forms and proportions which distinguished that nation, their youth especially, and he does not fail to ascribe their superiority in this respect to its true cause,—those virtues of chastity, temperance, and unbounded freedom, combined with athletic exercises, for which the whole race were pre-eminent.*

* "Vita omnis in venationibus, atque in studiis rei militaris consistit: ab parvulis labori ac duritiæ student. Qui diutissimè impuberes permanserunt, maximam inter suos ferunt laudem; hôc ali staturam, ali vires nervosque confirmari putant. Intram annum vero XX feminæ notitiam habuisse, in turpissimis habent rebus: cujus rei nulla

I have taken the more pains to set this matter in a clear light, and establish it on solid proof, not only because it is an important fact in itself, but because, from the too prevalent practice of exaggerating the virtues of barbarians, even those unquestionably great qualities with which they are endowed are sometimes liable to be discredited. I am not myself, in general, disposed to believe in the boasted virtues of barbarians; I am even doubtful if we should apply the name of *virtue* to those natural qualities for which they are most celebrated, which are but the *signs* and *prognostications* of virtue: the virtues are the proper fruits of a sacred regard to the grand principles of human and divine law, as revealed from heaven, and rationally understood and morally loved. *Virtue*—I mean this natural semblance—is not virtue, really and genuinely such, until it is sanctioned by religion, beautified by philosophy, and recommended and adorned by a warm and universal benevolence. This is virtue properly so called, but, nevertheless, there are certain *wild* and spontaneous and vigorous shoots of a healthy mind, in a rude state of the individual or the nation, which indicate a congenial and kindred *stock*, on which all those virtues which are the proper fruits of religion and civilization can be most advantageously and successfully engrafted. And the natural history of man, as a study, is useful chiefly for this purpose, that we may be able to discover the true criteria of the natural capabilities of great virtues. An intimate acquaintance with geology and mineralogy, it is said, can enable the adepts in those sciences readily to determine, from certain indications altogether superficial, whether or not valuable treasures of coal or other useful products are to be found beneath the surface in any given spot; in like manner, were we thoroughly skilled in this

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est occultatio, quod et promiscuè in fluminibus perluuntur, et pellibus aut parvis rhenonum tegumentis utuntur, magna corporis parte nuda."—*Bel. Gal.*, *lib.* vi. 21.

science of human nature which we are now prosecuting, we should be able to declare, even from the external tokens of savage or barbarian simplicity, whether or not there were the latent powers of great virtues contained within the race, and what they were.

The honor and estimation in which their women were held by the ancient Germans—and deservedly, too, on the score of their own intrinsic virtues, for they were noble women—would be the clearest indication, to a philosopher skilled in this science, that the nation was sound at the core, and, however *barbarous* in the popular sense of the term, required but the aid of favorable circumstances to exhibit the most pleasing specimens of every true and manly virtue. But let me not be misunderstood; that regard and veneration which the ancient Germans entertained for their women was altogether distinct from this *sentiment*—silly or romantic as you may choose to consider it, either really felt or affected in modern times—which has assumed the name of gallantry, and manifests itself in an especial deference for ladies. This is, for the most part, a compound of mere foppery and childishness, as unmeaning as it is effeminate, and a proof of anything rather than sincere esteem or affection; it would appear to have arisen from the affectations and absurdities of chivalry, and hence to have become a fashion in modern times, but a matter in which the heart has very little concern. The feelings of the Germans were of a very different kind: their manly *gallantry* (if we must use the term) actually flowed from the heart, and was the natural expression of sincere respect. They appear to have felt a veneration of their women as of superior beings, and, indeed, imagined them to be endowed with a certain sacred character; and several are mentioned as having exercised an extraordinary influence over the nation.

I know not how to account for this, otherwise than from

the fact that their women, taking a public part in the transactions of the tribes, and more openly manifesting their feelings than is customary with men, came on that account to attract the more attention, or to be considered as supernaturally inspired,—a belief which would be readily countenanced by the superstition of the age, and the blending together of various feelings and emotions; hence their opinions were inquired on all important occasions, and received with great deference and respect. On one occasion, we are informed by Cæsar, Ariovistus declined a combat when the advantages seemed to be very much on his side. The matter attracted the attention of Cæsar, and excited his curiosity, and, on inquiry afterwards, he discovered that the German matrons had been the cause of it, who from their skill in divination, it appears, had predicted that the fight would be unfortunate if engaged in before the new moon. Such respect did this renowned general pay to the supposed prudence or supernatural powers of his countrywomen, that he sacrificed his own judgment in military affairs to what he believed to be their superior skill and penetration.

Tacitus's account agrees with this: he declares that they believed their women to be endowed with certain extraordinary gifts of divination, and asked their opinion on public affairs with the most respectful deference. Nor do they appear to have been unworthy of these marks of honor and distinction, for they bore their full share in all public dangers and difficulties; and often, in the heat of fight, when victory seemed doubtful they have turned the fortune of the day by their heroic interposition, appearing suddenly in the midst of the affray, and by their cries and entreaties encouraging or compelling their countrymen to redouble their efforts to rescue their country from disgrace, and themselves, their children and wives, from the horrors of captivity. Under such powerful supplications

the timid have been rendered brave, and the sight and example of such earnest advisers restored the hopes and courage even of the most desponding hearts. Accordingly, it was the custom of the men to exhibit first their trophies of victory to their mothers, their sisters, or their wives; nor were these too faint-hearted to ask to see their honorable wounds, to count the number of them, and to extol their valor, according to their measure of daring or exposure in the fight. And these were the dispensers of renown, at the same time also that they were looked upon as the guardians of the public weal,—appointed by the gods to watch over the sanctity of the household, and to consult for the honor, safety, and independence of their tribe.

You ask me if I consider all this right and deserving of approbation, or that women were here engaged in their appropriate tasks? I answer yes; it is just as right that they should take this interest in the honor of their country as the other sex. Of course I do not think that women were made for war and battle, and neither do I believe that men were; but since the fashion of the times had made it so, and settled it, that war was a necessary element of greatness, and that no safety was to be procured without it, I argue that it shows a healthful state of feeling in other respects that the affections of both sexes were equally enlisted in the cause, that there was no *division* in the house or in the state, and that the serious pursuits and objects of the one were also the serious pursuits and objects of the other: a far better token at least of a natural soundness of mind—I say nothing of the moral condition, which was not yet developed in the nation—than the mean and detestable habits of the Asiatics, who, having reduced their women to slavery, have incurred the penalty which they deserved, in being themselves dismantled of their courage and manhood,—removed from all natural incentives and motives to noble or generous actions.

Dux femina facti; and perhaps there never was any great and illustrious enterprise begun and carried through when this was not actually, although it might not be visibly, the case. But what was here done openly and without reserve, in an unsophisticated state of nature, among the ancient Germans,—that they held it no discredit to be impelled forward on danger or daring action at the urgency of the more powerful although gentler sex,—is still done, although less obviously and visibly, in every sound and healthful condition of society; in which it will be found that it is from this source that the affections of men are purified and so strengthened,—and enabled to endure all those fatigues and exertions which are necessary in the accomplishment of any great and useful undertaking.

You will observe that when I speak in commendation of the social state of the ancient Germans, I refer not to the character of their occupation, but to that equal and just share which each sex took in it,—which is a fair token, I say, if not of a moral yet of a natural soundness of mind and disposition, and *natural* precedes *moral*, as *moral* precedes *spiritual;* and where the natural is radically unsound, or not justly balanced, there is but little hope for the strength and brilliancy afterwards of the other two. But when in this state of comparative barbarity we find that the men and women take an equal and serious interest in those pursuits, whatever they may be, which engage the tribe, it is a cheering and certain augury that when the period of a true civilization arrives "the pair" will exist, yet in still greater loveliness and perfection; and, at all events, "the house divided against itself"—the one attracted by the frivolous and gay, the other inclined towards the serious and important—will be as rare an occurrence in the civilized as it has been in the barbarous state; and that mutual affection, founded on mutual respect, will be the distinguishing trait which marks the

union and felicity of the sexes,—the badge of the integrity of the tribe and the integrity of the family. And such signs of true greatness do we find in the barbarian Germans, who have been described to us by Tacitus and Cæsar, and to whose notices of their character I here refer you. And if no such signs or omens are to be found in any barbarous nation at present, it would show that its future civilization is very distant indeed, or even very problematical. Those barbarian women were respected and beloved, and showed themselves to be susceptible of the feelings of patriotism and magnanimity, not less than the private and domestic affections. What a spectacle of beautiful sublimity, for the phrase in this instance is not contradictory, to find the tenderness of womankind thus armed with all the courage and intrepidity of heroism; they hesitated not to rush into the midst of the fight, and to encourage their countrymen to renew or persist in the struggle, and afterwards to count their wounds, and to glory in *their* valor while they mourned over their sufferings. Need we be surprised that this nation of men afterwards grew to be the conquerors of the world, when their infancy was nursed by women of such dignity and grandeur of mind as these were,—women whose patriotism and serious bent of understanding were fitted to inspire the noblest ardor into the bosoms of their children? But so much are we accustomed to claim for modern times exclusive merit on this point that I may be accused of exaggeration; yet the testimony of history is explicit on the subject: and to such a point of romance or of *truth* did they carry the sentiment that, Tacitus informs us, among several nations it was reckoned improper to contract a second engagement: "one life, one body, one husband," was a maxim among them: and as there is but one spring-time in the year, so ought there to be but one marriage in the life of the individual.

This may be the extravagance of sentiment, or it may have a foundation in nature (I believe it has); but at all events this picture of ancient manners has always seemed to me the most alluring and beautiful of any, except that which Homer has painted in his Odyssey: and in many respects there were striking resemblances between the ancient Greeks in the heroic ages, and the ancient Germans as described by Tacitus: among both you find the same natural and unexaggerated respect and veneration for the female virtues: the description of Nausicad and Arete, in the sixth and seventh books of the Odyssey, is unparalleled as a painting of female character and manners of the very highest kind, and stands finely contrasted with the disgusting features of Asiatic manners on the one hand, and the affectations of chivalry on the other. The Greeks, in the earlier ages, knew perfectly where the point of natural propriety here lay, and they observed it to admiration; their respect and esteem was serious, rational, and dignified, elevating at once themselves and their sisters and wives. But a sad reverse of this picture is very visible in the Greeks of succeeding ages; they were too vain a people at last to know how to appreciate and call forth female worth; the men had too high a veneration for the acuteness of their own understandings to hold in proper respect the practical good sense and rapid intuitions of the other sex, which are their natural characteristics where they have been accustomed to be treated with a serious and equal regard.

Among the western tribes, however, when they advanced on the south of Europe in their hostile excursions, and at last effected settlements in Gaul and Italy, and took the place of the old inhabitants, this original sentiment, which I have traced in the nation, was not obliterated; the women continued still to prevail in the council and in war, and to sway the minds of their countrymen to newer views and

enterprises. And it was this same deep-laid sentiment which in after ages—a thousand years from the period I have been particularly describing—gave birth to knight-errantry and all those extravagances of romantic exploit which have taken the name of chivalry. This is regarded as a very curious exhibition of manners, and the true source of that high estimation of the female sex which is claimed for modern times; but I believe this to be a mistake, and that these were but the extravagances, or rather the affectations and absurdities, which sprung out of a just and natural sentiment which had prevailed for ages among this race of men, and had exhibited some of its most beautiful and interesting features before either knights or troubadours were heard of: the tribes (these were chiefly German) which in the fifth century of the Christian era overran Gaul and Italy, and at last sacked Rome itself, were distinguished by this noble characteristic. And it has justly been regarded as the main cause which led them to embrace so readily, as they are known to have done, the Christian religion. We know not exactly how far women *here* led the way; but certainly it could be considered no way discreditable, either to the faith or the understandings of those rude converts from the wilds of Germany, if those same women whom they so highly venerated, and to whose admonitions they often lent a willing ear in the affair of battles and sieges, were now also the first often to incline them to embrace that mode of faith and worship, that divine revelation of pure and invigorating truth, which might seem especially designed for a race of people which for a length of ages had firmly held the balances of nature, in rendering equal honor and serious deference to both the male and the female of the human family.

So remarkable seems the coincidence of the *genius* of this race of people and the essential character of the Christian religion that it might not be extravagant to say that they

were expressly made for each other. A noble, vigorous race of men had been reared by the equal regard and contribution of both parents in those secluded retreats of nature, to be that "wild olive-tree" of the Gentiles (to which an inspired writer alludes) on which might be engrafted this true bud and germ of heaven,—in consequence of which all its wild and spontaneous offspring was to be rendered at once fair and beautiful, and replete with a genuine perfection. And, although a close examination into the history of those times might, no doubt, discover many traits of barbarism, and deeds very remote from the true spirit of the Christian religion,—for the moral revolution which it occasions in the tone of national manners is for the most part slow and imperceptible, like those changes so often alluded to which geology discloses to us,—still there can be no doubt there was a certain natural congeniality between the temper of those barbarians and the genius of the Christian religion, at least much greater than had been manifested hitherto, either in that country in which it had originated, or those other more western regions into which it had already spread. And, although we cannot positively tell to what extent the female sex here led the way,—the female sex, whose understandings are as vigorous as those of the other, and on topics of religion more discriminating, quick, and susceptive of evidence,—we are certain that in one conspicuous instance, at all events, a female convert, Clotilda, wife of Clovis, king of the Visigoths, was the instrument through whom her husband was induced to turn his attention to the Christian religion, to embrace the faith, who afterwards led his nation to adopt the same creed.

Such conversions, sudden and by the wholesale, are not to be accounted, perhaps, the golden fruits of the Christian religion; but they show at least this much, that the native soil of the minds of this people was not unapt or unpropitious, but that there was a natural congeniality, an inclination

towards this religion. The captious Greek did not so receive it; the polygamous Asiatic turned instinctively away from it; the haughty Roman looked too high to see it; but that simple progeny of the north, albeit rude and uncouth in their manners, and but little schooled in letters or philosophy, had yet that aptitude in them, or happy disposition of mind, or unsophisticated nature, that either Christianity welcomed them, or they welcomed Christianity with the greatest affection and cordiality. But to what precise combination of causes this may be ascribed, I know not: I note it as a remarkable fact in the history of man, and consider it as deserving much greater attention than it has hitherto received. And indeed, that a religion should have been originated in one quarter of the globe, and that its most willing adherents should have sprung up in another very remote from it,—that among an obscure nation in Palestine, inveterately wedded to polygamy, and the most addicted to low vices of all people on the earth, as appears from their history (and particularly from the example of Solomon, their wisest king),—that among such a people, I say, a religion should have begun, and been nursed, through a series of ages, under the protection and covering of ceremonies and rites,—a religion, too, of all others the most adverse in its spirit to that polygamy which the nation hugged, and to that narrow and sectarian feeling for which they were remarkable,—that such a religion should have arisen there, and taken no permanent root, nor could, on account of the adverse moral climate; and yet that a nation so remote as this German race, which we have been describing, should—unconnected with it apparently so long—be yet found in temper, and genius, and native vigor of soul, and pureness of mind, the most apt to receive this religion, transplanted among them,—and that it should have taken root in them, and so deeply too, that they have carried it with them whithersoever they have wandered or settled, in

the old world, or in the new,—seems to me the most astonishing fact in the natural history of man, and fills me with admiration, not less at the extent and magnificence of the divine plans, than the slowness and yet certainty with which they are accomplished.

It would appear, then, that religion is a plant which does not always thrive best in that country where it has originated, and that it is intended for emigration and transplanting, even from its origin; and moreover that its origin may be involved in great obscurity, and yet its results may afterwards be exceedingly illustrious. And we remark here—we have before adverted to it—that the origins of all works truly divine are for the most part hidden in darkness, there is a deep mystery which envelops all such beginnings, and the *first* origins of religions, as well as the species and genera of animals and plants, are concealed in the mists of antiquity. This has been made an objection to them by sceptics, those unhappy men to whom doubting is natural,—probably from the want of an extended and far-seeing philosophy, for, would they only consider the origins of *all* divine creations, they would find in like manner a thick and impenetrable mist to rest upon them; there seems no time when they have not been. And so it is in respect to the only truly divine religion which exists: its origin—where was it? in what epoch of time did it first appear?—*where, when?*—are the constant interrogations. It was in the elements of creation it originated; its *rites* were local; its consummation is the *Christian* religion: but its developments have been so slow as to be invisible, even sometimes to entire nations. Had the Roman or Greek the most distant idea, the faintest surmise, that amid the secluded hill-country of Palestine a system of divine truth was conceived, and waiting for the fulness of time to be discovered and made universally known, which should break down all their institutions, scatter all

the chaff and yet save all the grain of their philosophy, make all their virtues more estimable and glorious, and unveil—to render more dismal and hideous—all their vices? How little heeded the Greek and Roman—or knew they, in fact—what was in the womb of time! What ignorance, what ominous unconsciousness, in Rome even at the time, in regard to that divine event which was to be called "the second birth of heaven and earth!" There is no sign, no intimation, even in their wisest philosopher, in their most gifted poet, of any such occurrence. And yet this event was to revolutionize the earth; the system of divine ideas was to effect it. And those tribes and their descendants were to be the instruments,—they were already marked for that destiny,—who now inhabited the banks of the Rhine, the Danube, or the Wolga: they were rude and unpromising,—yes, but the seeds of virtue were actually sown; and the even and well-balanced dignity of human nature was secured and provided, in the mutual and serious respect and deference of the sexes for each other.

The German matron, even in her rude and temporary hut, exposed to cold and famine, and a numerous train of physical hardships, but never to insult, or the mockeries of artificial gallantry, felt herself a queen; and with the sober air of feminine magnanimity, and the tempered yet unremitting ardor of a domestic patriot and citizen, impressed upon the minds of her children, her healthful boys and girls, those lessons of hardihood and natural self-denial and patience, which of all things resembled most,—although wild and ungrafted fruits,—so as to be the types of them, the genuine and solid virtues of the Christian religion, which at this time was preparing and being promulgated in a quite distinct quarter of the globe. And truly this rude matron, and her no less rude husband, scantily arrayed with the habiliments of art in body or mind, yet exhibiting at least the sound natural form of a

perfect household, were far more fitted to welcome the news which that religion brought than some polished pair of modern days, living in mutual servility, pampering or being pampered, neither touched nor elevated by noble cares, but seeking ever an inglorious ease for themselves and for their offspring. But not so that noble pair I see in the mirror of Tacitus's narrative of that sterling race: they respected themselves as born and devoted to advance the prosperity and honor of their tribe; they had no paltry insignificant interests of their own separate from those of their nation. And what although their chief pursuit was war! it was not for themselves they fought, but for their nation. The social, the patriotic intention, although it could not excuse, yet mitigated the wrong,—and made such mode of life the means of strengthening and binding more firmly the social sympathies, the *barbarian* good will, which reigned in their bosoms. The virtues of civilized men look too generally to themselves and their own private interests; but not the virtues only, even the vices of barbarians, have a more generous and liberal bearing, and regard principally the interest and glory of their tribe; and individual or domestic selfishness, the most polished but certainly not the least dangerous evil of modern society, is in a great measure checked or discouraged; and so, when we take this extended view of the relations of their condition, we may see reason to think that it is, after all, not so unfavorable to the proper virtues of humanity as we might at first suppose.

When we properly appreciate all these advantages which belong to a simple state of society,—what has been called the *natural* state,—we shall be the less surprised that a divine religion was spurned by the corrupt and refined nations of Asia,—where women were slaves, and men tyrants, and the even balance of nature overthrown,—and, on the contrary, accepted by those who were called north-

ern barbarians. But, in the explanation of the phenomenon, we must also in the case of the Gauls (who were distinct from the Germans) take into account the fact mentioned by Cæsar,—that the Gauls were exceedingly addicted to superstition or religion. This propensity was cherished by the institution of Druids, a regular established body of priests, which the Germans had not. The instinct of religion—which when unenlightened is called superstition—is a trait characteristic of the man-animal, as distinguished from the brute; and the more vivid and lively it is in a nation, otherwise enterprising, the higher is their rank in the scale; the fine and lucid fancies of the Irish and Highland Scotch, as contrasted with the dull superstitions of the modern Germans, mark them a superior people. A nation that in their rude state have neither ghosts nor fairies among them are not to be trusted; they are at best but a few removes from the brute beasts; they are incapable either of arts or religion: neither poetry, nor music, nor useful inventions will ever adorn the brows of such a nation with the chaplets and wreaths of honor and renown; the utmost they are capable of is metaphysics and infidelity. But we have the distinct testimony of Cæsar respecting the Gauls,—tota gens est admodum dedita religionibus: wherever the wild, native vine grows abundantly in a country, we are sure the foreign will thrive; and the true vine of Judea flourished nobly when transplanted in the minds of the Gauls. We have the testimony of St. Augustine: when Alaric took Rome by storm (A.D. 410), the Romans, the adherents of the old religion, sought refuge in the Christian churches, together with the women; and these sanctuaries, says St. Augustine, the barbarians respected; and the very sight of the churches and the symbols of the Christian religion affected them so deeply that even in the rage and pride of victory their hearts were melted, their minds touched with heavenly grace; and they who had come as

the destroyers of Rome acknowledged themselves, ere long, the obedient children of the Cross.

It were easy to collect instances, at great length, to illustrate the distinct characters of those remarkable races of men which have repeopled the south of Europe, and which with various blendings mixed together in that island of the brave and free, the land of our forefathers, ancient Britain. Here the German race proper, the Gauls, the Iberians were severally combined; and out of the mixture arose a peculiar, distinct civilization, which required ages to be developed, and which is yet very far from its perfection; for civilization is not put on, but arises out of a people, and from those seeds implanted by religion, which are covered deep. A factitious civilization was attempted to be put on the ancient Britons by the Romans, and *superficially* it appeared a civilization; but in subsequent ages so entirely did it sink and disappear that, although the Romans kept possession of the island for nearly four hundred years, not a trace of their early influence has been left, either on the language or the institutions of the country; for the Latin words adopted and naturalized in the language have come through a different channel and influence,—namely, the church, the courts of law, and, latterly, the study and admiration of classical literature. All improvements in nations, as well as individuals, must spring up naturally, and as it were imperceptibly, from their own peculiar genius and temperament: the seeds are sown deep, and lie long *invisible;* and shoots at last bear the evidences of the moral soil and climate in which they appear. But the distinctive character of the British nation, and the rise of American institutions in the mother land, and all the curious and useful lights which the investigation may throw on the natural history of man, will better appear as a separate subject of discussion and illustration in our next lecture.

LECTURE X.

MAN OF AMERICA—SPANISH AND ENGLISH.

I HAVE somewhere either read or heard of a tribe of rude and unlettered barbarians among whom it is a custom, when the king or chief makes a speech to his nation, that each individual is required to remember some sentence of it, and thus, although no one individual could repeat the whole, yet the whole is among them, in unconnected, disjointed parts, which the skill of a superior mind might again put together, and thus reproduce a perfect copy of the original. The case is very similar, in respect to all nations and tribes of men, when viewed in relation to that universal voice of nature which, as with the tones of superior authority, has addressed itself to all of them, while all have been listeners, and retained each at least some one portion or sentence of that grand and constantly repeated lesson which is impressed upon them,—fragments of the copy of the entire philosophy of nature,—the reflection of a still better and holier light, of which nature is but the delegated effulgence. But in that speech of nature, which is also divine, there is this property besides, that each single sentence of it, while itself a fragment, contains also a bud or germ of the whole, as every twig, nay, every leaf, of a living plant, every speck, even the smallest, contains germs or buds, by which the

whole likeness of the perfect plant could be reproduced in the genial soil of nature.

This reflection and similitude will at once instruct and console us in regard to the true condition of our species. What nation of men, what individual, however wise, can be said to possess the whole truth on any department of philosophy, of government, of morals, or religion? On this last sacred subject, how many sects, and how limited and few the ideas of each and all of them! what fragments are they all of the round and perfect edifice of Christianity! what twigs, or leaves merely, of that wonderful tree whose foliage, after a length of generations, must overspread all mankind! But still, although each may be partial, the whole may be near being complete; and each little part may also have within it that vital although undeveloped germ from which, after a while, a true likeness of the whole might be reproduced. Or it may be the design of nature that certain nations or sections of men shall give birth to, and rear to some maturity, certain valuable sentiments, truths, or practical institutions, and afterwards render them, at the appointed time, as a contribution of their experience to the general stock of human wisdom, when a more enlarged and wider society of human beings shall be capable of being formed out of those smaller ones which shall have hitherto existed. So far as likelihoods would seem to indicate, such might be expected to be the destined relation of the new continent to the old: wider governments seem here intended to be formed, and to have transplanted within them the moral plants of valuable institutions and experiences, which have been for ages maturing themselves in the *minds*, at least, of the wise and good beyond the waters. There are here also the two grand races, and nearly similarly related, the Scandinavian and Phœnician,—of which I shall say more presently,—and the English chiefly of the first, the Spaniard more of the other: and these seem destined to share the whole continent between them.

It is on account of this peculiarity of the new world—namely, that the tribes which are to govern it have sprung from the old—that the history of it is to be sought in the old. It is among these where we are to look for those fragments I have referred to, of a perfect philosophy,—those sentences of the universal speech which now we might be permitted to hope are designed to be gathered into *one*,—or at least a great many of them brought into intelligible and harmonious juxtaposition, so that the sphere of the human mind may become more enlarged, and the bounds of a just philanthropy be extended.

It is by considering those two races, especially the Phœnician and Scandinavian, as seen under the new circumstances of this continent, and as history or tradition has represented them in the old, whether in their rude or civilized condition,—it is by such contrasts and comparisons only that we can arrive at any correct conclusion in regard to their *natural character*, which is the subject of inquiry, and also its relation with that of other races. For you will observe that, although politics, religion, morals, literature, fall under our notice at every turn, we consider them only so far as they throw light on the true character of the human species, and serve as helps to solve the great problem of its destiny. For this reason, I showed in my last lecture the character and genius of the ancient Germans, a branch of the Scandinavian race, and shall still prosecute the subject in this, but under other connections, bringing into view, namely, this continent, and that other great race, the Phœnician, with which in Europe their destinies have been mingled, and with whom also in this country they are likely to become still more intimately blended and identified.

As for other scattered or insulated races of men, whether the aborigines of this country, or those others still more barbarous to be found in the isles of the Pacific or Southern

Ocean, I can only cast a glance at them. I here show you specimens of two races, one a New Zealander, the other of the Sandwich Islands.*

The New Zealanders are savages, the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands of milder dispositions. You may regard them, if you choose, as defining to our imagination that extreme point of absolute barbarism from which the Phœnician and Scandinavian races may have originally started, although history carries us not so far back. There is abundance of mythology, but no positive history, on the subject.

What degree of credit we are to give to those vague traditions which we find in the earlier poems of Greece on this subject, it is difficult to determine; but certain it is that they point backward to a time and a state of society nearly as rude and savage as that in which the Australasians and Polynesians have been found by modern navigators; and there is a slight degree of inconsistency and confusion in their descriptions on this topic: at one time you find their beautiful and almost inspired poets or *vates*, *αοιδοι*, pointing you to a golden age, long antecedent to our present era, when mankind lived in happy abundance, when the earth poured forth from her bosom spontaneous fertility, and the human soul, that better soil, devoted to a nobler order of productions, was no less spontaneously or instinctively prolific of all the gentler and kindlier virtues, —when no law was needed to regulate or to awaken the sense of justice, and no didactic theology was yet taught to enkindle the flame of a lively devotion, for it arose unbidden, or prompted by a native voice and instinct, at the contemplation of the fair and beautiful in nature, and the useful and the grand commingling themselves therewith, and decorating as with a rich profusion of varied

* Paintings of these were exhibited to the audience.

ideas the face of creation and the order of the world. Such is one side of the picture which the fancies or the inspired minds of the Greek poets present you with, and sufficiently delightful and attractive it is, all must allow: and they trace downward from this period a successive series of degenerations through the ages of *silver*, *brass*, and *iron*, as they termed them.

But in all this there is nothing from which you can infer positively what was their ordinary opinion or belief on these matters. They are evidently disjointed fragments of some grand system of theology or philosophy; and I agree with those who think that such materials and broken devices have been brought from the East, where the great temple or edifice, of magnificent design, was at one time no doubt perfect, and reflected from its lofty and august columns the light and beauty of heaven,—a temple more magnificent than that of Solomon, although that also was built according to a model seen in heaven: but, in a milder age, in a more beneficent era, the light under which the division of the parts was rendered distinct, was softer, and clearer, and mellower, and even, methinks, of a golden hue,—rendering all more attractive and divine. Such was the exemplar of that better temple, and under a light so advantageous was it seen,—the model or plan according to which nature itself was built, so perfect and so fair. But it is surmised, justly I think, that it was but the fragments of this temple, parts and individual devices, that were afterwards transported into Greece by the industry of her poets and philosophers, and hence it is that, although the glimpses of a great design, which we can occasionally catch, are striking and full of interest, awakening the most lively curiosity, yet it is in vain that we seek a consistent whole. Like the "Elgin marbles," which have been rifted by the English from the sacred remains of ancient sculpture in Greece, and exhibited in the museums of London,

they awaken glorious ideas of ancient art and designs, but do not satisfy or complete them.

And it is in consequence also of this borrowed character of the materials of ancient song and philosophy, in Greece and Rome, that we find so much inconsistency and confusion in their pictures of ancient times; for among these same poets, in whom you meet with those glowing descriptions of the perfection of the first ages of human kind, you find again the whole scene of enchantment vanish, and man, instead of being the companion and friend of the gods, as the golden visions represented him, herding with the beasts, his mates and fellows in the wilderness, destitute of the arts, addicted to the most savage cruelty, insensible to all moral distinctions, gratifying his passions and instincts without regard to the inclinations of others or any obligations of duty,—perhaps a cannibal,—and in some instances ignorant of the use of fire. But whether this condition in which you now find him cast existed before or after the golden age, and when mankind had fallen as low as it was possible for them, it will be in vain that you attempt to discover. There is here a chasm in their mythology, and the ingenuity of their philosophers has never attempted to remove or to conceal it,—a glaring proof of their borrowed and imperfect wisdom. But, however, the arts of life which afterwards sprung up among them, and which served to dispel the gloom and despondency of their forlorn condition, they very readily ascribed to the gods, and chiefly to the interposition of Prometheus, whom they fabled to have made a man of clay, and to have stolen fire from heaven wherewith to animate him. From that epoch have sprung up and flourished all the arts of artificial society, from which even the iron age itself has received a polish, and been made to reflect the splendor of a brighter era, the light but not the heat of the golden age.

The two oldest poets of Greece, from whom we have

derived the ideas of the more ancient ages, are Homer and Hesiod, who were contemporary, and lived probably about nine centuries before the Christian era; at least, if they were not absolutely contemporary, they inhaled the same influences, they breathed the same atmosphere of sweet and vigorous thoughts,—such as, I know not for what reason, awaken feelings in the soul, which seem to be asleep at all other times, and look like the slumbers of infancy. There is something in the human soul which is capable of sympathizing with every condition of human life, from the most simple to the most refined; but that part of us which is *allied* to the genius of the early ages is more infantile, and on that account always the most agreeably stirred by the songs of those rude times. It is from Hesiod we receive the account of the several ages of *gold*, *silver*, *brass*, and *iron*, and I would read and translate it if it were at all possible for modern language to preserve at once the simplicity and dignity of the subject. But I shall translate a sentence or two from a different source,* the soldier-poet of Greece,—Æschylus, I mean,—who fought at Marathon A.C. 490. It is to him we are indebted mainly for the story of Prometheus, a mystical representation of the origin of the arts; the features of the whole story are religious, and on that account, perhaps, have been the more faithfully preserved and transmitted to posterity. Prometheus thus speaks of himself:

> "But listen in what wretched plight were men,
> And how I made them, babes in mind before,
> Intelligent, with capabilities
> Of knowledge: . . .
> Eyes, ears had they, but to no purpose saw,

* In the MS. a blank was left for the Author's own translation. The deficiency has been supplied from an excellent translation of "Prometheus Bound," in a late number of *Blackwood's Magazine.*

Or heard: but like the misty shapes of dreams,
All things through all their life disjointedly
Confounded: nor they knew to make of brick
Houses to front the sun, nor works of wood:
Like tiny ants, in underground abodes
They dwelt, chill in the sunless depths of caves;
Of fruitful summer, winter, flowery spring,
They had no certain sign; but they pursued
Without discernment whatsoe'er they did
Till I explained the risings of the stars,
And their mysterious settings. I for them
Invented numbers, highest science this;
And also the synthetical array
Of letters, signs of thought; and memory,
The mother of the muse, of every art,
Artificer. I was the first to tame
And yoke their beasts of burden, by their strength
To be men's substitutes in greatest toils;
I made the steed obedient to the reins
In chariots, which are luxury's ornament,
None but myself invented the swift bark,
The sail-winged chariot of the mariner,
That lightly skims the ocean. . . .
. . . such were my gifts.
And who can say that he revealed to men,
Before I did, earth's hidden benefits,
Brass, iron, silver, gold? None, I am sure,
That would not make a false and idle vaunt;
In one word, learn the whole: whatever arts
Mankind doth know, Prometheus taught them all."

Such were the traditions which had reached the age of Æschylus, of the primeval rudeness of human society; but neither his own observations nor the narratives of travellers (so far as we know) could have made him acquainted with any such state of savage life then existing: even at that early period the pure state of nature, as it has been called, was but a dream or a far-travelled tradition. But it is one of those wonders which the discovery of the New World

has brought to light—and the subsequent peopling of it from the Old—that we have been brought nearer, as it were, at once to the most rude, as well as the most perfect state of human society. Among the aborigines of this continent, and especially in Polynesia and Australasia, since discovered, has been found that very condition of savage life which the fancies or traditions of the Greeks made them acquainted with,—a people whom the arts and inventions of Prometheus have never reached, plunged in the most absolute barbarism,—"ancient fables true:" and at the same time we may hope, if too much self-congratulation do not blind our eyes or relax our exertions, that this new system of confederated republics may realize the visions of Plato, and represent all the better features of the commonwealth which he supposed to exist only in heaven. We are consequently placed in the best possible circumstances to study the history of man, for we have here the first and the last pages of that history before us, impressed, as it were, with those natural *figures* and *symbols* from which the truth has to be disengaged.

It is in vain that we talk of man in the abstract, or that we would discover his character and dispositions in the contour or form of his body, the lineaments of his countenance, or the prominences of his skull; equally inadequate also are those metaphysical speculations which make the *mind* alone, as it is called, the indication of the man. All these afford indeed partial views, glimpses, which are themselves explicable when the true philosophy is known; but it is from his works chiefly, from what he has done, from what he does, that man is most truly discovered and explained. Other methods of study lead at best to plausible conjecture, to problematical truth; but when you have followed on the track of his actual history, when you have pursued him through all his wanderings, from the first rude stages of society to the most civilized,—traced the first

naked impressions of his footsteps on the wilderness, until at last you have arrived at those innumerable traces of art and skill which he has imprinted on so many countries,—you have certain criteria before you; you are deciphering the true characters of his philosophy, as well as his history,—and you may be assured, that every new discovery and invention will afford only fresh indications of his genius and character, his instincts, reason, and propensities.

It is on this account that the new world has proved so great an acquisition to philosophy, for, by placing man under new circumstances, it has brought to light new views of his nature, disproved old theories, or confirmed immovably such as had before a foundation in truth. When we consider the subject under this light, it will appear very wonderful, and a thing of divine appointment, that this new continent was hidden from the knowledge of the old so long, or but dimly guessed; for in the mean time those ideas or germs of systems were allowed to be matured and perfected where they originated, until they were fit for transplanting, at which time this New World was discovered, and afforded that very soil which was most congenial and propitious to their second development, and where they are destined to reach the most glorious and useful maturity of this their new and more perfect being. I speak not at random. We have been instructed by the voice of experience that this continent has been designed by Providence to be a theatre for the trial and exhibition of those theories of government and society which have long existed in the mind as speculations, but had never until now an opportunity of fair and impartial probation. It is true there are many of these schemes and embryo views on which we cannot yet pronounce decisively, because the trial has not yet been fairly made, or is yet in progress or only begun; but, at all events, we have already seen enough to convince us that religion and natural knowledge will here find their most

convenient and agreeable residence. This is the *Delos*, this is the land which has arisen above the waves to receive the twin offspring, religion and philosophy,—the true Apollo and Diana,—the sun and the moon of the moral world. Only now at last do we begin to see the true bearings of the events of the year 1492. The voyage of Columbus excited at the time but a childish astonishment, or it awakened only dreams of boundless wealth, external splendor, or physical enterprise; but very different are the feelings with which we now regard it, and the real magnitude of the event begins at last to be disclosed to us, for the physical discovery was but the prophetic emblem of the moral revelation which was to be made, the moral system which was to be established here.

And the same fact is discernible in the character of those who have emigrated, and made this continent their residence. For is it necessary to prove that those who first came here brought in their minds the germs of those social institutions which have since sprung up and flourished so wonderfully? I maintain that it was the existence of these germs in their minds which constituted that instinct of emigration which brought them here. They did not know why they came; some supposed that they had come to improve their fortunes, others because they were tired of home and wished to see nature in a new guise,—like the fabled goddess of love, born of the foam of the ocean. The attractions and the motives were various, but there was but one reason, after all, which impelled them to come,—the seeds of those moral institutions lodged in their bosoms, which rendered them restless and uneasy, and made some think that they wanted more money, and others that they wanted more fame, and all that they wanted something,—and so they came. There is a *gulf stream* which often carries us remote from the point to which we are steering, but not to a less secure or safe anchorage;

> "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough hew them as we will."

This is acknowledged to be true in the cases of individuals; is it less so in that of nations? It is here even still more striking. Consider of what a multitude of apparently heterogeneous elements the social system is here composed,—I mean in America,—and yet what unity and simplicity begins at last to be visible, and will be constantly becoming more so, and you will discover that, although the selfish ends have been innumerable and the prejudices exceedingly contradictory, yet the general direction that has been impressed is of the most felicitous character, and reflects, so to speak, in beautiful hues, the love and the wisdom of *one* God.

I might illustrate this point—namely, the tendency to a greater simplicity and unity in the social details—by a variety of facts, and the contrasts which would be presented between the Old World and the New; but, avoiding a wide survey, let us fix on some convenient indications of the general proposition, and I believe such can be found in the fact of the greater similarity of language which is observed on this continent. I refer not now particularly to that very uniform style of accent and pronunciation which prevails throughout the United States of North America, which is, nevertheless, remarkable, when compared with the motley dialects to be found in the different shires of England, and certainly is an indication of a greater concentration of the social system here, notwithstanding the far larger extent of territory, but I omit to say more on this point, and leave it to your own reflections. I request your attention to a more general fact, and which will illustrate that simplicity of the social and national arrangements which is obviously designed to characterize this hemisphere, and that portion of human history to be here enacted. Only two languages will be dominant throughout the entire continent,—the

Spanish and the English, and most probably will at last supplant all others. This will appear a very important circumstance, when we consider that a national language is, as it were, the mould in which the mind of a nation is cast; those who speak the same language must always have the same mental identity; it is unavoidable. It is true the language itself may expand with the new minds of which it becomes at once the encasement and the instrument; but still every language has a certain idiom or genius, originally instamped upon it, from which it never can essentially depart; and therefore those who speak the same language are thus held together as by a common vinculum.

Since it is probable, then, that, with the present facilities of intercourse, these two languages will ultimately divide the entire continent between them, they naturally attract attention on themselves, first in respect to the vast extent of territory over which each must at last prevail, and, secondly, to their European *origin*,—those fountains of thought and feeling out of which they have welled; for thought and feeling are the plastic powers of language, as they are also the natural indications of races.

But I observe, first, the great extent of territory over which either language must prevail as a characteristic of that new civilization, and to present a new aspect of the natural history of man. The number of languages spoken on the continent of Europe, as every one knows, is very great. In Great Britain and Ireland alone there are not fewer than four distinct languages spoken, besides a variety of provincial dialects, although the English language is now the only one generally written. These distinct languages are the remaining badges of the ancient distinct kingdoms of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. I give this as a specimen of variety on a small and connected empire; you will look over Europe and make your own estimate. I hasten to other considerations.

This multiplicity and diversity of tongues has commonly been considered as an evil. Is it so? It would be so here; has it been so in Europe? I think not. It has not been so hitherto; for, although "the confusion of languages" may be traced to evil originally, such as hatred and the predominance of the selfish passions, by which nations have become estranged and no longer understand each other, yet, when we look at mankind as they have existed for many ages in Europe, we shall find that this diversity of tongues has proved as great a protection to them, against the ambition and tyranny of each other, as the seas and mountains which separate their territories. For, as these natural barriers check and limit the progress of foreign conquest, they allow those national dialects to be formed which afterwards, serving as convenient passwords to those of the same community, distinguish their friends from their foes, and shield them in other respects. For if an invader could not only bring a superior force against a country, but had also ready access to the minds of a people through the use of a common language, how could either the souls or bodies of men be longer safe against the employment of force on the one hand, and the influence of persuasion on the other? What sad and monotonous slavery would have prevailed everywhere on the continent of Europe! How every beautiful and interesting feature of nationality and sectionalism would have been defaced or obliterated! Where would have been then *that* sweet gentleness and beauty of Italian language and Italian mind, as distinguished so finely from *this* vigor and vivacity of the French? And where, on the other hand, had been the masculine power of the English, or the majestic and solemn grandeur of the German. Or thou, sweet Burns, thou, my countryman! how different had been thy strains,—

> "simple bard, rough at the rustic plough,
> Learning thy tuneful trade from every bough."

Had not Scotland, by dint of her native language as well as her Highland mettle, so long held her own against such tremendous odds of southern foes, until at last she gave her own king to England, where had been the inimitable simplicity of the Doric speech of Scotland, and the peculiar armor of the Scottish mind, which sits so gracefully upon it, to say nothing of other dialects, had not this distinction of languages been allowed to prevail,—here at least productive of so many advantages.

But I need hardly dwell on the demonstration of a fact so obvious as this, that a national language affords a natural protection to the mental and moral liberty of a people. Beneath the green foliage of their own living thoughts they can repose securely, and bid defiance to the inroads of false sentiment on the one hand, and false philosophy on the other. Some specious falsehood, some fine-spun system of opinions, which has a show of truth or at least a natural attraction in the language in which it is first conceived, when translated into another and stripped of its lettering and gilding, falls quite harmlessly on the eyes and minds of those who may read or hear it. The sentiment and philosophy of the French revolution would have occasioned much wider mischief had it not been necessary for it to undergo the ordeal of translation: if the original words of the Marseilles hymn could have been as perfectly translated into the languages as the music could be transfused into the minds of other nations, the demon of revolution might have roamed unchecked over Europe, and a military despotism been established more extensive than that of ancient Rome. Where mankind are not prepared to think rightly, it is at least a mitigation of their misfortune that they are allowed to think differently. The variety of languages is a provision of this kind; for by this means there are permitted to exist several independent centres of thought, and the chances for discovering truth are multiplied; for fewer con-

flicting lights enter laterally,—they are prevented by putting down the shutters of the native language; and thus, if, by good providence, a few scattered rays should come from above, whence alone truth cometh, they are allowed to converge, as it were, to the focus of the native mind undisturbed, and the individual or nation can more quietly and certainly read the discovery. It is also permitted, before being divulged, to acquire greater force and distinctness; and if it be indeed genuine truth, it can then bear translation into every language, and become intelligible to all minds.

This is more especially necessary in regard to moral and religious truth, particularly the latter, for, this being so much oftener adopted on authority than admitted on conviction or actual intuition, it seems essential to allow any breadth at all to such sentiments and opinions, to increase as much as possible the natural means of independent thinking. Unity here, to be worth anything, must be based on variety: different languages are also favorable to this, not only as regards the formation of opinions on religion, which are not in themselves of so much consequence as that building-up of distinct habits and practical forms of goodness and piety, which in those sequestered and separate communities, dependent on heaven rather than on each other, present undoubtedly the most beautiful and interesting forms of human life,—the very *types* of felicitous freedom. The prevalence of one language would seem to break down and monotonize these happy scenes of various good. It is by means of a distinct language that the *idea*, as it has been called, of the nation or the individual is preserved; the language is, as it were, the mould in which this *idea* is cast; and when you break the mould the *idea* is broken at the same time.

Such at least would seem to be the natural conclusion when we look at Europe and the past there. And the cause

of this peculiarity in regard to them may be, that they have not as yet even any enlightened *theory* in regard to the *public good*,—the public good of Europe, I mean; their systems are professedly selfish and anti-social, national,—not continental; hence these nations have been delivered over, each to its own theory of *good*, its own ideas, its own language. And what has been the consequence,—to the New World especially, I mean? The consequence has been that they have each matured, and hence now also represent, certain essential traits of good, which, when combined in the new order of society here, may at last furnish out a very complete and entire whole; which will require of course a more enlarged *expression*, and find it too, *literally* even, in the more general and extended use of one and the same language.

Such is the theory I would deduce, but, of course, to be received with allowance, from the fact of the variety of languages in the old continent, and their reduction here to but a few, probably, at least, to but two,—English and Spanish. We cannot predict the future; but I direct your attention to this phenomenon as one the study of which, in connection with other "signs of the times," may lead you to anticipate the character of the new era,—the third act of the grand drama of human history; for two acts are already past,—that which has preceded and that which has followed the Christian era,—and now begins a third.

Every one of the great nations of the Old World has perfected and matured some truth, or showed the consequences of some general fallacy,—some idol of the tribe which had received too ready worship; all have done something, and cast their offerings into the general treasury. It will now be for the New World to open that treasury,—to take account of stock, and, having done so, to throw nothing good away, but to be thankful to the Old World for the fruits of their experience and labor. Such seems to be the

great task and duty which now devolves especially on the New World. She is called upon in particular to separate the chaff from the grain, for now has come the *crisis*—I use the term in its original sense—the *judgment*,—the occasion, the season of *separation*. She is not called upon to adopt the prejudices or opinions of any one country or age, but whatever may be valuable, and useful, and tried, she is bound to receive, and as far as possible to naturalize. For, according to the views which have presented themselves, and of which two dominant languages form, as it were, the prediction and augury, a very broad and extended basis of a new social system is here being laid, which is to include within it everything that is good and true, and especially to guard and protect individual liberty,—the right of every man to the free and untrammelled exercise of his own thoughts, and, what is only a part of the same thing, the free expression of them. When this theory—for such actually is the American theory of the social system—has also become the *practice*, all those natural devices of different languages for securing the sovereignty and mental independence of States and individuals will have accomplished their end; and, being no longer useful, will disappear, and leave one language and one universal spirit of social and *continental* benevolence to take their room; what need of such screens longer when none are disposed to fix tyrannously their minds and opinions upon others?

You perceive we are prophets of good; it is because we say what we wish. But there is another side to the picture; for should ever a political or *spiritual* tyranny be fastened on these States and this people, it would, in consequence of the identity of language, be the most galling and oppressive that ever was established. The uninterrupted flow of one language would bear the mighty swell of the *tide*—of uniform opinion, for that is *slavery*, truth is freedom—into every crevice and nook of the land, with an impetuous and over-

whelming force, beating down before it every barrier of thought, every trace and vestige of independent feeling. It would be one vast and monotonous expanse of Chinese despotism, from which not even the privacy of our own minds could protect us; the very night would shine as the day; without consolation or refuge of any kind, not even the shield or covert of some sweet local and provincial language, in which to utter the bitterness of our complaints in sounds heard but not understood by the ears of our courtly masters. The Scotch Highlander, when he can sing his Gaelic songs in praise of valiant dukes dead and gone, or the Welsh mountaineer, as he chants the deeds of the patriot David or the brave Llewellyn, can each, within his own language, enjoy a world of his own, and forget for a time Queen Victoria or her taxes; but it is evident no such refuge would be left to the citizens of these States. There would be no oasis, no lively spot of green, in that *Sahara* of moral desolation which would be occasioned by the loss of *mental* and *spiritual* freedom in this continent, more especially as such loss could be incurred here only from the tyranny of the many, not as heretofore from the tyranny of *one* or the tyranny of the *few*.

But it is necessary that we bring now the several points which have been referred to under one view, in order that we may perceive their relation to the subject.

They are these:

I. That the old nations of Europe, made up of the Scandinavian and Phœnician branches of the Caucasian race, unlike their representatives on this continent, are characterized by divisions and jealousies of old standing, which have resulted in distinct governments, often arrayed in hostile opposition to each other, distinct usages also, and, for the most part, distinct languages.

II. That the effect of this has been indeed to perpetuate disunion, but that at the same time this *distinctness*, and

especially that of language, has been so far fortunate, as it has proved an impediment to conquest, and prevented the establishment of a general despotism, which has enabled each nation to cultivate and improve its own native genius and talent, and to contribute its proper share to the common good of the species.

III. That a system has arisen here in many respects the reverse of that which has prevailed, distinguished by a certain beautiful simplicity, a natural tendency towards combination and union, which, while it secures to each individual and community all the advantages before attainable by absolutely distinct governments, binds the whole in one, not by destroying their individuality, but by inscribing on each the features of the whole,—

> Facies non omnibus una
> Nec diversa tamen, qualis decet esse sororum.

IV. That the result of this has been a greater enlargement and comprehensiveness of mind as respects the individual, while the affections of each cling to a greater variety of objects and the ideas are expanded by the community of language, while at the same time the practical inculcation of freedom on all hands and the conflict of views conciliate or compel mutual respect, and to secure to each man the exercise of private judgment, and all the rights of conscience, on condition that he allow the same to others.

In all these points we perceive a *manifest progress*, and although the advancement is not such—and can it ever be such?—as to secure us against all danger of sliding back even into a worse condition, yet it is to be considered a positive good, and the more so for that character of *simplicity* which belongs to the system and which is an augury of yet greater good.

This portion of the Caucasian race, marked by these new features of civilization, I have designated by the names

Scandinavian and Phœnician; and the brief notice of their history should be the more interesting to us now that we have seen them in their most advanced stage of progress. They appear originally also to have had a common residence, somewhere in the central regions of Asia, and to have separated at an early period. The Scandinavian branch took a more northern route in their progress westward, following a pastoral life, fond of war, and successful. The pure stock were the ancient Germans whose manners I have described. The other, or the Phœnician branch, took early to a sea-faring life, settled on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, by naval skill and commercial enterprise extended their dominions to the south and west, settled colonies on the African coast, in Spain, most probably also in Gaul and Britain, in which last countries they also encountered—and after a separation of many eventful centuries—their Scandinavian brethren. But how different at last the manners, the institutions, the religion of each! It is to the Phœnician tribe, I think, that we ought to ascribe that degradation of the female sex which Cæsar speaks of as existing among the Gauls. And to the same source also is to be referred, I imagine, the still more licentious manners of the Britons, mentioned by the same author. Neither of these accounts is consistent with that style of manners which prevailed among the Germans, at least that portraiture of them executed by Tacitus. The practice of human sacrifices, also so distinctly referred to and described by Cæsar as found among the Britons, proclaims itself of Phœnician extraction; not to mention druidism, which is altogether foreign from the genius of northern barbarians, but partakes much of the character of the Asiatic castes, from which it seems to me very obviously to have been derived.

In the earliest notices of ancient authors, we find these originally fraternal races jostling with each other in the

western countries of Europe, and in most instances blending in one. But the Scandinavian race, according to our standard of estimation, is the much superior of the two, of a more intrepid character, encountering at first a rough and apparently a more congenial clime, making a bend towards the north, described by Herodotus under the name of Boudini, by Aristotle under the name of Scythians, and at last by Tacitus under the name of Germans, or war-men, but in all cases exhibiting the same strong characteristic features. Let us hope that the American colonists are descended principally from these. For this race seems to me to have been always, in the most ancient as well as the most recent times, in the first buoyancy, and spring, and gay festive purity of ardent juvenescence; nothing of the senility of superstition has ever yet ploughed a furrow on its brow, or damped for an hour the youthful freedom of its thoughts. It is frank and democratic, resistless, and full of the most glowing and sanguine expectations. It is protestant, and sees its gods by the vigor of its own imagination, and needs neither pictures nor emblems to awaken its discreet and generous devotion; but it is elevated by its religion and never depressed; and needs neither saints nor demi-gods, much less expensive or magnificent temples, to introduce its naturally pure and elastic thought into the interior sanctuaries of nature,—the dwelling of Divinity; but the open field or the wild forest are places sufficiently sacred for them, and hymns of religion and liberty have arisen from thence, poured from their souls and lips,—conceptions of their own native bards,—more noble by far than were ever imagined or sung in the softer climates of Italy or Spain, beneath the canopy of the most superb and illustrious architecture: "lucos ac nemora consecrant," says Tacitus, "deorumque nominibus appellant secretum illud, quod sola reverentia vident:" the woods and the groves their fancies and their rites have consecrated, and

with the names of gods do they dignify those objects only, or unseen existences, which they contemplate solely with the deep reverence of the soul, for no images of the gods are presented to their bodily eyes. These are the Scandinavian race,—such the features of character which the God of nature has endowed them with; having advanced westward, as I have said, with a sweep towards the north, and pouring a new and healthful tide of brave and pure blood throughout the veins of the whole population of Europe; in after times crossing the Alps, crossing the Pyrenees, settling also in Britain.

But I must be true to history: besides the Scandinavian race, there is the other, the Phœnician,—bending round and embracing Europe, as with a corresponding sweep towards the south, and penetrating first into Spain, thence into Britain, and lastly into Gaul. But that even this race was once vigorous, full of youth, enterprising, and bold, there cannot be a doubt; their navigation and their commerce are sufficient witnesses; but the worst and worn-out remnants of them seem at last to have settled in Gaul and Britain, and also in Spain; they brought with them, from the neighborhood of Egypt and Palestine, that system of priestcraft, one of those accretions which attach themselves to tribes and countries of men, which are the native *lands* of religion, the homes of mysticism,—a disease arising out of that peculiarity of organization. And it is also a curious fact in man's history, that superstition and gross licentiousness are naturally combined; they both arise equally from the same cause,—from the vicious inability of elevating the mind into the region of pure spiritualism, that subtile and abstract religion which, while it bears all the aspect of coldness and want of vitality, is nevertheless the true and real vestal virgin of the mind. Those melting airs, that southern softness,—what is it, after all, with all its powers of soothing, compared with that intrepid and daunt-

less religion which is nursed amid the cold and rugged mountains of Scotland or of Sweden, among the pure breed of Scandinavian men? But yet I have said that the Phœnician race, with which to some extent I class the modern Spaniard, was at one time not destitute of vigor. Herodotus informs us that at an early period they circumnavigated Africa; and there are traditions of their having visited the Madeira Islands, perhaps the Azores: conjecture only can affirm that they touched, in their navigations, this continent. They had the instinct of trading deeply laid in them, a fine propensity when regulated by moral principle, but infinitely more degrading than the military genius when it is not. It has been observed that, wherever a people has been corrupted by sheer traffic, when they fall they fall forever; they are incapable of redemption: fraud is a cancer which is incurable in individuals or nations. The Phœnician race became proverbial for this trait, as every one knows, among their neighbors: *punica fides* meant the absence of good faith, downright treachery. I am sorry to be obliged to trace a considerable portion of the American lineage to this stock, but the fact cannot be concealed.

That the Spaniards in particular are much blended with this race is very certain. The Phœnicians had formed extensive settlements in the country before the Christian era and the Moors were also of the same breed. But there is, besides this, the pure Castilian blood, derived from the Goths, a powerful and heroic tribe of the Scandinavians. Thus the Spaniards are a mixed race, but their excessive devotion to an emblematical religion, and their opposition to *Protestantism*, in the philosophical sense, shows that the original vigor of the tribe has been dashed with a sprinkling of *orientalism*. Not that we would brand such a disposition as a mark of absolute inferiority; but, when a race is generally corrupt (and the whole human species itself is believed to be in this condition), it will happen, as a matter

of course, that the portion of it which is most inclined to the gentler virtues, and disposed to mysticism, will show the blight the soonest and the most glaringly, as during the prevalence of the winter's cold those plants which are most tender and delicate, and tropical and beautiful, are the first to droop or to be injured, while the more hardy and less attractive often look more vigorous from the encounter, and show their stern evergreen more lively than before. The Scandinavian are the evergreen of the human tribes, the Phœnician and the oriental are the summer plant; and that blight which, from a period too remote to be historically traced, has come upon mankind, has made those *appear* worst who might otherwise have stood highest in our estimation. But the vernal equinox of the grand moral year—the *mirabilis annus* of the ancients—may not be very distant, when degraded races may hope to recover their lost honor and distinction, and those who are now pre-eminent only for the softness of a sensual effeminacy may become remarkable for the loveliness and delicacy of their native and appropriate virtues. It is at all events a delightful anticipation, and I should be reluctant to abandon it—*bona spe prælucet in posterum.*

LECTURE XI.

ARTS AND COMMERCE OF THE PHŒNICIANS.

"O Solon, Solon," said the Egyptian priest (I am now translating from the Timæus of Plato), "you Greeks are only children; there is not an old man to be found in Greece." Solon was surprised to hear the priest say so, but, as he had travelled thither to acquire knowledge,—for at that period Egypt was a classical land, and Solon then, and Plato himself afterwards, visited the country to gain new light and information on the subject of society and philosophy,—Solon then pressed the priest farther to explain his meaning, for he considered the remark as almost derogatory to the honor of his native country. "I intend to make no injurious reflections on the Greeks," said the priest, "but it is a misfortune, which it was not in your power to have hindered, that you should have no ancient records among you, but that your history should be only of more recent events, so that the Greeks may be truly considered *children* and not *men*, in respect to the knowledge of antiquity." "How is that?" said Solon. "You are not aware then," said the priest, "what catastrophes both of fire and flood have at different times and at remote periods extinguished entire nations, nay, races of mankind. But from a certain peculiar felicity of climate and location, we Egyptians have always escaped, and have

hence retained among us not only the earlier records of our own country, but also the authentic traditions of the former distinction and fortune of other nations."

The curiosity of Solon, says Plato, was roused by the information, and he requested the priest to tell him all he knew respecting the ancient condition of his country, and her renown in arts, in philosophy, or in war. The priest then proceeded to give an account of the ancient fame of Athens, and the extent of her power both by land and sea; but that this was before the prevalence of a great flood, and other catastrophes which had since that period desolated the country, and defaced every vestige of her former glory; a few only had escaped the overwhelming calamity, and found a refuge on the highest mountains, whence, on the subsidence of the waters and the return of the tranquillity of nature, the low land had been repeopled.

This tradition gives Plato a very fortunate and agreeable location for that imagined republic, the form of which he has drawn in such fascinating colors, with all the elegance and sweetness of his inimitable language. But in his introduction to the subject, he makes the Egyptian priest inform Solon—and no doubt a tradition of this sort had reached Plato's times—that there was, at the period when this *antediluvian* Athens was in the height of her glory, a power of vast extent and domination, the seat of which was fixed in certain islands in the Atlantic Ocean, skirted by an immense continent which lay far beyond these. This powerful military state, said the priest, the writings of the ancients inform us, extended its conquests over most of Europe, and was making encroachments on Asia; and its principal residence was in an island situated in a mighty ocean beyond the pillars of Hercules, which island was of greater extent than Europe and Africa together, and from that island there was a passage to other islands and thence to a continent opposite to them. For that ocean, said he,

is of such immense extent that this sea included within the pillars of Hercules is but in comparison with it a *pool.* So formidable had become the invasions of this powerful Atlantic people that they threatened the subjugation of the whole of Asia as well as of Europe. But at this very crisis, O Solon, continued the priest, *your city* was renowned above all others for its valor and military arts. And therefore, while all other states were sinking under the dominion of this advancing tyranny, they alone single-handed opposed the enemy, checked the progress of their arms, and rescued the surrounding country from the grasp of their ambition. And not contented with this, they afterwards led the flower of the republic against their insular dominions,—for at that time the Atlantic was navigable; but then it was those awful catastrophes occurred of which tradition has informed us: earthquakes and inundations succeeded each other, for a whole day and night, without intermission, during which the Athenian army was engulfed in the ocean, and the vast island of Atlantis sunk, and never afterwards reappeared; and such, added the priest, has ever since been the condition of navigation in that ocean, from the shoals and dangers of submerged islands, that sailors no longer venture to cross it, but have abandoned it to the solitary dominion of nature.

Such is a faithful account of that very interesting but obscure tradition which we find in Plato respecting the existence of this continent, where we now study his philosophy, and read his works, and descry that dim twilight of Egyptian science, faintly shadowing out many things, but distinctly revealing nothing.

But Plato, as I have said, more anxious to find "a local habitation" for his ideal philosophy than to relate true history, discovers in this fabled region of the *antediluvian* Athens a most convenient site of his perfect republic. I wish I could give you a sketch of this fancied common-

wealth, but it would occupy too much of our time. I may mention, however, that it differs in many most essential points from the constitution of this commonwealth, although in others it approximates wonderfully. A certain utalitarianism mixes itself with all the visions of Plato, and, although it was impossible for a Grecian to be otherwise than fanciful and poetical, yet Plato seems to have been so thoroughly aware of the evils that resulted to his countrymen from the *perversions* of mythology, that he was for excluding from his commonwealth the writings of most of the poets, nor would allow any other ideas of the gods to be inculcated but such as should represent them as the authors and upholders of the pure moral code, and the sterner and more useful virtues of war as well as the quiet and unpretending graces of a peaceful civil life.

Plato's republic is, however, a heterogeneous mixture of those elements which he found existing in Greece and the philosophical abstractions or eastern mythologies which he had combined with them. It is imposing, and alluring, and often sublime; a beautiful and grand theory, not less agreeable to the imagination than the actual view of this government is to the reason. On the whole, when you view the republic in Plato's mind and then turn to this which really and truly exists, you are forcibly struck that there has been a *progress* within the last three thousand years in the science of government, and in the more practical and useful developments of human nature. In what especially does this progress consist? whence its origin? and what may be its tendency? These are interesting questions, to which I shall attempt no formal or specific reply, but, to aid the solution of them, I shall make some desultory remarks, and present, in this and the succeeding lecture, such views as have occurred to me.

But first I would observe that the present situation of mankind in respect to government and the general com-

plexion of their social condition is infinitely less romantic and alluring than it used to be some twenty or thirty centuries ago. No doubt there may be some considerable illusion in our estimate of the ancient condition of society on this point, and it may be in a great measure true that here especially "'tis distance lends enchantment to the view;" but, after all due allowance of this kind, it will still be found, I think, that the progress of society latterly has been affected by the sacrifice of not a few of the more agreeable illusions of the imagination, along with the adoption of the more solid and practical truths of reason and experience.

It is indeed this "sober certainty of waking bliss" which makes up the entire charm of modern civilization. In regard to this continent, this is strikingly seen in the fact that it has hitherto been found impossible, and I suspect always will be, to get up anything in the shape of good or inspiring poetry on the subject of its early history and first settlement; the whole background of events is so closed up with stubborn unyielding fact, glaring in the daylight of ordinary and secular experience, that imagination finds it impossible to invest the subject in any degree with the coloring of romance: everybody knows so well how the whole came to pass, and how each incident took its place and went to compose the actual whole, that it cannot be made to appear anything else but what it is. The Pilgrims landed on such a spot, on such a year, on such a month, on such a day of the month, so many hours and so many minutes before sunset; and then we know precisely what kind of people they were: we have their books and their letters and their speeches,—all very good, very excellent sense; they were a positive, determined sort of people,—quite headstrong, no doubt conscientious, perhaps much better people than the early settlers of Greece, that land of philosophy and song: but you cannot make poetry out of the Puritans, as you could out of the Greeks; there is too

much daylight and reality about them; they refuse to be represented in the hues of romance, and their memories now seem as little tolerant of ornament as their persons formerly were.

Why need I dwell on this topic? it is quite evident to all. Look round on every period of the early settlement of this country: you find the whole hung with the sober drapery of reason, common sense, practical religion, commercial or agricultural enterprise, but in vain do you look for the gay hues and fascinating decorations of poetry and romance.

Now, this very remarkable distinction has had, and will continue to have, a singular influence on the whole character and destiny of this nation: its origin has no mystery in it, no obscurity, no twilight,—no shadows on which the spirits of the morn are reflected to the eye of enthusiasm, and enchant and elevate the mind. And we will here venture the assertion that, had such been the original situation of the Greeks and earlier nations, they never would have reached that peculiar state of beautiful and interesting civilization which distinguished them, and, were it not for one grand fact and consideration presently to be mentioned, I would also say that this absolutely prosaic and philosophical origin were a misfortune also to this nation, just as it might be regarded as a defect in the education of a youth that no part of his childhood had been passed in the innocency and sweetness of rural life. The effects of such softening influences, even if illusive, are beneficial to the individual in the maturity of life; but the application of the comparison I recall as respects this nation, and from the one consideration I am now to mention, which is this: in the Greek and ancient nations their entire religion was *reflected* to them from the background of their original history, and therefore it behooved that all the events of it be enwrapped in a sweet and solemn mystery, in order that their enlargement and extension and mystification might afford materials

ample and glorious enough, on which such divine ideas as all religions implicate might be seen and exhibited and vividly impressed. With them, therefore, their *heaven* and *earth* were woven into one continuous tissue. You travel backward on their history, and before you are aware of any line of transition you find yourself in a land of enchantment, a region of dreams, wherein Saturn and Jupiter and Mars and Neptune and Venus and Apollo were born, the patriarchs of the nation itself,—the fathers of their fathers. But it is evident that, if the events of their early settlement had been as well defined to them as the history of the Puritans is to us, they never could have moulded them into that form of religion which was in many respects so pleasing while it retained its simplicity, and in some perhaps not without use. For a religion such as this, and made up of such materials as these, had nevertheless, we may presume, from the insemination of true seeds into it from the just God, a meaning and a power, and a beneficent sway over the future civilization of the people, which resulted in all those beautiful forms of just and native art still regarded with admiration.

But a peculiarity in this respect marks the fate of this nation; for those feelings of mystery and devotion which are the best elements of human nature, its conservative elements, and in which is to be enthroned the admiration of all that is good and true, are designed here to be detached from *place* and *history*, in order to be turned and devoted to Christianity, a religion purely divine and spiritual, no longer *local*, but catholic and elevated,—a religion the true source of all that is venerable and dear to the rational minds of a thinking people: for here it is not the soil, or the air, or the rivers, or the seas, that draw the love and the admiration and the regards of the citizens, so much as those benevolent and equal laws, those republican and well-balanced constitutions, which from this religion alone have

derived their entire character—their consistency and power: and it is this consideration alone which can exalt the feelings and purify the passions of this people, and produce that *new* civilization here which will be *moral*, benevolent, and useful, and hence beautiful: and here is the native fountain of it; I can see no other. I have had occasion to show that the "amor patriæ" among the Romans was a decidedly local attachment: the local attachment in the American nation is slight; it is a moral and political attachment chiefly which binds them to their country and to each other; this is a remarkable feature of the civilization which is designed to prevail here.

I note, then, the following points as worthy of consideration, and as exhibiting an interesting contrast:

I. The RELIGION of the ancients was local and national; it affected the fancy and imagination primarily and in the greatest degree, the reason more remotely, and if it touched the heart, it may be doubted whether it affected it most to good or evil, although most decidedly for good in the ages of the greatest simplicity. But it was from this source chiefly their civilization flowed, and it was marked by all these peculiarities,—it was romantic and delusive, fleeting and unsteady, the parent of poetry and the fine arts, and the foster-mother of genius and taste.

II. The RELIGION of the moderns is spiritual and catholic, not founded or dependent on local and historical associations. Their histories are of matters of fact, and *place* is to them only invested with that *natural* beauty and grandeur felt equally by all hearts alive to the perceptions of wisdom and benevolence,—that Divine Presence which fills the universe. From this source our civilization flows, and is rational and moral, and, if true to itself, will be permanent, and in its *last* perfection will be productive of poetry and music and other beautiful arts, but of a totally distinct kind from those which at present exist.

The *second* grand feature, next to that of religion, which pre-eminently distinguishes modern from ancient civilization, is the assiduous and serious cultivation of the *useful arts*, and the honor which awaits them. By the *useful arts* I mean such as are popularly so considered, not merely such as are necessary and indispensable, but such also as add to physical comfort, convenience, and enjoyment: but in popular estimation, under the class of *useful arts* are not included of course those which are accounted *liberal*, and which administer delight chiefly to the mind through the influence of taste and the moral sensibilities. These last appear to have existed in greater vigor in earlier times than at present, at least as to their essential ingredients, the beauty and sublimity of the conception: perhaps the mechanical execution may be superior now. But what music must that have been, of which even the bare mention by Homer and other earlier poets is so rapturous and sweet as to delight us more than even the finest strains of modern times; and what must have been the felicity of design displayed in sculpture, those *figures* embossed on brass or marble, when none can read even now a description of them, as that of the shield of Achilles, without feelings of the warmest enthusiasm. There is not a page of Homer or Virgil that does not supply subjects for the most exquisite paintings, and the descriptions particularly of the latter seem to me to have been borrowed in many instances from actual works of art; his poetry wears upon it the impress of sculpture.

And yet among these people, the Greeks especially, the convenient and economical arts seem to have been but little appreciated. The palace of Ulysses presents to the imagination about as much domestic comfort or convenience as a modern barn might supply: the queen, his wife, spun or wove above-stairs in a kind of garret room with her servants or maids; and below, Ulysses caroused with his com-

panions in a large hall, or rather lumber-room. But here, amid this rudeness or destitution of domestic convenience and elegance, there was nevertheless a certain display of magnificence. The arts of design were not unknown, to enliven the imagination, to impress the images of religion, to touch the heart with true feeling: all the tender, all the delicate sentiments of nature had food administered to them; the divine art of song, and the art of language mingled with music, which took the soul captive and lapped it in Elysium Oh, where, when, is there now such absolute forgetfulness of all care, by the interposition of the song or the romantic tale? How dull and prosaic are all our entertainments; and even if a work of true genius, whether of the hand or voice, be executed, you can easily see that it is the mechanism that is admired by the dull spirit of modern amateurs, rather than the soul or the feeling therein. There is less rapture in the mental enjoyments of modern society, but perhaps there may be more benevolence; undoubtedly there is a milder and apparently a more rational spirit and regard for utility: and one large class—all but the majority—have obtained much more dignity and independence,—I mean that class engaged in the *useful* or economical arts.

If any one will take an estimate of how many products of mechanical art and ingenuity he is possessed of, in his house or about his person, which are not necessary to his health, although they may be to his comfort or sense of elegance, his artificial or acquired tastes, he will be able to form some idea of the extent of this department of modern civilization and refinement. Perhaps nearly five-sixths of all a man considers necessary to him, but which is not so, is of this description. If, therefore, the whole number of industrious manualists in a community were to be reckoned six thousand, five thousand of these would be found to be engaged in the practice of the arts which are dignified by

the name of *useful*, but which are not such in any other sense than that mankind have agreed to *use* them; and that those who are employed in the execution of them are precluded by this requisition on their labor from engaging in acts of mischief, and enabled to procure by the use of their hands a comfortable subsistence for which they might otherwise have had to depend, in the character of vassals or body servants or military freebooters, on the generous bounty of a patron, or a master, or a leader.

It is the extensive introduction of the mechanical and economical arts, and the demand for their products, under the idea of imaginary necessaries of life, that has laid the foundation of the respectability, and elevated to such a pitch of true nobleness, the character of this very large class of mankind, who could indeed have been otherwise supported, and *even in idleness*, but only by the sacrifice of their honor and freedom to the owners of the soil or the possessors of political or other authority and influence. Thus also have been developed the arts and love of peace, by which alone such ingenuity and industry can be fostered; and the disposition to war has been checked and in a great measure restrained. Nevertheless, these useful and economical arts wear an exceedingly sober and, as it were, anti-sentimental aspect. The Greeks not unfrequently express their disapprobation and abhorrence of them. All the necessary and liberal arts they abundantly praised and admired, such as those of agriculture on the one hand, or sculpture and painting on the other: and modern times still retain something of this species of repugnance; and it is in fact the assiduous cultivation of these arts in America that renders the tone of society often unpleasant to aristocratic tourists from the old world: but philosophy cannot condescend to enlist itself on the side of national prejudices either for or against such pursuits.

It is certainly absurd to hear the epithet *useful* applied

exclusively to those mechanical arts four-fifths of which at least are not even necessary, while entire nations have succeeded in living very virtuously and usefully without even a knowledge of their existence. I say it is ridiculous to apply the term *useful* exclusively to such occupations, and consider such pursuits as those of literature, science, or theology as something different, not useful, but merely elegant or *ornamental*, indeed, and neither the students nor the teachers of them to be as well deserving of reward as other men. I say philosophy must condemn this as irrational, but at the same time she must be allowed to rejoice in the astonishing expansion of the mechanical and economical arts of the present era, as at once the best securities and the surest tokens of the freedom and dignity designed for so large a portion of the human race. And although it must be allowed that an exclusive devotion to these as well as to any other object of pursuit must contract the mind, yet who cannot see here again, in the rational and pure indulgence of the generous glow of elevated sentiment inspired by the Christian religion, the proper counteraction to all that narrowness of spirit which the Greek and Roman dreaded so much, and for which their religions afforded but little remedy?

I note, then, as the second grand characteristic of the modern or new civilization, the extended and active cultivation of those arts which are strictly mechanical and economical, useful but not absolutely necessary; and I deduce the following advantages from them:

First, that they secure the individual and personal independence of the workmen, and teach them to look to their own hands and minds, and God, for their freedom and distinction and support. *Secondly*, that they diminish the natural disposition to war, and foster the spirit of peace. *Thirdly*, that, by the implantation of the seeds of Christianity in such firm ground, and well improved, the human

character is exalted; and he who would otherwise be, and indeed was in Greece and Rome, a drudge or dependent, becomes or can become a philosopher and a sage. *Fourthly*, I see in this the best security, as I have also seen the rise, of a true republican character and a republican country.

For the present, I shall take no more particular notice of these distinctive features of the natural state of man, as it exists at present, and as it existed twenty centuries ago. For I am now desirous in the remainder of this lecture, since such is the importance of the arts and such the illustration they cast upon our subject, to attend further to their origin, and inquire among what people they have arisen, to view especially their rise among the Phœnicians; the natural history of which race I am extremely anxious to bring to its close, with a glance at that of the Greek and Roman in this lecture.

But first I would note, and here I believe I but recall an observation I before made in a previous lecture, that all the arts are just as much a part of man, and belonging also to his *natural* history, as the instincts of animals to theirs. But a remarkable distinction of man lies in this, that, while in the animals their arts are born with them, in the full gloss of perfection, inscribed very perfectly and graphically on the animal soul, there being no new editions or improvements ever to be made, in man, on the contrary, only the aptitude and predisposition to the arts is innate: he has learned nothing at the time of his birth, but is to learn seemingly everything; he is hence capable of consciously understanding all he does, and there is a progress in him from darkness to light, and in the species, too, not less than in the individual. And this wonderful character is visible also in his body: there is in it, particularly in his hands, an aptitude for all arts, but an exclusive confinement to no one in particular; his hands are not tools, but instruments to

make tools. In the animals you observe it is different; the anterior extremities of the mole, for instance, are used as a pick-axe and shovel, while the hinder serve to remove the accumulated dirt; but then these extremities or hands are fitted only for this office, not for others; it makes but a poor figure above ground. Again, the arched neck and the webbed feet of the swan or the duck, excellently adapted for swimming, are rather an impediment than otherwise to progression on land. In short, the bodies of animals have natural machinery or tools attached to them, and these the very images and signs of their full-fledged instincts, giving an exclusive and confined character to each species. Man with his reason and hand stands disengaged from all this exclusiveness and specialty; and none can tell those natural arts which he is to put forth until he has made an essay of his powers, and opportunity or necessity either invites or urges him to call into being those devices and inventions of which the germs and aptitudes have lain treasured up within him. Who could think that in that naked biped, wandering melancholy and forlorn amid the woods, apparently the neglected outcast of nature, there were yet concealed such capabilities of divine excellence? From such a being as that was to spring up that family of enterprising navigators, the Phœnician race,—or the other family of sculptors and poets, the Greek race.

But let me first take up this Phœnician, and see what singular arts and improvements sprung from him. To him, I need not tell you, the perfection of the economical art of dyeing is due: the Tyrian purple is proverbial; and that is said to have been such that even modern art cannot now reach it. This is a trifling instance, but it shows an origin among this people of that species of the economical arts whose profusion we consider the glory of the present times, and the established means, on which account the philosopher will consider them principally useful, whereby the inde-

pendence, and freedom, and enlightenment of so large a class of people is secured.

Of what real value is it, you say, to mankind, whether their garments have a bright, a yellow, or a dun tint, or whether that be fading or permanent, so long as the fabric holds together? I say it is of no indispensable value or use at all under this light; and, if art had no other use than this, I would disdain to trace it to its source; philosophy spurns the mere trappings of vanity and ostentation. But we discover in it something better than this: we see in that natural passion of the human soul for splendid or elegant dress an incitement which rouses from their slumbers the faculties of human invention, and in the institution of mechanical arts secures the personal and individual dependence of men on one another; for true and rational freedom consists in this, that my skill is necessary to your gratification, and thus the natural love of ostentation in A becomes the very ground of his respect and deference to the superior manual dexterity of B. The rise of the economical arts in Tyre was the rise of those useful arts, or beautiful mechanical works, on which repose at least one of the pillars which support the dome of American freedom. As the foundations of a continent are laid deep, and are early begun and long in building, so we see the very means of a nation's distinction and happiness long in preparing, before even its very existence is in the slightest degree foreseen. We are not far from home, then, when in Phœnicia: for her turn of mind and bent of character in her better days was not very different from our own.

The Phœnicians circumnavigated Africa in the reign of Necho, king of Egypt. This fact Herodotus learned from the priests of Egypt when he visited that country 480 years before Christ. You will find this event generally treated as a fable by historians, and Irving, who has collected a great many other traditions respecting the voyages

of the ancients, does not even mention it. But Herodotus is good authority, and by no means disposed to fabricate materials for his history; he may always be relied upon when he states what he saw or heard. There is no doubt, therefore, that he received from the priests of Egypt the account he has transmitted to us of the circumnavigation of Africa; it is indeed possible they may have deceived him, but one circumstance which he relates in the narrative of the priests, as of doubtful credit, proves to us the veracity of the narrators. He mentions that the expedition took up two years, and in the autumn, when they had advanced far to the south, they landed on the coast, tilled a portion of the land, and waited for the return of the crop; and that afterwards, in pursuing the voyage homeward, the sun appeared northward of them, on the right hand, and that they returned by the Straits of Gibraltar, —the pillars of Hercules. This circumstance of the sun being seen on their right, must have occurred by their being beyond the southern tropic. Herodotus, however, did not discredit the account he received of the expedition, but only this particular circumstance in it; which proves to be the very incident in the narrative which should establish the truth of it in modern times.

This one authenticated fact, then, speaks more than volumes could have done of the daring and enterprise of the Phœnicians. And from that period down to the year 1497 such navigation was not successfully attempted; nay, even doubt and suspicion were thrown over the whole transaction; still, however, a certain faint hope and probability of the circumnavigation of Africa seems to have been entertained. And it was probably this which at last led to the accomplishment or renewal of the enterprise by the Portuguese in 1496,—a very considerable interval of time; but so long, perhaps, was it necessary to prepare mankind for that new era of improvement which was then ushered

in. As some philosophers have supposed that the bent of each man's mind is determined by certain events of his infancy, the faint recollections of which affect his future career; so it may be in the history of mankind, certain occurrences in ages too remote for authentic history may be the causes afterwards which impel men to the greatest enterprises of similar character.

The possibility of circumnavigating Africa after it was once effected, although previously in a great measure disbelieved, was never *positively* denied. Very similar was it in regard to America: there is no historical document to show that such continent had ever been before visited; yet faint and obscure surmises were long afloat in the minds of men on that subject. But it is very much in regard to such things as it is in respect to a point of still greater interest to the human family: the fact of the Christian revelation rests on the possibility of an intercourse of human minds with unseen intelligences; and yet this possibility, never doubted at one period of the world, but taken as a familiar and indisputable truth, is now neither believed nor disbelieved; it is an obscure tradition in the minds of most persons, but no longer a practical and lucid conviction.

But the circumnavigation of Africa is not the only benefit for which we are indebted to the Phœnicians, for, inasmuch as it gave the first early impulse to discovery, we maintain that this new world is very considerably beholden to them even in this respect. But this is not the whole extent of our obligations to them: they are also justly considered to have been the inventors of alphabetic writing; Lucan has so represented it.

If this be so, the benefit of commerce to the world is *now signalized* by this more than by any other discovery or invention. And if you will reflect upon it, you may see reason to conclude that this invention should have sprung

up among a commercial people, rather than any other. It is true, the natural desire of being known to posterity, and of having their great or good acts emblazoned in the memories of after ages, might incite mankind to the invention of various contrivances by which that might be effected, such as monuments of brick or stone or earth, and paintings or sculptures representing the particulars of events desired to be remembered; but yet all this is not a matter of prime necessity, and there is no strong present motive urging to the accomplishment of it: and even this provision for the remembrance of themselves by posterity has a feeling of benevolence in it, which is not likely to have much influence on the selfishness of mankind, amid other matters of pressing necessity. We would conclude, then, that the art of writing was not very likely to spring from such a feeble origin; it had some stronger reason, some more present motive for its invention, and that we can readily see in commerce.

The distant voyages of the Phœnicians, the complications of their traffic with foreign countries and among themselves, would soon call for a more expeditious, certain, and practical method of recording their transactions, and transmitting them, than *hieroglyphics* afforded. These answered admirably well for theology, where the imagination, or heart, was designed to be moved or enlightened; but the business of merchants has very little to do with these and requires chiefly accuracy, distinctness, and absolute security against error, in its ordinary and recorded details. Here, then, as in all other cases, "necessity was the mother of invention." It was this which sharpened the genius of the Phœnician, and produced *for himself* an immediate instrument of communication with others, in the adoption of alphabetic writing, and *for after ages* the imperishable medium of transmitting to posterity the most positive and just information regarding the actions and thoughts of men.

Mankind for the most part, we may say always, look at that which is immediate, and the source of instant and palpable gratification; but at the same time there is another power employed in rendering all such measures subservient to its own eternal designs. The Divine Providence always respects that which is eternal; and here, in the ordinary and quiet pursuits of commerce, among this plodding but at the same time great-minded people, you see an invention spring up, its extensive uses unknown to them, and intended only for commercial convenience; which was nevertheless designed to be the medium of conveying to the most distant ages, and to a continent perhaps not yet visited by men, not only the results of human experience in arts, in government, and in morals, but even the revealed documents themselves of that divine religion whose value is not yet even the millionth part known or appreciated by man; and yet what a change has it already produced on the face of the world!

This is one of those curious and interesting relations of events which discover themselves to us at every turn in studying carefully the natural history of our species; the corresponding or correlative parts of a magnificent design showing themselves at intervals, often many thousand years apart, or with half the globe intervening. And, indeed, who that reflects upon it can doubt that the globe itself is rendered productive of various fruits and treasures at distant localities, that so the human mind might be incited to action and friendly intercourse, that the chain which binds the nations into one, in the bands of friendship and mutual respect, should be composed and woven out of those various materials of use of which the globe is prolific. See the Tyrian, three thousand years ago, unfurling his sails and plying his oars, and visiting every harbor of the Mediterranean, and venturing even beyond the straits, on unknown and unploughed seas, and bringing home from all those

parts the novelties and rarities of their climate and soil; and not only this, but, what is of infinitely more worth as regards the progress and expansion of the minds of the species, his soul fraught with new impressions, replete with thoughts of fresh enterprise, or connected in bands of firmer sympathy with the wider brotherhood of his race. Reflect on these remote, these almost unknown or forgotten transactions, and you will see how the formation of a far wider republic of mankind than we have yet seen, approached, indeed, in some degree in our own, has been in the view of nature from the earliest ages.

There is a plan as certainly laid here for the ultimate perfection of mankind, and their full moral growth, although of infinite extent, as that miniature design we see pursued for the physical and moral expansion of the individual, according to which those brawny arms and stalwart limbs that distinguish the full-grown man are first moulded in tiny forms in his mother's womb; and that mind at last illuminated by the rays of science, and hallowed by the light of religion, has at first much to do to discern day from night, or to mark the grossest distinctions of objects.

"The noble art from Cadmus took its rise,"—the art of writing. It was justly that men in ancient times ascribed all their inventions to divine power, for the end of these is actually so designed; but, nevertheless, we cannot err much in ascribing the immediate sensible invention of them by men to that form of necessity of which I have spoken; not a gentle or slight necessity, but a very urgent one, such as that I have shown the complications of commerce to be in this instance.

The Egyptians were devoted entirely to agriculture; and the priests were an established caste; they rather shunned the contact of strangers, than sought it; hence the repose of all their institutions. A dull, heavy fog seems to hang

over the valley of the Nile, even from the earliest ages, to shroud their mysteries,—to shut them out from the vision of the world; here, therefore, is the indistinct hieroglyphic, the heavy architecture, magnificence without taste, expense without elegance, power without activity. In such an atmosphere the origins of arts, in their most rude and chaotic elements, may be supposed to have existed; and, indeed, Herodotus says that geometry sprung up in this country, from the necessity of restoring the old landmarks which the annual overflowing of the Nile constantly obliterated. But neither geometry nor hieroglyphics—the first rude attempt at writing—could receive the necessary modification or real perfection among such a people. They were too much shut out from intercourse with the rest of mankind; they were too much addicted to a national vanity and conceit: it needed a people of nimbler hands, and clearer heads, and readier movements, a people whose wits were sharpened by commerce and their prejudices dispelled by frequent contact and collisions with their neighbors, to devise improvements, to shake off that overweening reverence for antiquity which is the great bar to discovery, and to inspire that becoming self-confidence which is perhaps necessary to prompt to useful inventions and salutary improvements.

There is perhaps, therefore, as little reason to wonder that the Phœnicians (when such was their character) should have made the great transition from hieroglyphic to alphabetic writing—the idea of writing itself having been already suggested—as that the present commercial people of New England, also devoted to a sea-life and visiting all parts of the world, should have such a turn, if not for inventing, at least for improving. They and the English occupy nearly the same relation to certain other parts of the world at present which the Phœnicians did to certain of their neighbors in ancient times. And it will, on impartial

examination, be found that this entire race in modern times have been by no means so remarkable for invention and original discovery as for the suggestion and adoption of improvements. They have what are called *practical* understandings, a happy knack of turning everything to their own advantage, whether in the way of reputation or the acquisition of wealth; and this arises from their ready wit, sharpened by their extensive commerce; they are what Napoleon correctly, although invidiously, designated a nation of shop-keepers. But these popular *slurs* are not the language which philosophy would adopt; she, on the contrary, regards the genius and pursuit of every people with the same beneficent and friendly concern, and she sees in the situation of that intrepid and enterprising people, as well as of their brethren on this side of the Atlantic,—the population of New England,—those circumstances and pursuits which are favorable to clear-sightedness and the dispersion of prejudices; and which, conducting therefore to that species of merit which is second only to that which is noblest and most divine, leads them directly to improve and apply *discoveries*, to devise the methods of applications, which to the general eye is itself more than the discovery. But in the continental mind of Europe, especially in Germany, there is more of that quiet, serene reflection which always first receives the truth from heaven, but frequently in such a shape and form that it cannot be used.

You have a good instance of this relation of the English mind to those of other nations in the case of Newton in respect to Kepler and Galileo. Kepler and Galileo were the real discoverers; rather Kepler, dreaming about the mystery of numbers, until he actually discovered that law, the square of the periodic times as the cubes of the distances of the planets from the sun, which was the real key whereby Newton afterwards unlocked the palace of nature. Such were *his* powers of combination, his vigorous clear-headed-

ness; but yet there is a coldness about his character (notwithstanding he was a good man) which you do not find either in Galileo or Kepler.

But in following out these illustrations, have I forgot the commerce of the Phœnicians? I have not; but rather the fact that the natural productions of different regions are various (which is the true basis of commerce, the civilizer and enlightener of men) reminds me of this other analogous truth, that genius also and the mental products of nations are different; and that while to one people it is given to originate, to another is assigned the task of improvement and application, which indeed is also invention, although not so properly discovery. And the art of alphabetic writing, which arose naturally, perhaps necessarily, out of the situation and circumstances of the Phœnicians, was indeed a wonderful invention, but flowed in a certain measure from the hieroglyphics before used; but yet the step was an immense one, for it gave decision and accuracy where obscurity and indistinctness before reigned. And it was not till at least three thousand years after that period that the art of printing began in Germany,—a comparatively modern step of this grand art of embodying and transferring thought, by which means chiefly it is that ancient history has been secured to us, and that we are now enabled from *relics* of former generations to collect these items and notices of the natural progress of our species, to have a part, a little part, of that immense design by which the whole family of mankind is being carried forward to an unknown point of glorious and beneficent perfection.

It is a sad thing to trace the degeneracy of this great Phœnician race; and, as I adverted to it enough in a former lecture, I may be allowed now to pursue the pleasanter task of recording the fresh and blooming glories of its youth. The circumnavigation of Africa I place first as a matter of absolute certainty; the invention of alphabetic writing

next, as of great traditional probability, and the natural offspring of their genius so *employed.*

But those arts of peace which they seem to have cultivated from the earliest times, and the example they set to the nations of a useful and yet inoffensive activity, were not the least of the benefits which they conferred on mankind. Homer frequently speaks of them as distinguished by their wealth and their arts in his time; and when Herodotus visited their city in the year B.C. 400, to inquire concerning the worship of Hercules, he found a temple had been erected in honor of that hero, which had stood, according to the information he received, two thousand three hundred years.

It is interesting to follow him in his tour through that country; himself a Grecian, from a country which was then in her prime of youth, elastic, joyous, with a language more beautiful than it ever afterwards appeared; for, although it became more mature and vigorous in the hands of Plato and Demosthenes, yet it was never again so youthfully graceful as exhibited in Herodotus,—the perfect and enchanting body of the Grecian mind, comely, athletic, unaffectedly natural. And such also was then the nation of Greece when Herodotus visited Phœnicia and Egypt. They were then to Herodotus the old country; and, indeed, all the particulars he relates regarding their existing state impress you with a feeling of decay; their people and their constitutions were worn out. Youthful Greece had just entered on her grand career; the battle of Marathon had made her power to be felt and dreaded to the very centre of Asia; and it was about ten or twenty years after that battle that Herodotus began his travels. Yet more than one hundred years after this, we find Xenophon, the disciple of Socrates, expressing his admiration of the Phœnicians, but chiefly for their admirable prudence and skill in navigation. Xenophon was a great lover of method and order

in his affairs, and, in recommending the observation of this virtue to others, he gives, as an example of the most perfect order and arrangement, a Phœnician galley, where there was a place for everything, and everything in its place, and no place which was not filled. Nautical order and neatness were conspicuous everywhere. But, alas! these virtues of economy and prudence and skill could not save them, could not preserve them from that fate that was marked out for them, surrounded, as they were, by states and nations inspired by military enthusiasm, and whose code of honor taught them that it was more becoming their natural station to despoil their neighbors of their wealth and treasure than to acquire it for themselves by the slow and steady arts of peace.

The commercial spirit was thirty centuries too early to be exclusively cultivated; the ancient nations had few lights of experience to guide them right. The fate of Tyre, the fate of Carthage are well known: the one fell under the hands of Alexander; the other was levelled to the ground, through the triumphant and atrocious ambition of the Romans; yet who were these Greeks, who were these Romans? There is every reason to believe that the Greeks, at least, were a scion mainly of the Phœnician stock itself, separated from it while it was still fresh and vigorous, and in this respect better fortuned than either the Spaniards or Britons, who, I showed in my last lecture, had retained some of the worst features of the old age and decrepitude of the Phœnician race. The Greeks themselves looked back upon Phœnicia as in some respect a mother-land The Cadmus who invented letters settled afterwards Thebes in the centre of Greece, and introduced the arts of industry and refinement, and his name and the settlement were afterwards the theme of the fondest poetry and the most lovely and luxuriant mythologies, clustering like tendrils around his name, in the fairest and most per-

fect emblems, emblazoning at once his own signal merit and the warm gratitude of his descendants. I judge, from the Phœnissæ of Euripides, that the entire religion of Bœotia was transplanted from Tyre; but before it had assumed that dark and livid hue which it afterwards put on, probably in the decline of commerce, when the very heavens of their imaginations were shaded by the misfortunes and dishonor of their country, and took the cast of their own dismal minds.

Herodotus expressly mentions that the Pelasgi, the old and original inhabitants of Greece, worshipped the gods, but without a name; and that their names were derived from the Egyptians and Phœnicians and that the very name *θεος* was derived from *θεο*, to arrange, because they noted the remarkable arrangement or order of the world to be the peculiar feature of the works of divine power.

But whatever local origin we may attribute to the Greeks, whether Phœnician or other, certain it is that their mental origin, their intellectual genius, cannot be mistaken: it was no borrowed ray from other lands; it was freely shed upon them, that Heaven, as it were, might exhibit, to the admiration of mankind, the most perfect examples of minds perfected by the harmonious combination of equal endowments of genius and of taste, and both in the highest degree. We have enough of the extravagant and exorbitant in the writers of modern times and among the Orientals; but where but in Greece do you find the ardency of irresistible genius so tempered and beautified by the most perfect taste as to be gracefulness itself? Their governments for the most part were democracies; and it was here popular freedom first endured her apprenticeship, it was here that were spread out and embodied those experiences whose lights served afterwards to conduct to safe and well-balanced constitutions, first in the English, and lastly in the American nation, when it first

entered on its career of independent nationality. What a fund of valuable reflections Grecian history afforded to those excellent and enlightened men who were chiefly instrumental, by their voice and pen, in laying the foundations of the American Constitution is evident not only from the speeches which remain, but from those papers of the "Federalist" where the elementary principles of good government are elucidated and enforced with such admirable and profound good sense. Jefferson, although a man very imperfect in many respects, had those true stamina of character and of philosophy which led him to seek, and to find, the just principles of a sound government, amid those fragments of republics and monarchies with which the ground of ancient history is strewn,—particularly Grecian; there was something genuine and sterling in that system of government, which encouraged such minds as theirs; and there was something *unsated*, too, since that greatness had so brief a date, and so passed away like a morning vision, never since restored in those climes, so favored by nature, with all the advantages which the most genial soil and atmosphere can give.

This branch of the Phœnician race, if they were Phœnicians, quickly grew, quickly *withered*. The Roman lasted longer; but its mental contours are far less interesting. I need not trouble you with sketches of the history of either race. With respect to the Greeks and Romans, they have bequeathed to us their languages, those still vital forms of their immortal minds, if we will but avail ourselves of the legacy; but with respect to the other races, British, Spanish, and others, their bodies are stocks whence no inconsiderable part of the population of the New World seems destined to arise. May they equal the glory of their sires, may they rise superior to it; may all the virtues here, at last, find their home; and may a just, wise, constitutional, firm, and beneficent freedom preserve mankind at

once from the tyranny of their own passions and the oppression of each other.

The Phœnicians themselves were the peaceful cultivators of those mechanical and economical arts, and the type of the industrious races of this western continent; but they arose in an unpropitious era, and fell; for they had no religion, analogous to Christianity, whose precepts might have added dignity and grandeur to the simple and laborious arts of peace. The second Phœnicia now rises under the auspices of the Christian religion, and will be sheltered beneath its shade. Such is the omen we draw from the indications of the times.

LECTURE XII.

ELEMENTS OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION.

THERE is nothing which imprints the truth of an observation so well upon the mind as an instance or fact in illustration. I had occasion in the last lecture to say that there was less of *locality* (or sacredness combined with it) in the religion, in the philosophy, or even in the political sentiments of the American States, than in those of the Old World. They are removed by their position on the globe from the *natal spots*, from the *original localities* of the *primitive elements* of the civilization which belongs to them. Hence it becomes a very remarkable character of the nation, that it views all these principles of action more abstractly, and far less locally, than is common in older communities: the principles themselves are sacred to them, rather than their original residences. This I showed to be favorable to soberness and practical rationality, but not to excitement of fancy or enthusiasm. All the elements of civilization, here floating in the vast abyss, have been long since detached from their native rocks, and are valued only for their intrinsic use. All the elements are purely exotic; and originality and perfection are only to be expected from the number and *curious* composition of them. I noticed also what a peculiarity it conferred upon the civilization of ancient states, that their origin lay amidst such obscurity; so that their *divinities* became the very founders and *local* patrons of their nation. How wonderfully is this circum-

stance or feature of civilization changed in this country! Here there have been no local divinities, and there is no period of historical uncertainty amidst which they could abide. But an instance will show my meaning here more distinctly. I will translate to you a part of a choral song from a Greek play, acted before the people of Athens three hundred and sixty years before the Christian era. And you will take notice how all the religion and poetical fancies in it are at once localized and nationalized; and you will see, from your knowledge of the origin of these States, that such *naturalizations* here are impossible. Religion is compelled here to remain *abstract* and *spiritual*,—philosophy, and even poetry, also, in a great degree. The chorus sings the praises of the Athenians and their country:

O ye sons of Erectheus!
Whose renown is famed of old;
Ye offspring of the happy gods,
Who tread the soil of Attica,
The sacred, the invincible land,
And breathe the wisdom, bright and clear,
Diffused through all her soft, her fragrant air:
O *here* it was, for so our fathers tell,
Whence sprung the chaste, the sacred Nine,
The virgin Muses, thy daughters,
O beauteous and glowing Harmony!
And here, too, Venus, the goddess of smiles, they say,
When she has sipped of the waters of Cephysus,—
Our pure, our native stream,—
Breathes dews and refreshing breezes over all the region;
And, crowning the Loves with garlands of roses,—
The Loves,—by Wisdom's side,—
Hence has sent throughout the land,
Of every virtue, and each fair deed,
The sweet, the winning monitors.—(*Medea*, *v.* 820.)

Such are the ideas, in a nearly literal translation, exhibited in this portion of a choral song which was chanted before

a promiscuous audience of Athenians in their crowded theatres. You perceive at once, from this single specimen, that their entire religion was local, and that the very gods were natives of Attica. And this was not altogether a poetical sentiment either, but a part of the national superstition. And I need not remind you that the character of the true religion was at first similar,—having a locality, and even nationality, in Judea. It was the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob: that phraseology was originally taken in its most literal acceptation. And it derogates nothing from the dignity of our religion that it was so, since all this narrowness of a local or national complexion has long ago been laid aside, or dropped off itself, when its universal and abstract truths were proclaimed at the Christian era: and in the new world there seems a probability that whatever speck of localism or materialism may have since dimmed its proper beauty shall here, sooner than in other countries, fall off. But I have by this quotation from Euripides, I hope, now rendered more intelligible what I referred to in my last lecture. I shall have to recur to the subject in the course of this lecture, and shall take occasion to show that even the *amor patriæ* here does not refer to any particular spot, but is entirely of an *abstract* nature.

I make, then, in the outset this general remark, that the elements of civilization are here more detached from local circumstances, and assume a more *loose* and abstract character than they have ever anywhere before done. They are also in greater number and quantity, as is reasonable to suppose, after so long a lapse of ages, and in a government, too, which is free, and consequently rejects no element of nature which has been before tested or ascertained. *These* are all gathered here, or are gathering. This may appear more clearly after some previous remarks which are necessary to be made in order to see in what manner nations as well as individuals stand affected by the antecedents of the

events of their history, or those powers of self-government with which they are intrusted.

The physical and mental condition of the individual at any one point of his history may be considered as the result of all those influences which have acted upon him up to that period. Of course, the *controlling* power of his will and understanding is always the most important of these influences, and this accordingly modifies and so affects the *whole* as to give a unity and individuality, certain and indestructible, to that being which he calls himself.

Analogous with the case of an individual is that of a nation or an epoch. The state of a nation at any one stage of its progress is the result of that aggregate of causes which have at any time affected it, in connection still with its own fixed and determinate national character. All that has been *done* or undertaken by the nation in any age, however remote from that in which it is viewed, has in some degree influenced its present condition. It is this great feature of humanity which gives such remarkable and striking contrast to the life of the human being, whether considered individually or socially, as *compared* with that of the inferior animals. The whole collected good or evil, wisdom or folly, of the preceding generations light upon that which is for the time upon the stage of existence; yet not by an uncontrolled law of necessity, but from that system of education in which the individual or nation is first placed,—in its most *impressible* state,—and from which its whole character, intellectual and moral, is ever afterwards tinctured and imbued; but still, even over these circumstances, the innate strength of the original mind, under the light of heaven, is enabled to exert a resistance and control, so as not to be subdued, but merely modified or affected by them. Consequently, the individual, at his introduction into life, is placed under the action of two controlling influences, depressing or elevating; these are the traditions of his

nation, the artificial systems of prescriptive action and opinion on the one hand, and the immutable truths of divine relation on the other, whether they be inscribed for him on the religion of his country or on the face of nature itself. The individual, and hence also the nation,—the aggregate of individuals,—holds between these an even balance of freedom, not such, indeed, that neither shall affect him, but only that neither shall affect him by an absolute and blind necessity; for, according to his natural and voluntary disposition, he may either suffer himself to be pinioned down by the maxims and usages of the times, or he may ascend, in free choice, to the more perfect standards which religion and nature reveal to his reason and understanding.

It is in consequence of this peculiarity of human freedom that, after the most exact analysis of the ingredients or materials of the civilization of any period, we still cannot predict with certainty what may be the future condition of that nation or people. At most, we can only take omens,—entertain well-grounded hopes, or indulge in apprehensions: such, we say, has been its infancy, such the discipline of its earlier youth, and such the signs or tokens of its adolescence; and we therefore fear, or therefore hope, that such or such will be the future complexion of its history. For we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that nations which have promised themselves immortality have nevertheless sunk into decay, and at last into dissolution; the dreams and visions of their perpetual duration have proved fallacious and groundless. The *immortality* of virtue, of justice, of honor, of pure religion, we have every reason to believe, is secured; but those who seem at first marked out their early guardians are often cut off as a nation, and disappear from the earth. The *seed* of Abraham endures, and will endure forever, but only that seed of undecaying truth which was deposited in his bosom,—of the unity of God, and the moral and pure worship alone acceptable to him.

It is this part in Abraham only which endures, but transferred now to other nations and other climes,—having germinated long since into a pure and spiritual religion, which is intended, no doubt, ultimately to embrace all mankind. And, in like manner, the principles of political and civil liberty are still youthful and flourishing, although Greece is no longer the soil in which they grow, and although the Hollander has ceased to be animated now with any other than a most sordid love of gain. And even now, should this fair vision which opens upon the view of mankind, of freedom and of a rational and just commonwealth in this land, be overcast; should even the awful fate of ultimate extinction await it among our descendants here,—freedom still, the sister of justice, and at once the supporter and dependent of law, will not herself have perished,—it cannot be; and even if she leave the earth for a time,—the soul and body too,—it will be like the prophet Elijah,—to return again, at an era however distant, and more propitious for the virtues.

It is not, therefore, for the purposes of national eulogy, or to gratify any less worthy feeling, that we have taken some pains to trace in several preceding lectures the progress and successions of the grander events which have prepared the way for modern civilization, especially in this continent; but it is because we conceive that civilization to be a positive good in itself, and designed by a benevolent Creator for the benefit of the whole human family; and if it should still prove to be a blessing and a gift of which this nation and others are unworthy, and therefore only to be shown to the world for a day, and afterwards to be withdrawn, but still kept in memory and in reserve for the use and exaltation of far distant ages and nations yet unborn; however this may be, for we know not the future, still it will be delightful, meanwhile, to analyze that civilization, and to inquire whence it has arisen, whereof it is

composed, and to what it tends. That it is brightly revealed now is no certain pledge of its stay; how beautifully, how perfectly dawned the light of a sure and just taste in letters at Rome, in the minds and in the age of Cicero and of Virgil, yet what barbarism succeeded! But we will indulge indeed no such ill fears respecting this civilization now at the outset, but speak and think of it, at least through this lecture, as if it were to endure.

We might, in tracing out the natural history of man, have begun even *here* at once, with a review and an analysis of the elements which enter into the composition of the civilization of the nineteenth century,—or the American civilization, as we may call it, because here at least *less impeded*,—but such direct analysis would not then have been so clearly understood. But now, after the survey we have made of the different races, and the specifications of the mental characters of different ages, it is not difficult to comprehend that certain ingredients from all these have entered into the present compound of laws, government, philosophy, religion, tones of feeling, and habits of thinking which are to a great degree commingled here. And even from our dissertation on language and speech, it can be seen from the peculiar composition of the Anglican dialect, or English language, so compounded as it is, and made up of the tributes of so many tongues, and capable, from the very looseness of its structure, of such amplifications hereafter, —in this fact alone you can see a partial return, a slight flexure towards that more perfect state of mankind, anciently so mystically but yet sublimely imaged in the theological language of sacred Scripture. The whole earth was of one language and of one speech; this, indeed, is not an *historical*, but a sacred event, and which we do not therefore historically apply. But surely, if the unanimity and the sacred friendship established among all the fraternal tribes of mankind, in consequence of the pure

worship of the one revealed God, could be signified and told by the natural symbol,—one language, one lip,—we do not reason far from the purpose when we are inclined to regard the wide extent historically of our national language now, if not an indication, at least something of a prediction or sign of a similar happy state of nations hereafter. And thus our lecture on language may be considered as shedding some light on one of the elements of modern civilization,—the tendency to a more extended intercourse, through one spoken living language. The Latin and Greek languages have been universal, as to the learned; they have been the bonds of the republic of letters and of the church, an extended and *select* civilization; but here is a living language, the language of the people, and therefore of a diffused and *popular* civilization. The English language is a *mixed* current of the forms of thought of the German, French, Italian, Roman, Grecian, Scotch, English, and Irish nations. It is unnecessary to say more; you see the origin and tendency of this element. The Greek language was indigenous, and the civilization which rose with it was tinctured with all the hues of *native* beauty. But it was not gathered widely, nor from afar; and the period of pure originality among them was brief. In this view—

> *Their* pleasures were like poppies spread,—
> You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
> Or like the snow-fall in the river,—
> A moment white, then melts forever;
> Or like the borealis race,
> That flit ere you can point their place;
> Or like the rainbow's lovely form
> Evanishing amid the storm.

As the English literature has more combination, it may be expected to have greater permanence,—more stability, if less beauty,—more phases of originality, if not one of

such absolute perfection. The lecture on races, and their different mental and moral peculiarities, will also suggest to you that, by the importation of the literature of Asia, or the Oriental *mental complexion*, the mind of the modern period has also a supply of freshness from this quarter, which the Greek and Roman either did not have or despised; for, in consequence of contemning all nations but themselves (in their more perfectly civilized state, at least), they disdained to borrow from any. As their minds therefore bred *in* and *in*, according to a well-known law, they could not but degenerate in this particular, especially the Romans, for the Greeks latterly were more obliged to extend and vary their language.

From Asia, then, and the feeling and warm fancies of that distant quarter of the globe; from the German, and their solemn philosophy; from the French, and their quickness and vivacity; from the Italian, and their melody of sound; from the rustic Scotch dialect even,—the English language, and those who speak it, consequently, derive compass and breadth of expression, and a less inclination than there has ever been of dwindling into local and insignificant thoughts and idioms. These are elements of the civilization in the midst of which we live, and which require but to be wrought by the hand of industry, by diligent and assiduous study, to produce a *novel* aspect in literature and philosophy, in thought and its expression. And, surely, if the tastes, and perhaps even in some degree the *moral* feelings of a people may depend upon the style and fashion of dress common in a community, the minds of a nation must be in no slight measure modified or affected by the perfection or imperfection, the polish or the rudeness, of that language —the dress of thought—which they habitually employ. Why should fathers and mothers be so solicitous to have their sons and daughters neatly and tastefully arrayed as to their bodies, and yet neglect that appropriate dress of

the mind, pure and grammatical expression? Rely upon it that, in the judgment of those whose sentiments we should most respect, an ill-selected or vulgar phraseology is a much greater offence against elegance and refinement than tattered and thread-worn clothes. An American who loves his country will take care to preserve even the purity and integrity of her language; and, although these be minor elements of civilization, still they are not undeserving of notice.

But why do I not *proceed* here at once to that which is the greatest of all, and is the animating principle of the whole? You perceive I mean the Christian religion, since that fills all the others, and is *their soul indeed.* I proceed, then, at once to pursue all the parts of the last evening's lecture to their full expansion in the present, for I intended it, as well as that which immediately preceded, but as the vestibule or introduction to the object of this. Suffer me, then, to recapitulate briefly, and to apply as the recapitulation may suggest.

The several points discussed or brought under consideration were these:

First.—The obscure knowledge or vague impressions which existed among the ancient nations in regard to this hemisphere of the earth; among the most remarkable of which, I showed you to be those accounts which Solon, the law-giver of Athens, had received from an Egyptian priest on the subject, at the time of his visit to that country to obtain information in regard to its laws and civil usages. It was then that the priest incidentally mentioned the tradition that prevailed among them in regard to the existence of a large island in the Atlantic, which had since disappeared, and an extensive continent beyond that, which was known to exist, but had not been visited.

Secondly.—I showed that Plato, on the foundation of the traditions regarding this subject (for at the time of the

imaginary existence of this island, the priest also informed Solon that an ancient city had flourished where Athens then stood),—on these combined traditions, as a basis,—Plato had built up his fanciful republic,—that is, a system of government having all that perfection and beauty which he supposed a state ought to have, in order to be a likeness and just representation of that *commonwealth* which, he says, exists in heaven, but has yet been nowhere seen on earth; all existing governments being but the accidental combination of heterogeneous elements, which possess neither stability nor justness of proportion.

Thirdly.—I showed that, from the character of his imagined commonwealth, combining of course all those principles of perfection which either his experience or his ideas of right could suggest,—when even this model of ideal perfection was compared with the actual theory of the government of this country, it could be seen that the science itself of government was much more advanced now than it was then, and that society had made a real progress towards perfection.

Fourthly.—I proceeded to state wherein the particulars of this improvement and advancement lie, and in what points principally the tone and character of modern society differed from that which anciently existed; that it did not consist in an actual pre-eminence in all respects, but on the whole in a more peaceful and rational constitution of affairs. I showed in particular how much the very origin of this nation differed from those beginnings of old nations which were involved in mystery and uncertainty, whereas this has been begun and settled under the clear and positive light of history and ordinary experience. I then called your attention to that kind of influence which this peculiarity of its early condition was calculated to exert upon the mind of the nation, in present and future times; that it could not look back on a period of romantic adventure

and enterprise, as most of other nations,—that the tenor of its *path* from the first has been one of ordinary motive and every-day experience, on which it was impossible to build either poetry or romance; that, consequently, a different kind of influence was shed, even on the cradle of this nation, from what had ever been before usual; that reason, common sense, commerce, agriculture, were the deities, whose stern smiles and careworn countenances seemed to welcome in the birth of this new nation, and to preside over its destiny. Fancy was not there, with poetry by her side, and the sister arts; and hardly even religion, in her milder, and sweeter, and serener forms,—but she too wore a certain grim and terrible and severe, although just, countenance and look, at the time this young nation was ushered into being. Such then was the aspect of the constellations which presided over the natal hours of this transatlantic republic. And although we *may* accord no credit certainly to the judicial astrology of the olden time, yet this idea, which it involved, was no doubt correct, that such peculiar influences as are exerted on the birth and origin of things have ever afterwards an especial control over every future period of their history and development. The individual or the nation can easily shake off and rid itself of those foreign or external shocks or disturbances which it sustains after it has attained some strength or maturity; but those influences or circumstances which have affected it in the first tenderness and imbecility of its original formation leave permanent and ineffaceable characters behind them. And of such we may say, with absolute certainty, that they will only grow with their growth and strengthen with their strength. Those influences, therefore, which were exerted at the very settlement of this nation must still continue to operate, as they have hitherto operated, and exclude all those *dark* and yet sometimes not unpleasing delusions which have exercised such a powerful sway over the minds

and manners of other nations. It is plain, from the omens of its childhood, that this nation and this hemisphere is destined to gain all that distinction which it may ever acquire, not from the indulgence of pleasing dreams of superstition or delusion, but from the sober, clear, and rational voice, and day-visions of truth. This conclusion I deduced from the circumstances of the early origin of the American States, as also I showed the peculiar features of the national character of the Greeks to have resulted from an aboriginal history of an entirely different complexion,—a long period, namely, of national existence on which the lights of positive records are not shed, but yet the whole ground consecrated and hallowed by the gleams of a pure at first, although afterwards corrupt, religion. From which it arose that the nation could trace its descent from the gods in the mystic annals of its religion. None can tell, unless those who are deeply read in the writings of those times, what vast and peculiar effects this popular belief exercises upon the minds of those people. Their whole mental life was a dream,—a dream of beautiful superstition. Heaven and earth, to their imaginations, formed one continuous and connected whole ; the hierarchy of heaven had its seat on the top of Olympus ; and the different divinities had conversed familiarly with their forefathers during the first career of these nations, and become the most closely and *dearly* allied with them. Men of dull minds may ridicule the fact as they choose; it will always be found (and philosophy should be the first to acknowledge it) that it is the religion of a people, be that what it may, which always the most influences their national character and impresses upon it its peculiar bias.

However this enigma of human nature may be hereafter explained, whatever illustration the light of future generations may throw upon it, this much at least is certain, that that part of the constitution of man through which he has

the sense of religion is that which is the mainspring of the entire character, and, accordingly as it is touched or affected, regulates and determines all the other movements of his mind and history. Change the religion of a nation, and you change the nation itself; you impress a new modification upon it, and it receives a corresponding form. Let a religion, as among the Greeks, spring up from the very territory itself,—or, at least, if it be not absolutely indigenous, suppose it to have run underground, as it were, from so remote an age or country that no one can believe otherwise than that it has originated in the very spot where it is first observed, and welled out of the earth perfectly pure and uncontaminated, or mixed only with the native ingredients of the soil which render it but the more palatable to the national taste,—suppose, I say, the religion to be thus local and original, and you are certain to find a people most deeply and thoroughly imbued with its spirit, and distinguished pre-eminently for all that sweet and agreeable fancy and fine flow of mystical thoughts and feelings which qualify men in a remarkable degree for poetry and the liberal arts and the pure and innocent enjoyment of life, but rather adverse than otherwise to the invention or improvement of the mechanical arts or the deliberate and successful cultivation of science. The gods are so near to such a people, and so local, too, and consequently the ideas of them so much associated with all their ordinary experience and modes of thinking and conversing, that they deem it next to foolishness to seek for truth in any other manner than through a direct intercourse with their divinities, and the impressions of their thoughts and intelligence on the minds and souls of the nation. Inductive philosophy —the investigation of truth in the way of trial and experiment, and the slow accumulation of facts and evidences— seems all too dull and prosaic to their quick and lively apprehensions, rendered doubly quick and susceptible by

their continual and daily converse with these unseen beings peopling every grove and every fountain and stream of their native land. But you perceive that this disposition is fostered and encouraged by that very obscurity of their early annals which I have noted as a peculiarity in the nations of the old world, compared with those of the new; for by this it came to pass that they could be moulded into any and every form, and the first part of their career could be made the foil of the mirror which was to reflect the rising greatness of the nations, or the new creeds of religion which from time to time sprung up among them.

But in all these respects the new world is circumstanced quite differently: their religion is detached from their history; their history, indeed, from the first was, and still continues to be, affected and moulded by their religion; but the converse is not absolutely true,—namely, that their religion *was* and *is* also moulded and shaped by their history. The local origin of their religion is not in the new world at all; *here* is neither *Olympus* nor *Mount Sion;* the ground is no longer *religious,* as it was wont to be in the ancient world; but this very peculiarity, combined with the want of the obscure and mysterious in their origin, has, *at once* as I have already said, fixed the seal on their national character, and declared the auspices of their whole future career. And when I look forward upon that future career, and backward on that course which the old world has already run; when as a philosopher, but still as a man, I reflect on what Judea, and Greece, and early Rome, and the original Gothic nations once have been; when I call to mind their dear, their almost consecrated illusions, their temple songs, their touching arts, breathing all of infancy and delight; when I reflect on all that past, so grateful to the imagination and memory, and then look forward to this future, opening in the new continent, although I must confess that the *prospect* is, upon the whole, certainly much

more agreeable and consistent with reason than the *retrospect* has been, showing a vista of advancing centuries, in which truth and certitude and philosophy are more likely to prevail than they have hitherto done; yet, nevertheless, the heart clings with a certain fondness even *to those bygone delusions*, if they were indeed delusions, and almost dreads those realities which open on the path before us. It is with something of the same feeling we see the years of childhood disappear, and the approach of manhood visible in the distance. And indeed, as it is not possible ever again to have the same feelings which we enjoyed in childhood, even in the most serene stage of advanced life, so it appears to me that there is in the mind of early nations a certain development which can never afterwards be called out, even by the most perfect civilization, a certain play of fancy, a kind of truth which is to be known only from the perusal afterwards of their first rude and infantile but yet most *impressive* literature. A scholar loves the poems of Homer with an attachment somewhat analogous to that which a *grown-up person* entertains for a child: it is an attachment altogether different from that which he feels for one of his own age, but none will say that it is less useful to himself, or of less advantage to society, than the other.

And if we might be permitted to express an opinion on a subject which lies so far remote from our recognition as the divine reasons for the arrangements of the moral world, we might say that it could not have happened without the exercise of a special Providence that so many of the early poems of the first ages have been preserved; that thus we might have the opportunity of seeing those grateful blossoms of the simple mind, which are so much unlike, in many respects, their future expansions into truth, philosophy, and practical reason. I never could trust that man nor woman either, and never will, that can be insensible to the simple ballads and songs of rude times; there is always

in them something wrong at the core. For what was the art of writing, and latterly that of printing, designed, but that we might see the beautiful impress of the Divine hand on the minds of original society, as well as the more regular and distinct characters of the moral law on the codes and constitutions of modern nations.

It is certain, on calm reflection, that the new order of society which is now springing up is preferable to that which has in a great measure passed away; but still it would be but a poor symptom of it if *we* were incapable of doing justice to the past, or if we were inclined to think that this new state of society which is dawning will be such as to oblige us to reject anything at all which has formerly existed, interesting or beautiful, as inconsistent with the genius of the approaching epoch. I hope this is not to be gathered or inferred from anything I have said in this or in the preceding lecture. It is true, I speak of the new state of society, to which we are tending, as characterized and to be marked more with the features of stern and uncompromising truth, light, and positive assurance, than any that have preceded it; but, although I believe and see that such a condition of things will not admit of those *peculiar kinds* of romantic pleasures, derived from poetry and the fine arts, which have before existed, yet I by no means think that there are not other sources of rational and pure delight, of an analogous kind, still in reserve for mankind. Mankind cannot exist, the sweet *charities* of society cannot be maintained, without some such enjoyments; but what I maintain is that *new* fountains of poetry and art must be *unsealed*, which are to correspond with this new state of our social condition: I say *they must be unsealed*, for that they have not been opened yet in this nation is certain. There is yet no national poetry here, no liberal art: there is poetry indeed, and art, but it is exotic; it belongs to the old society which is

passing away; there is no poetry, no art, which as yet has sprung from and properly belongs to the new world; there is no poetry, no art, differing from all other poetry and art, and as much distinguished by the brand of novelty, as, for example, are the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of these States, which stand off, as something distinct and new, from all other political writings or instruments which have before existed. There is not a single national song that has taken hold of the mind of *the people*, with the exception of "Yankee Doodle." There are songs, but they are not echoed from heart to heart, like the native reverberations of mountains, declaring, by that very fact, that they are nation-born,—that they are America-born,—that they belong to the new society.

But I doubt not these *fountains of feeling* are to be found; I only believe they are not yet unsealed, but still to be unsealed. Oh! when will the magician go out with his divining rod and find them, that they may gush forth and refresh the parched land? for I believe that the souls of the people want song and poetry, or, what is analogous thereto, they need a healthy excitement; a nation cannot live without excitement. Good music, good songs, good paintings, which were all new, and truly native, would do more to cure the fanaticism and intemperance of the land than all these artificial societies instituted for such purposes. There is a blank in the public mind, which requires to be filled up. Would society burst forth so frequently into those superstitious ebullitions called REVIVALS, if the chords of genuine feeling were struck in the human heart, —if the pure tones of devotion were regularly, and calmly, and sweetly elicited by the divine touch of art, whether the poetical, the musical, or the *graphical?* They should be as original and native, and as coincident with the genius of the new era, as were the political acts, in every sense, of the worthies of the revolution,—the ends,

the thoughts and expressions of a Hamilton, a Jefferson, or a Madison.

Let it be observed, then, that when I speak of the new state of society which is springing up, as excluding certain peculiarities or features of civilization, I mean only those features and peculiarities which arose naturally, or of necessity, from the circumstances of each ancient nation. Those nations were planted and seeded in an obscure era; a mystical uncertainty shrouded their beginnings, and thence there hung a kind of mist or haze over the whole succeeding period of their history; on which, however, as the sun of their national splendor was reflected from it, there were seen all the rainbow hues of poetry and romance: nay, even the lovely *form* of their religion was reflected to them from the same sources; for, to adopt the language of Cicero, there is no nation so rude and barbarous in whose minds there exist not the ideas of Divine Power; and surely, if the philosophy of Cicero was adequate to the discernment of this fact, we, who are instructed by the oracles of an infallible religion, ought not to be so blind and infatuated as not to know that God has nowhere left himself without a witness, but that there is a certain portion of divine light in the religion of every country.

But such then was their religion,—always local,—always Greece-born, or Rome-born, or Judea-born; but ours is none of these, but God-born; and its language is, neither in this mountain nor in Jerusalem alone shall men worship, but they shall worship—what?—how?—HIM, in *spirit* and in *truth*. And it is this very circumstance that has conferred and must confer a new and entirely distinct character on the civilization of this country. I repeat what I stated in my last lecture, and I do so because it was complained, and no doubt justly, that my observations then were not understood, nor their bearing

on the natural history of man perceived, nor yet on the progress of nations. What then?—is this *new* state of society which is now beginning, and whose original source was local and national,—namely, that fountain opened in the House of David, the founder of the Jewish monarchy,—a less *natural* state of man, less in harmony and consistency with his nature and instinct, than that other condition of mankind which existed in Judea, in Greece, in Phœnicia, in Rome? I say we can *know* nothing as to what is the natural state of man but through those documents of his history furnished to us: and when I look first at Greece and Phœnicia, and the *ancient state* of society, and thence at the modern condition of mankind in the new world, and when I ask you to look at them together, on this side and on that of the picture, from one point of view and then from another, am I not adhering to my subject, and bringing before the mind those phenomena from which the actual character of human nature can be deciphered, and the vestiges of a wonderful plan discovered? To find human nature, am I to go to the woods rather than to cities, or to deal out abstractions rather than to expose facts? To give the natural history of the bee, you must explain the entire structure of the hive. But what if the entire hive of the human race is not yet constructed? then I must describe, and can describe, only such parts as appear already perfected.

But you ask me what the commerce and arts of Phœnicia, on which I descanted, had to do with the subject? I can now show, what I did then imperfectly. The new civilization which is beginning on this continent, and also simultaneously in Europe (here perhaps more conspicuously, from having less of the old to contend with), is a compound of many elements, which have been before separately prepared in different local centres; but now that the whole are about being cemented into one, and

amalgamated, they are disengaged from their various localities; and even locality itself, as respects the new civilization, is evidently designed to have a less influence over the destinies of mankind than it has heretofore exercised. This I indicated in my tenth lecture, in the melting down of so many languages into two on this continent.

But now as to the different elements of the new civilization, and their *ancient* and primitive centres: let me now indicate them, so that the bearing and relations of all the parts be distinctly visible. Recollect, then, that I showed (in my last lecture) that a very remarkable feature in the face of this civilization which is now coming forward here is the assiduous and earnest cultivation of the mechanical and economical arts, which gives a kind of sober and anti-sentimental aspect to our society, but which is nevertheless the very stay of our freedom, and the means of the elevation and independence of the great body of the people. I noted this element of the American civilization as the natural and proper and true ground or soil in the human mind, when cultivated and improved, in which that genius of peace which is the sacred emblem of Christianity, and her distinction, could find the best security, lodgement, and repose.

But where was this element of modern civilization, the cultivation of the mechanical and economical arts, originally evolved,—which is its *mother-land*, its local centre? for every element that *enters* into the new civilization has had a centre, —a first local habitation and a name. I carried you forthwith to Phœnicia, almost four thousand years up the stream of time, and I showed you there—in Tyre, in her ships and in her harbors, and in the workshops of her mechanics and manufacturers and dyers—an epitome of Old England and of New,—the genius of *commerce*, of industry, of invention, and of improvement in her infancy, or rather in the bloom of her prime. And I showed you a vigorous old man,

Herodotus, come westward from Greece, then a new country, to see this nation of shop-keepers,—this old Old England; and he finds there a temple of Hercules, which had stood two thousand three hundred years, and he is surprised to hear it, and he puts many inquiries to the priests and merchants he meets with, but he finds the origin and first periods of their nation unknown, even to themselves,—an old country even four hundred and eighty years before the Christian era. But to what invention had it given birth? The art of writing, the art which connects the whole history of man together, as with a magic spell. And you saw therein, and in that wonderful invention, the type of that spirit of improvement and love of useful innovation which characterized Phœnicia,—which characterizes Old England and New England,—which distinguishes, and always has distinguished with peculiar emphasis, that marked element of the new civilization; I mean the devotion to and cultivation of the useful, mechanical, and economical arts.

Such then was ancient Phœnicia. Such was the *seed* of mechanical usefulness and artisanship which, as far as we know, was originally *deposited* there by the hand of God himself; and has been thence transplanted into this country, here to germinate, we hope, under far better influences, and to expand, and blossom, and bear fruits, to the good of mankind. There is, however, in these arts that which, while they improve the head and sharpen the ingenuity and sober the man, may also, unless there are shed good influences, contract the heart, deaden the affections, and freeze the genial current of the soul.

But hard by Tyre, the mother-land of these the economical arts,—it might be fifty or a hundred miles east and south,—there stood a city famed of old, and its name has been known and heard afar; it was the city of Jerusalem, the metropolis of Palestine. In this ground was deposited, and in this land, also by the hand of God, a plant of fair renown, and

of far diviner virtues than this of commerce or of art, whether that were the mechanical or the liberal; and as thus the bane and antidote then grew so near together that it might almost seem as of Divine intention (and a Divine lesson), that art, when it became evil, might thus receive its correction from religious good, so also I should imagine, now that both have been transferred into this country,—transplanted in this soil,—the seeds of arts renowned, and of a religion sublime as heaven and pure as its Author, they should ever be encouraged and made to grow side by side, or not far apart, that the evil of the one may ever be cured by the good of the other: that when commerce and art and mechanism would begin to blunt or deaden the fine feelings of the mind, either to engender fraud or to contract the soul, then Christianity, with her ten commandments,—not fifty miles east, but even nearer,—may come in to correct, and with her songs and her music to soften the heart.

You see now, then, a connection between Judea and Phœnicia, and Old England and New England, and all this continent and hemisphere,—and between era B.C. 490 and era A.D. 1837. And, lest you should imagine that the connection is accidental and fanciful, and not real, you can actually now see and hear that the mind and invention of Cadmus, in the art of writing, has a close and unbroken connection with what I am now doing; for I could not now be gathering up the ideas marked on the paper before me, had not that illustrious art been invented.

But how is this? since the generations of men are constantly being swept from the earth, and even nations themselves are mortal (for the Phœnician is now no more), who or what perpetuates the grand design, who or what presides over each adjustment, and connects even the overthrow and destruction of men and their works with the perpetuation, with the integrity, of the same plan, with the same unblemished unity of purpose, from epoch to epoch? Who,—

what does this? Can you tell me? This is the enigma to be solved by the study of the history of man; and it can be solved when a light is shed on it from above, but not otherwise, for the solution belongs to theology, and not to science, and therefore falls not within the scope of these lectures. But I spoke of Greece and Rome also, in my last lecture, and what connection had they with the subject; had they any? They had some, you may see, if you will fix your eyes again on the *new civilization*, rising like a mighty river, amid the mists of the morning, as you have approached it from the mountain-tops, and *that river*, too, fed from the sources of a thousand rills, and rolling onward to mingle its tribute also with a stream still more majestic than itself. I have shown you, then, two sources already from which this new civilization has been derived, Judea and Phœnicia; the one the fountain of pure Christianity, the other a stream of more dubious hue, but still capable of purification,—the arts, the commerce, the soberness, the *business-spirit of Phœnicia*.

And what did Greece and Rome for us? I am to tell, but first let me say that the commercial spirit, the spirit of trading, was mastered by the spirit of war in the ancient world. Rome destroyed Carthage (Phœnicia revived); and the interpretation of that historical event into the language of philosophy is this, that in ancient times the military spirit triumphed over the commercial spirit and extinguished it. Rome conquered Carthage, and blotted her out from the map of cities and metropolises. How is it in the new hemisphere in the nineteenth century? The reverse has happened, at least for a time: Carthage has destroyed Rome. The commercial spirit already has here levelled the military spirit, and it will do the same in England also before long. This fact, however, is no part of the good and new civilization, but rather of the old, for the new civilization, as it advances, will save both the military and commercial

spirit; and Rome as well as Carthage will be rebuilt, and a new lord appointed over both,—I mean the genius of peaceful yet energetic Christianity; and war is energy. I have not time to explain my ideas more fully on this subject; you can take the hint, and reason it out. But you see already what element in the modern civilization I consider due to Rome; it is the element of empire, of union, of strength; the stupendous fact, which the whole history of Rome presents from her beginning to her end, that it is practicable that many nations be cemented under one government,—and that when there is such a unity, the force, the power, is sublime and tremendous, conferring upon every individual of such an empire, as it were, the grandeur and energy of millions. Every Roman citizen, in consequence of this prevailing idea of the mighty empire, was himself a host,—*Romanus civis sum*,—but that union was local, selfish, and at last infernal, and therefore it was dissolved. But this practical exhibition of the possibility of such a union, and the power that resulted from it, is bequeathed as a legacy of useful reflections to posterity, and will not be lost in the ulterior developments of the new civilization here. Union is here the word: let them study how Rome became one, and whence at last *many*,—and was numbered and finished.

Then as to Greece—I also spoke of Greece in my last lecture, and perhaps did not distinctly signify her relation to the subject of it. It can now readily be done. The contributions of Greece to the modern elements of society are perhaps greater and of more value than those of any other nation. True, indeed, she does not contribute of her own native blood to the stream which now circulates through the veins and arteries of the population of this country, or of England, Germany, France, or Spain. The Greeks have not emigrated, but, what has been of vastly more consequence, their own beautiful language and high-thoughted philosophy have emigrated, and repeopled with the ideas

and the impressions of beauty and of nature the entire mind of the civilized world. If she has herself constituted no part of the flood or the tide of population that has been pouring itself all over this hemisphere, yet the genius of her literature and philosophy, so to speak, has proved that sweet and purifying breeze which has fanned *the waters* and made them glitter playfully and smilingly in the light of day. There is something naturally dull and phlegmatic, although ponderous and strong, in the Anglo-Saxon mind; but the scholars of the race have derived lightness and spirit from the genius of Greece. But why need I dwell upon this topic, since it is well known that it is her language also which is the divine vehicle of the truths of the New Testament? and her republics again, so numerous, and each a little centre of civilization and originality within itself, contribute also an almost inexhaustible store of valuable illustrations and arguments for those who will advocate in this land (and I hope such will never be wanting) the paramount importance of state sovereignties, in order to the full expansion of the varied mind of the nation,—this confederated empire,—that it may be what its motto expresses, not a mere *unum*, but *e pluribus unum.*

But if there was any poetry, any art in Greece, any philosophy, she contributes also that. What then, for servile imitation? I have shown in my last lecture, and I show now, it cannot, it must not be. Especially as to poetry,—as to the sources whence fancy was fed, the religious instinct was refreshed and invigorated in Rome and in Greece. Now the whole circumstances are entirely changed; the horizon of the national mind is altogether different. I need not recur to that topic again; I would but weary you. But this much you may clearly see, that the sources from which the whole of humanity is *now to be* nourished all over the civilized world—emphatically Christendom—are far more numerous and brightly and purely

flowing, and especially on this account, that an angel has descended and healed the waters. Oh! need I tell you what angel? The whole bright and augmenting river, which *erst* began to flow from the foot of Zion hill, and for nearly three hundred years flowed on so quietly and almost obscurely through the valleys and recesses of the Roman world,—that stream, I say, which has been running onward, and spreading widely withal, and calling up verdure and beauty on all its banks, for these now eighteen hundred and thirty-seven years,—Oh! that stream best can tell what angel that was whose power divine first unsealed its fountain, and has ever since fed it so copiously; I will not tell, lest my account of it should obscure its glory. I would only show and revert to what I have before spoken of,—that it is on the banks of this stream, beneath the *umbrage* of this river, and not on any merely local or historical rills of fabled or prosaic deeds of the nation, achieved long since, or in '76, that must start into existence the spirit of American poetry and American eloquence, or American liberal art; for that poetry, that eloquence, that art, in order to be anything, to be new, to be original, to belong to the continental and good civilization, must have issued and issue still from the same sources whence have come the laws, the constitutions, the freedom of the country. And I should be merely telling you a thousand-times-repeated truth to say that all these have come from the influence and genius and energy of the Christian faith.

But poetry, to be poetry suited to the new civilization, must lay aside her *cow-bells*, her jingling rhymes, and talk no more about chivalry and kings, or sing of battles and butcheries, and *animal things*, but she must appeal to higher standards, and try whether or not she might not catch inspiration, even the inspiration of a truer melody, from truth herself, surely not unfit to take the place, and fill it well, even of all the nine muses; and so I think must it be

also in regard to all the other liberal arts. They must cease, all of them, to embody delusions; they also must catch the inspiration of the new epoch, and seek for truth and certitude. If these both are not to be found in nature and Christianity, and enrobed in vestments of beauty too, fit to strike and captivate the heart, it is because mankind have not yet discovered the art of finding them. And here now, therefore, I will retract some regret I expressed in the first part of this lecture. I said, as I looked back upon the past ages, and that infantile and tender species of civilization which the rude history of most European nations show, and called up to memory the more pleasing illusions connected with it, that I felt some regret and sorrow to abandon them,—these idols, about which the affections have clung,—and to enter on that new career of truth and certain revelation which is now opening on the world.

But I now fling all such regrets aside; for the voice of truth and nature, if we once could hear it, must surely be more pleasing than all other sounds, and no music can equal hers, and no art surpass the art of justly expressing her; and if at first we should not think so, but still the strains of delusion should fall more seraphic on the ear, and the idols of the fancy be more bewitching to the eye, it can only be because our eye and ear are both misled, have both been corrupted, by what is false and *hollow* and deceptive. In fact, we may regard this period in which we live as both peculiarly fortunate and unfortunate. It is fortunate for mankind and succeeding generations, as they will enter on a career less impeded and embarrassed by former errors, less disposed to look at religion through its sects, at government through factions, at nature through theories, and at thoughts through words; but will have entered into closer communion with God, and their country, and nature, and mind; it will be therefore so far more fortunate for *them*. But for us it is less so, for we have been educated in a great

measure under a burden of prejudices, which our affections cling to, even after our reason has rejected them, so that what we would we do not, and that which we would not we do.

But we shall soon leave the stage; we shall soon have eaten, and drunk, and lived our full; and with cheerfulness and contentment will leave to our posterity that legacy which we ourselves have inherited, for thus it is designed to pass from hand to hand; and happy is that nation, happy that people, who have transmitted it unimpaired to those who succeed,—happier still when adorned and improved by new lights derived from the God of nature and the Lord of the Christian religion. It is a fixed law of the life of man that he is born into this world to be educated himself, and it seems also to be a design of nature (although sometimes thwarted for wise ends) that he should also live till his youngest child shall come of age. This is that fixed bourne for all that live,—the *three-score*, or the three-score and ten. He that has reached it may resign his life with cheerfulness into the hands of his Creator; he has fulfilled his natural destiny, for thus closes very beautifully and naturally the last chapter of the physical history of man as an individual; the progress of the race is not retarded.

Whether *this* also, physically speaking, has a certain period of ultimate perfection, beyond which physically it may not proceed, and whether or not it may be designed to remain there in a certain youthful maturity, neither receding nor advancing, on this side of the goal of nature,—whether this may be so, or whether even races and nations of mankind have a certain limited career to run, when failure and fading and even ultimate evanishment may await them, to give place to other races and nations, to instate original and new truths, the viceregents of Deity in the world of nature,—to glorify his name forever, through

endless successions of generations and races of men, each adding new illustrations to the train of his visible acts of goodness and of wisdom,—these, I say, and a thousand other questions, are problems which we have not a glimmering of light to solve, and it were even impious to try at the solution of them. Enough for us to know that, when the last chapter of the natural history of man is closed, a new chapter of a spiritual is discovered,—the book is opened,—even the book of life,—the second birth of heaven and earth:

> Awakening nature hears
> The new creating word,—and starts to life
> In every heightened form, from pain and death
> Forever free.

I return my thanks to those who have honored these lectures by their attendance; I regret they have been so little worthy of such attention. Whatever light or truth has been visible in any of them I ascribe to the fountain itself of truth and illumination,—the Christian religion and Him who is its Author.

THE END.

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